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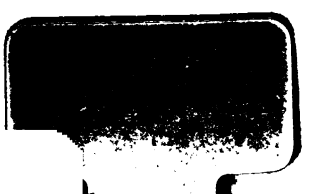

THE YOUNG ROBIN REDBREAST.

THE

CHILD'S COMPANION,

AND

Juvenile Instructor.

1867.

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OUR WINTER FRIEND.

"A HAPPY New Year to you!" says the chorus of merry voices round the fire, as you come down to breakfast on the first of January; perhaps cold and snowy outside, but so warm with love and sunshine within.

"A Happy New Year!" says the chime of joyous bells from the belfry, swelling out on the frosty air, and dying away, then coming back again as if it would fain impress the greeting on your heart. And "A Happy New Year!" sings a Robin Redbreast, in his cheeriest tones, from the holly-bough just outside the window.

I am not sure that the Robin's welcome is not the best of all, not because he is such an old friend, and

old friends' greetings are always the pleasantest; but, because he is just telling out his own experience. It is as though he was saying what good things came to him last year without his seeking them, so he expects them again this year, and he quite believes it will be the same with you.

"Last New Year's day," this is what he seems to sing, "was snowy, and I could not tell what I and my dear mate should do, but it seemed as if some friend was always sending the right thing at the right time. When the berries were gone, we always found crumbs, and if there were no crumbs, there were sure to be some worms. Then spring came, and we were able to make a very comfortable nest, and to enjoy our little family; and when our cares were over, we took our usual summer excursion into the forest, which gave us just the refreshment we wanted; we came back to your garden in the autumn, and the berries were most delicious; so here I am to-day, alive and well, trying to pour out my happiness in my song, and wanting everybody else to be happy too."

As the Robin appears to have finished, let us fill up a few details of his daily life; it is not difficult to do so, since that life is spent so close to us. We cannot tell *why* the Robin should be familiar and sociable with us beyond any other bird. True, we see as much of the sparrows, but *they* only live amongst us for the sake of what they can get. It is not so with the Robin; he could do as well without us; we dig the soil indeed, and so help him to the worms, perhaps, but that is all. He seems to care

for us for ourselves. We cannot help feeling that the Robin has a real disinterested love for us; and as love begets love, we certainly possess an equal regard for him. People who never notice other birds will spare a glance for the Robin; and it is the same in other countries, every European language has a pet name for him, and he is, as the poet tells us,

> "The bird, which by some name or other,
> All men who know him call him brother."

When the spring comes, and the general pairing-time begins, he sings to his mate his old song, to tell her he loves her still, and then, together, they set about their nest. It is made of dead leaves, and is rather untidy looking, but they take care to make it comfortable inside with hair and feathers. It is placed almost anywhere, in a bank or rubbish heap, in the ivy, or in a bit of mossy rock-work, but always near the house, and within reach of the ground. Their confidence is not misplaced, for a Robin's nest is seldom touched by man. Your cat has no such scruples, and many a Robin's family falls into pussy's paws, an easy prey. The plaintive note the parents utter when their little ones are thus in danger, is most piteous to hear.

It is a pretty sight to see the young brood when they first come abroad, five or six little speckled creatures; for they do not get their red breasts for some months. The females, as I dare say you know, never have any red at all. The old birds watch them, and feed them, and teach them how to use their wings, till at last they are able to provide for themselves. Then the father and mother birds

retire to the woods for a time, and are less often seen, but it is not for long. Before the first leaf has turned yellow, they are back again in your shrubbery, and there—the fruit ripening in the garden, and the thistle-down floating past you on the breeze—you hear the Robin's song again, softer and sweeter it would even seem than when heard before. There is no other song which blends so well as his with the calmness and repose of autumn.

The weeks pass on, and when the leaves are all fallen, and the flowers all faded, the Robin sings to you still from the bare wintry bough, and tells you not to be downhearted; that it cannot be always spring; a little patience, and the brightness will come back again.

Let us then take away these lessons from the Robin's New Year's song. 1. Cheerfulness at all seasons; 2. Thankfulness for the past; and 3. A calm trust in the Robin's unseen Friend for the future.

NOBODY'S OWN.

I.—THE HOP GARDENS.

"WELL, little fellow, and whom do you belong to?" said Mr. Hammond. "Nobody, sir."

"Nobody, eh? You mean that you did not come with any of these gangs, I suppose. But there is some one who owns you, I expect?" "No, sir, there is not," replied the little fellow.

"Well, but who are you, then?" asked the farmer. "Charley, sir."

"Charley what?"

The little fellow was puzzled with the simple question. His name was Charley, he said again. People called him Charley, and so he was.

Mr. Hammond was puzzled too. He was a hop-planter and grower, and this was the first day of his setting people to work at hop-picking. A great many of these hop-pickers came from a distance: several families of country people from those parts of Kent, and Sussex and Surrey, where hops were not grown, had arrived at Mr. Hammond's hop-grounds, expecting to obtain at least a month's profitable work. A few Irishmen, with their wives and children, had also made their appearance. They had come over to England at haymaking time; after that season was over they had worked at harvesting; and now, the corn being all cut, they had found their way to the hop-growing parts of the country, in the hope of adding to their former earnings. Then there were English tramps who had no certain home anywhere, but who, all the summer long, were in the habit of wandering through the country with their donkeys and tents, and encamping at night in green lanes and under high hedges, while in the daytime they made and sold mats, or baskets, or common tin wares. These wandering people had travelled into Kent, to earn money by hop-picking. Besides these were many poor persons whose home was generally in London, but who, every autumn, went into the hop-country for the sake of gain.

It was a strange but lively scene that day, and for

several days afterwards, in Mr. Hammond's homestead, when these strangers from so many different places came flocking in, hoping to be employed by him, without travelling any farther. And as this worthy man had rather extensive hop-grounds, and large crops that year, there was no difficulty in satisfying them.

But Mr. Hammond had some difficulty respecting the little fellow who stood before him, cap in hand, waiting for his favourable reply. He *was* a little fellow—not more than eight or nine years of age, probably, and small even for that. He was very raggedly clad, but his hands and face were tolerably clean, and his face, when he smiled, was not by any means unpleasing. It is of no great consequence, perhaps, but it may as well be put down here, that he had golden-coloured hair, which hung in tangled curls over his forehead, except when he pushed them aside with his hand, which he was constantly doing while Mr. Hammond talked to him.

"So you do not belong to any of these people, you say: where do you come from?" "From London, sir," said Charley.

"Well, whom do you live with there?" asked Mr Hammond. "With lots of people, in lodging-houses and such like," said the boy readily.

"You have a father, have you not?" "Never knowed him, sir," said Charley; "he is dead, I reckon."

"And your mother, does she not take care of you?" asked the gentleman. "Mother's dead, sir," said the boy; and Mr. Hammond saw, or fancied

he saw, tears glisten in Charley's eyes as he said this.

"Poor boy you remember your mother, then. How long ago did she die?"

This was more than Charley could tell, for he was not very expert at keeping account of time. All he could recollect was that it was a good while since his mother died at a lodging-house in London. He remembered that day very well, and the day she was buried too; it was when he was "a very little fellow," he said.

"Why, I should say you are only a very little fellow now," said the gentleman, smiling, though not in ridicule; "but since your mother died you have had somebody to look after you, have you not?"

"Not much of that," said the boy: "you see, sir," he added, "people has mostly got their own to look after, and I am Nobody's Own."

Mr. Hammond was a kind-hearted, Christian farmer, and he was touched by the last words of the poor boy. "Nobody's Own! Nobody's Own!" he said to himself; "and 'nobody' is a poor owner, I am afraid. Well," he continued, "and so you have come all the way from London to try and pick hops; is that it?" "That is just it," said Nobody's Own, nodding his head once or twice.

"What made you think of that?" Mr. Hammond asked. "They told me of it in London," said the boy readily.

"And you have walked all this way?" Nobody's Own nodded again. He had been pretty nearly a week on the road he said, but he did not mind that.

NOBODY'S OWN.

And in answer to further questions from Mr. Hammond he explained that he had obtained food, as much as he wanted, by begging as he walked along; also that he had slept two or three nights in cheap lodging-houses, where he could get a bed for twopence; once in an old lodge, where he found some straw; and once, when he had not been successful through the day in begging, and could find no lodge nor barn where he could rest his weary little body, he had slept beside a haystack, which partly sheltered him from the cold air.

"Poor little Nobody's Own!" said the kind farmer to himself again. "But how is it you did not come in company with those other people from London?" he asked. "They wouldn't have me, sir," replied the boy. "I wanted to come along with them, but they told me to go away; but I followed them, because I knew they were coming down to hopping."

"I will employ you, certainly," Mr. Hammond began. "Thank'ee, sir!" cried Nobody's Own, brightening up.

"I will employ you," the gentleman said again; "but I shall try you for a day or two first, to see how you get on. You are a very little fellow to be working on your own account, and I am almost afraid you will not earn money enough to do yourself any good." "I'll work, sir," said the boy; "may I go along with them, sir?" and he looked towards the other pickers whom Mr. Hammond had already engaged, and who were following his foreman to one of the hop-gardens.

"No," said Mr. Hammond, kindly; "you had

better wait here, and I will take you myself." He had a reason for this: he knew that his foreman, though an honest and valuable servant, was apt to be rough, and perhaps might not approve of being troubled with a ragged little boy, who had no one to look after him; and as the gentleman felt pity for the little fellow, he intended to let it be seen that he was, in some measure, protected by himself.

"Perhaps you are hungry," said Mr. Hammond; "have you had any breakfast?" "A bit of bread, so big," said Nobody's Own, putting one hand across the other, so that only the fingers were visible.

"And you have got nothing for dinner or supper, I suppose?" Nobody's Own turned all the pockets of his ragged garments inside out, to show that there was nothing in them.

"But the hop-pickers bring their food with them, my poor boy, or a little money to buy it with; how do you think of managing about that?" "I shall soon earn some money," the boy said briskly.

"Yes, but you will have to wait some time before you receive any, if you do earn it. And where will you sleep at night?" "Anywheres," said Charley.

"Anywhere is almost as bad as nowhere," remarked Mr. Hammond with a smile. "But come, never mind; I see I must take you in hand a little at first; and, to begin, here is sixpence for you; you can run into the village"—this was about a quarter of a mile off—"and there you will find a baker's shop. You can buy yourself a threepenny loaf, which will be enough for you to-day, and you will then have threepence for to-morrow." "Thank'ee, sir," said

Nobody's Own, gleefully, as he received the bright sixpence.

"But you will understand that I do not give you this; I only pay you in advance; you will have to work it out." "Yes, sir."

"Well, now run and get your loaf, and then come to me in the hop-garden; you will find me there."

The little fellow was sharp enough to understand the directions he received, and he lost little time in attending to them. In less than half-an-hour he was at the good-natured hop-planter's elbow; and, with a large basket before him, was receiving a few simple directions about hop-picking, being told that he was to separate the hop-flowers carefully from the stalks without crushing them, and not to suffer any leaves to get into his basket.

We shall leave him for a short time at this first hour's employment, while we write a little about his former history. Let me say here, however, that Mr. Hammond did wisely in not making the little fellow a present of his first day's dinner and supper, as he might have done. It was a good lesson to teach him, namely, that those who have hands to work, and work for their hands, should have no occasion to receive money or food in charity. Another month we will tell the reader something more about Nobody's Own.

PERSEVERANCE.—The more people do, the more they can do; he that does nothing renders himself incapable of doing anything. While we are executing one work, we are preparing ourselves to undertake another.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

HARK! oh hark these sounds ascending,
Heaven and earth one anthem raise;
"God of love our lives defending,
Through a year of happy days!

"God of seasons still providing,
Summer's heat and winter's drear;
Giving life, and love, and gladdening,
Goodness crowns the glad New Year.

"Still with grateful love confessing,
By thee fed and feasted here;
Still we crave another blessing,
Grace to crown the circling year.

"Oh may Jesus tune our voices,
Fill our hearts with peace and joy,
Till our every sense rejoices
In our Saviour's blest employ."

Hark! oh hark these sounds ascending,
Lend, oh lend a listening ear;
Infant hearts and voices blending,
Blessings on the glad New Year.

COUNT ZINZENDORF'S CHILDREN.

COUNT ZINZENDORF was a good man, who lived more than a hundred years ago in Germany, and spent his life in seeking to bring sinners to the Saviour whom he loved. He had twelve children. Six of them died while quite young, but with the first opening of their minds they seemed to feel the

love of Christ. M. Bost tells us about them in his "History of the Church of the Brethren." Little Jane died when only five years old at Herrnhut. If she was at all out of temper, or seemed inclined to disobey, it was quite sufficient to tell her that the Saviour would be displeased, and she yielded in a moment. She had much religious knowledge and experience for one of her age. During her illness she often said how joyful it would be to go to Jesus, and on the last evening before she died, when some friends were singing around her bed, she asked them to sing some verses of her own choice. Just before her spirit fled, she told them to bid her father and mother good-bye (for they were both away from home), and said she wanted to go to sleep, and then sank sweetly to eternal rest while the hymn she loved was being sung.

Spangenburg, a friend of Count Zinzendorf, who was an eye-witness, gives an account of the others who died, and though they are extraordinary, he was too truthful and exact to leave any doubt as to the facts. Caritas died in 1731. Her parents offered many prayers for her before her birth, and from her earliest days took the utmost care that she should neither hear nor see anything but what sprang from the love of Christ, or tended to promote it. She could speak prettily before she was a year old; and soon after that she took the greatest delight in what she called the Saviour's hymns, and used to sing them of her own accord. She had learned a great many verses and even hymns, simply by hearing her sisters sing them. One day, her mamma, who had

missed her, asked where she had been. "To the Saviour, and to papa," she replied. "Have you been with the Saviour?" said her mamma. "Yes," she said, "papa was just talking to him." She had gone into the Count's room, and found him in prayer. In her last illness, when she was two years old, she began singing the words that were generally sung at the funeral service of a child as the body was being lowered to the grave:

"Jesus, let me come and rest,
Cradled on thy gentle breast!
Jesus, whom I dearly love,
Take me to Thy home above!"

But she was too weak to continue: when obliged to be silent, she lay patiently and peacefully like a little lamb, casting sweet looks of childish love on all around her, and drawing tears from every eye. On the 26th November, she appeared to be near her end, and her father sang some farewell words at her bedside. They feared the child would die before her mother, who was absent, could reach home. But Zinzendorf asked the Saviour to spare her, adding that he knew not what he was asking, and that he left it entirely in the Lord's hands. The violence of the symptoms abated, and did not return till after the arrival of the Countess, five days after. When her father went to her cradle, she lifted up her right hand, and put it over her face, as she used to do when she wanted to go to sleep; the Count placed his own hand upon the little one's, and was offering a prayer, when her happy spirit fled. She was just two years and six weeks old. Half a year before,

while the Count was in deep sorrow, although resigned and full of ardent love to the Saviour, he had lost another child, Ernest John, of whom things of the same kind are narrated. When he was dying, one of his little sisters, four years old, asked an elder one who was weeping, "why Ernest was going to die?" "No," Ernest said, "I am not going to die, though they say so: it is only pain that dies." The day before his death, when he was in great suffering, his little sister Caritas, of whom we have spoken before, then only eighteen months old, turned round in her cradle, and sang in her soft clear voice,

"Sweetest Lamb! the clouds are clearing
As my life's last day is nearing;
Thou art going far from sorrow,
It will all be bright to-morrow."

From the French, "*The Banished Count*," by Felix Bovet.

THE INFANT PRINCE.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR CHRISTIAN EDWARD is the first-born of the Prince and Princess of Wales. On the ninth of this month he will be three years old, having been born on the 9th of January, 1864. Of his four names, his first is after his grandfather on his father's side; his second after his royal grandmother; his third after his grandfather on his mother's side; and the fourth after his father.

Our picture is from a Worthlytype-photograph, copied by permission.

THE INFANT PRINCE.

CHILDREN'S FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

I.—WATCHFULNESS.

"Pray, lest ye enter into temptation."—Luke xxii. 46.

"I THINK it will be just open now," said little Rhoda Lee to herself as she ran down the gravel walk to her own peculiar garden at the end of it. "It will be such a beauty that I dare say mamma will wear it, and if she does not, it will look really lovely in the bunch of flowers I am going to give her."

But what was Rhoda's sorrow upon arriving at her flower-bed, to discover that her rose—the beautiful tea-rose she had been so prizing and counting upon—was beautiful no longer! It had opened, it was true, but, alas! only to disclose the havoc a caterpillar had made amongst its petals. Poor little Rhoda stood for some moments gazing at her pet rose-tree. She could scarcely believe that the worm-eaten blossom was really the lovely bud she had been watching so many days, that when open she might gather it for dear mamma. But it was. Yes, there was the tiny little dark green-brown bud just peeping above it, and the spray of glossy leaves beneath it—yes, it was the very same—but yet how sadly altered! She was almost ready to cry with grief as she plucked it and tried to hide the worm-eaten part of the blossom between some bits of scarlet geranium and pinks, for do what she would the damaged petals would show.

"I have a great mind not to give the flowers at all," thought Rhoda, slowly returning towards the house, "but I did so want to give them. It was a

shame of that naughty caterpillar to fix upon my rose; why couldn't it have gone to somebody else's rose tree—and such a lot as there are in the garden?"

Just then Rhoda's eye fell upon a beautiful rose-bough hanging over the garden wall, belonging to their neighbour, Mr. Hill.

"Oh, what loves!" cried Rhoda, half making a spring towards them. "One of those roses would be the making of the bunch of flowers. And who would know where I got it from?" said the little girl to herself, as she remembered she was forbidden to gather any flowers but from her own garden without leave, and especially any overhanging ones of Mr. Hill's.

"Who would know where it came from? It is not the same sort as yours," flashed through Rhoda's brain, "it is of a pale yellowish tinge, and yours is of a pinkish hue; if your mamma asked you where it came from what would you say?" "I would say I had got it somewhere," argued the little girl within herself. "I am sure there could not be much harm in saying that. And it is for dear mamma, so I will have one, that I will;" and drawing nearer to the wall Rhoda stood on tiptoe and stretched up one of her arms to reach the bough, when suddenly she slipped and fell forwards towards the wall, whilst a sharp twinge of pain in her ankle caused her to cry out, and in the midst of her anguish, it was as if she heard a voice saying, "What doest thou here?"

Rhoda shuddered with fright, and gazed hither and thither, but no one could she see at hand. The rose-bough was still hanging over her head, and her

own flowers, which she had dropped, lay at her feet; the birds were twittering and singing in the trees, but there was no sign of the speaker.

"Oh dear, oh dear," sighed Rhoda as she picked up her flowers and gave another wistful gaze around, "what a naughty girl I have been! I wonder whether that was God *who spoke* within me. Oh, I am sure he is very angry with me. Oh dear! It was just what he said to Elijah when he was hiding from the wicked queen Jezebel. And mamma said, when God asked that question of any one it was as a reproof, because we could not give a good answer to it, for we were just where we ought not to be. And I was where I ought not to have been; I was going to steal one of Mr. Hill's roses. Oh dear!" and Rhoda slowly retraced her steps homewards.

"What is the matter, my darling?" asked Mrs. Lee, meeting her little girl. "Why, how sad and pale you look! and just now when you ran down the gravel walk you were all smiles and sunshine.' "Oh, mamma, I have been such a wicked girl!" and having said this Rhoda darted past her mother into the house.

Mrs. Lee followed her little girl up into her bedroom, and taking her in her arms, she sat down in a chair saying, "Rhoda, darling, what have you done?" "Oh mamma, I was going to steal. I was! indeed I was!" and then Rhoda's voice failed her, and she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and wept bitterly.

It was some minutes before Rhoda could manage

to tell her mamma what had happened, and it was a good while before she was so composed as to listen quietly to what her mamma had to say. Great sobs would escape her lips, and large tears roll down her cheeks, as she thought of the words "What doest thou here?"

"My dear Rhoda," said Mrs. Lee, "you were about to turn a deaf ear to the gentle pleadings of conscience, when it whispered to you that you were on dangerous ground, that the flowers were of a different tinge, that you were not permitted to gather any blossoms without leave, and were strictly forbidden to touch Mr. Hill's. You opposed and resisted its gentle tones; you would not listen to its loving whisper, but were resolved to carry out your own desire. Your heavenly Father loved you though, rebellious as you were, and just as you were about to commit actual sin by stealing he permitted your foot to slip, and then the voice of conscience, loud and stern, demanded of you where you were, or what you were doing. Let us thank Him that he gave you grace to hear the question, and strength to withstand further temptation."

Mrs. Lee and Rhoda then knelt down together, and the good mother prayed to God to make her little girl quick to hear the voice of conscience, and strong to resist the temptations of her evil heart. She blessed and thanked God for having preserved her child from stealing, though it was only a flower, and prayed him to impress deeply on her mind that in his most holy sight there were no little sins, for every sin, whether small or large in man's sight,

is an offence in his; and then she prayed that for Jesus Christ's sake God would pardon her, and that he would send his Holy Spirit into her young heart to guide her into all truth, that she might be one of the lambs of his flock, who hear his voice and love to do his will.

Rhoda felt very humbled and sad all the afternoon, and wished that there had not been company coming to dinner with papa and mamma that evening. She had told Jesus how naughty her heart was, and had asked him to give her a better heart, and make her love him more and more every day. And she believed that he had heard her, and would help her to be a good little girl; yet she could not quite forget how nearly she had broken his most holy commandment that morning.

"I shall be glad when Miss Drake is come back, and holidays are over," thought Rhoda as she leaned out of the school-room window waiting for the bell to summon her to go down into the dining-room, when dessert was upon the table. "If Miss Drake had been with me I should have gone and told her all about my beautiful rose, and should not have thought of Mr. Hill's roses." Just then the bell rang, and Rhoda running down the stairs was at once met by loving kisses from guests. Having done so, and glancing towards her mamma to ascertain whereabouts she was to sit down, what should she see in mamma's bosom but a tea-rose! Yes, and it was her own rose—the very rose that she had been so anxious to give mamma, and yet so grieved about, and so ashamed to offer her. Rhoda thought that there

never was such a dear, good, kind mamma as hers, for she knew what had passed in her little girl's heart, and had gratified her desire. There was her tea-rose in mamma's bosom, but no one could see the worm-eaten petals. Mamma had arranged the leaves and dark green-brown bud above it and around it, that only the perfect parts of the flower were visible. It indeed looked beautiful—a great deal better than Mr. Hill's would have done, Rhoda thought, even could she have obtained it without sinning against God or man.

"Mamma," whispered Rhoda, the first moment she could speak to her unnoticed, "what a dear mamma you are, to wear my poor worm-eaten rose." "My darling," replied the mother, passing her hand tenderly over her child's head, "the motive of the donor ever gives the true value to a gift."

Dear young readers, do you know anything of our great Giver, the Lord Jesus Christ? Love was the motive which first brought him down from heaven to earth for you and me, and his gift is eternal life. It is free, and it is for all, for little children as well as grown up people. All may have it that seek for it, for Jesus himself has said "Ask, and it shall be given you," and "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you," John xvi. 23. And the apostle Paul says, "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord," Romans vi., 23. See that ye resist not the voice of conscience. Do not let slip the precious gift which Jesus offers to all who follow him with their whole heart. Ever "watch unto prayer, lest ye enter into temptation."

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

It is impossible to view the cheerfulness and happiness of animals and birds without pleasure; the latter, especially, appear to enjoy themselves during the fine weather, in spring and summer, with a degree of delight which might be almost envied. It is astonishing how much man might do to lessen the misery of those creatures, which are given to him for food or use or for adding to his pleasure. Instead of which, he often exercises a degree of wanton cruelty over them, which cannot be too much reproved. Animals are so capable of showing gratitude and affection to those who have been kind to them, that I never see them subjected to ill treatment without feeling the utmost abhorrence of the conduct of those who are inflicting it. I know many persons who, like myself, take a pleasure in seeing all the animals about them appear happy and contented.

Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those who have been kind to them by moving their ears gently, and putting out their wet noses. My old horse rests his head on the gate with great complacency when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread. I should even be sorry to see my poultry and pigs get out of my way with any symptoms of fear.—Jesse.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive:
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A SHEPHERD'S dog had found his way
Into a manger filled with hay,
  And pleasantly reposed.
Refresh'd with the delightful smell,
He rolled about and liked it well,
  And now and then he dozed.

A cow, attracted by the scent,
Up to the manger gently went,
  Nor thought the dog would stir;
But so it was, by sad mishap,
She pulled his bed—disturbed his nap,
  And waked the surly cur.

The dog sprang up to bark and growl,
And with a most uncivil howl,
  To scold the cow began;
The cow then said, "Unhappy elf!
You cannot eat the hay yourself,
  Yet won't let *me* who can!"

And thus some envious people do
The same ill-natured ways pursue,
  Another to distress;
And (like the selfish dog) they strive
Their fellow-creatures to deprive
  Of means to gain success.

THE SECRET.

"WHY, Lucy!" said Mrs. Bacon, as she entered her daughter's room, just as her school hour had arrived—"you are not going to school, leaving your room in such a plight, I hope?"

"It is school-time now, mother," said Lucy; "and I must go. Cousin Sarah's room always looks so nice and orderly: but, somehow, I never can keep my room in order, if I try. I wish I understood the secret."

Her mother smiled and said—"There is indeed a secret about it which, if you understood and would practise, your room would soon put on quite another appearance from that which it presents this morning."

"Do tell me what it is, mother."

"It will be of no use to tell you what it is, unless you are in earnest about correcting your careless habits."

"I will try to correct them, if you will inform me what is the secret of success."

"It is, as you say, high time for you to go to school. Besides, I wish you first to try to reform yourself, to convince me you are in earnest about it; and then, if you do not succeed, I will put you in a way to discover the secret. It is now Saturday, and you will have the afternoon to yourself, and will find it a favourable opportunity to commence the work of reform, if you are disposed to improve it."

"Well, mother, I will try what I can do," said Lucy, as she left her room for school.

About the middle of the next week Mrs. Bacon

paid another visit to her daughter's room. But she found the appearance of it not at all improved from what it was the previous Saturday. Lucy blushed as her mother entered and saw the disorder. A number of articles were thrown in confusion upon the table, the bed, and the chairs, and a peep into one or two drawers, left half open, discovered their contents to be in the same state.

"You see, mother," said Lucy, "that I shall not succeed in the work of reform unless you tell me about that secret."

"But I wish my daughter would first inform me whether she has made any effort to bring about a reform herself?"

"Oh, yes, mother," said Lucy; "I spent nearly the whole of last Saturday in putting my room to rights. I put everything in such perfect order that it looked quite like cousin Sarah's room, and I felt very happy every time I looked at it. But somehow it did not last long."

"Well," said her mother, "as you have given some proof that you are in earnest about the work, you shall visit your cousin Sarah next Saturday afternoon, if it is pleasant, upon condition that you will try to find out the secret of her success in *keeping* her room in such good order."

"I will try very hard to find out what it is if you will let me go," said Lucy. The next Saturday afternoon was pleasant, and Lucy set out on a visit to her cousin Sarah, full of plans how she should find out the grand secret, and determined to watch her very closely. When she returned at night, her

mother said to her—"Well, Lucy, have you been observing enough to discover the secret you so wished to know?"

"Yes, mother," cried Lucy, "I do believe I have found out now what it is."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, cousin Sarah always puts everything back in its place *as soon as she has done with it.* Was that what you meant by the secret, mother?"

"Yes, my dear; but how did you learn it?"

"I watched her very closely all the afternoon, and noticed many little things which perhaps you would not think worth relating."

"It is attention to little things, my dear child, which lays the foundation for all that is truly good n character and habits. I should like to hear your account of some of the little things which you have observed this afternoon, for it seems it was these that led you into the important secret which you have been trying so long to find out."

"I will tell you about my visit, then," said Lucy. "When I went in, cousin Sarah was writing; but, though she was very glad to see me, she did not forget to put her pen, ink, and paper all back in their place, before we began the afternoon games. We were thinking of some place we should like to find upon the map. Cousin Sarah took down her atlas from the shelf of books, and when we had done with it she put it back again. I was quite sure that I should have left it on the table. We went out to take a walk, and when we returned she folded her outer dress, and put it, with her bonnet, in the place

where they belonged. I noticed many more things of the same kind, but I cannot tell you all."

"I am glad you have turned your afternoon's visit to so good an account," said her mother, after Lucy had finished her story.

"And now, mother," said Lucy, "I am going to put my room *once more* into order, and by using cousin Sarah's plan it will not get out of order again, you know."

The next time Mrs. Bacon paid a visit to her daughter's room it looked quite neat, and it showed that Lucy had not only found out, but had learned to practise, the great secret of order.

The character is made up of habits, and he who is careless or negligent of the common duties of life, will be very likely to neglect the most precious of all interests—THE INTERESTS OF THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

THE LITTLE BURROWER.

MARY and her father were walking in the garden one morning, when Mary called his attention to a little winding ridge of earth, which had been thrown up during the night, beside the garden path.

"The mischievous little moles have been at work here," said papa. "I wish we could find some method to stop them from cutting off the stalks of corn, and destroying so many vegetables for us."

"Could we find him if we should dig down, papa?"

"Oh, no; he runs through the earth so very quickly. This little passage below is only one of

his side ways. His real burrow is probably far away under some large hillock. It is a very beautiful little fortress, with upper and lower galleries, and various side openings, so that he can easily make his escape if molested. He ranks first among the burrowers: and we need never pity his lonesome life under the dark sod all his days, for he is one of the heartiest, happiest, and fiercest of all little animals. The lion has not more courage in taking his prey. He will attack a snake with such fury that there is no escape for it, and it is astonishing to see how greedily he will devour even the bones. He is also a good swimmer, and when at a loss for water, he sinks a little well in a very short time, pressing the wall of it hard with his fur, so that it requires no other mason to finish it. Though he lives in the dirt, he always comes out with his coat clean. The hair is of a very peculiar sort, and he shakes himself from time to time with the energy of a lion. We see how wisely God has adapted this little creature to the life he is to lead, by giving him such energy and courage. A timid little house-mouse would never get a living out of the hard earth as he does."

Lord, with my youthful voice
I offer now my praise;
Oh, guide me in thy love
Through all my coming days;
And may my whole existence be
A life of gratitude to thee.

QUESTIONS ON GOSPEL HISTORY.—I.

MATTHEW ii. 1—23.

How long is it since Christ came into the world?

What prophecies speak about his being "King of the Jews?" Jer. xxiii. 5—8; Zech. ix. 9.

Had the people of Jerusalem any reason to be troubled when they heard that Christ was born?

What was the difference between the "chief priests" and "priests?"

What is meant by the "princes of Judah?"

The wise men gave costly gifts to Christ—what should you give him?

Who was Rachel? Gen. xxix. 10—12.

Where was she buried? Gen. xxxv. 19.

Was Rama the same as Bethlehem?

How does the expression "Rachel weeping for her children" apply to the sorrow occasioned by Herod?

Who are probably meant by "*They* are dead which sought the young child's life?"

How and where is it said by the prophets, that "He shall be called a Nazarene?"

USE YOUR TALENTS WELL.

HAVE you read of the servant who hid in the earth
The talent his master had given,
When, by diligent use, to redouble its worth
He ought to have faithfully striven?
My child, you have talents: God gave them to you,
And will surely require them again.
Take care not to waste them: if ever so few,
Let them not have been given in vain.

You have *speech*; then remember to watch your words
And let them be constant and kind: [well,
It may seem a small matter, but no one can tell
The comfort a word leaves behind.
You have *time*. Every minute and hour of the day
Is lent by your Father in heaven.
Make haste to improve, ere it passes away,
The talent so graciously given.

You have *influence*, too, though it seems very small;
Yet, in greater or lesser degree,
You affect the improvement and comfort of all
With whom you may happen to be.
And the child; who in earnest endeavours to live
As an heir of eternity ought,
By his silent example a lesson may give,
Which by words he could never have taught.

THE BOY WHO KILLED A WOLF.

THE BOY WHO KILLED A WOLF.

HAVE you ever been left in charge of your younger brothers and sisters while nurse was busy, or while your mother was gone out? If so, you have felt quite resolved no harm should happen to them while under your care. But no serious harm was likely to come near them; a fall, or perhaps that far worse thing, a quarrel, *might* happen. I will tell you, however, of a boy who fought manfully with a wolf rather than it should eat up his sisters, of whom he was taking care.

Jean, for that was his name, lived with his mother in a poor cottage at the foot of the Jura mountains in France. His father was away fighting in the army of the first Emperor Napoleon. Before he went he left in Jean's charge his mother and two young sisters, and, though he was only twelve years old, right well did he fulfil the trust committed to him. Did his mother want water from the spring? Jean was off in a minute to get it for her. Did she want the goats milked? Jean never needed to be told twice, but, snow or sunshine, would bound over the rocks, though he had neither shoes nor stockings, and up the steep mountain paths till he found the goats. It was harder work to get back again with the milk on his head, but he was so careful he very seldom spilled any.

The mountain air had made him hardy in body, and perhaps the sight of the wild beauty round him had helped to strengthen his mind, for he was thoughtful and enquiring beyond his years. When evening came, and there was nothing more to be

done for his mother, he did not go to sleep beside the wood fire, but would set off and walk three miles to the nearest village, where the minister kindly taught him reading, writing, and arithmetic. Ah, I wish we were all as anxious to improve ourselves as Jean the mountain boy! What scholars we should be, how wise we should grow, if only we made as much of our great advantages as he did of his small ones.

One day Jean's mother was obliged to go out for all the afternoon, but she was quite easy in leaving the two young girls under Jean's charge. "Was he not," she thought, "the kindest of brothers, as well as the most attentive of sons?" He was always happy in being useful, so she was sure he would not go off to his own book or play, but spend the time trying to amuse his sisters. At last it was necessary for him to go and get the fagots wherewith to prepare his mother's supper. He would have left the girls at home, but they pleaded so earnestly to go with him that he consented, and they all set off very happily together.

It was a lovely afternoon in the early spring; the snow was still upon the mountains, but its wintry reign was over, and the bright patches of green were everywhere peeping through to refresh the sight. In little sunny nooks, too, smiled the first sweet spring flowers, the bird's-eye primrose, the dark-blue gentian, and others, which the mountain children hailed with the same shouts of joy as you would do the violets of our English hedgerows. The streams had burst their icy chains, and the birds were making the sweetest music.

It was two miles to the forest, and when they got there Jean began chopping wood, while his sisters went on gathering nosegays, or playing at hide-and-seek behind the trees. All at once a frightful scream from both together made Jean look round in alarm, and what he saw was a monstrous wolf in the very act of springing at his sisters! There was no time for thought; to throw himself in front of them was the work of one moment, and to aim a blow at the wolf with his chopper was the act of another. Had it been done by a stronger arm it would have severed its head from its body, so well directed was it; but, as it was, it only enraged the savage beast, and made it fly at the boy like fury. It was a hard conflict; for wolves are very strong, and this one was a large one, and was maddened by hunger and by pain; while Jean, though fighting for his own and his sisters' lives, had but a boy's strength after all. But God who delivered David from the lion and the bear was present to help and succour. The wolf was streaming with blood; Jean had many wounds, but he hardly felt them; yet it seemed as if the fierce beast was getting the better of him, and suddenly losing his footing he fell to the ground. You would have thought it was all over with him; but he collected his strength and gave a desperate plunge with his chopper as the wolf sprang upon him. It staggered, fell back, and with one wild terrible howl rolled over and died. Jean and his little sisters were safe. Faint and wounded as he was he sprang up, and taking one of his sisters on his back hurried back to the cottage. What a tale it was to tell the

mother, and how thankful she felt for her boy's bravery, especially when the neighbours who went into the wood said it was the largest wolf ever seen in those parts.

The story soon spread, and at last reached the emperor's ears. He sent for Jean's father to talk about this brave son of his, and the result was that Jean was placed at a military school at the emperor's expense. And the poor mountain boy who waited on his mother and killed a wolf in the defence of his infant sisters, ended his days as a general in Napoleon's army. But though he was great and honoured, he retained through life the same simplicity, uprightness, and kindliness of character which had distinguished him in his youth.

God has promised a blessing to those who honour their father and mother, and God's promises always come true. The boys who honour their mother as Jean did, I think are among those who are most likely to succeed in life. We do not wish them to be generals, but, in some way suited to their character and circumstances; even in this world they shall have their reward. M. K. M.

BE USEFUL.

Oh yes, I may, if I've a mind,
  Do good in many ways;
Plenty to do the young may find
  In these our busy days:
Sad would it be, though young and small,
If I were of no use at all.

NOBODY'S OWN.

II.—THE STORY OF A BOY FOR WHOM NOBODY CARED.

THE history which Nobody's Own (as we shall continue sometimes to call little Charley) had given of himself was true as far as it went. He had never known his father, and he had but a slight remembrance of his mother. Afterwards in life, when he attempted to put his confused recollections together, he had reason to think that his poor mother's home was some long way off in the country, but that she had lived in London more than a year before her death. How she obtained her living he did not at all know. All he knew was, that when he became motherless as well as fatherless, he had no one really to care for him, and he perhaps not more than five or six years old.

You may well wonder how a little fellow, so young and friendless, could manage to live in London, or anywhere else, and to obtain food and clothing and lodging by his own efforts; we are not sure that we can tell you, but we will try.

As to lodging, the mistress of the lodging-house where Charley's mother died allowed him to remain there; but she sent him out every day to get money, and made him give her a penny, and sometimes more, every night when he returned to his miserable home.

And truly it was a miserable home. The house had seven or eight rooms in it; and every one of these, except that in which the woman herself lived, was let out to beggars and tramps, or very

poor travellers; so that as many as thirty or forty people were often crowded together in these rooms at night. Some of these people lived there constantly—that is, as long as they could pay for their lodgings; while others came only for a night or two, and then were seen there no more.

This was little Charley's home. His bed was in a garret, under a roof so leaky that on wet nights the rain dripped down upon him as he lay; and his bed was little better than a coarse bag stuffed with straw and shavings, with a rug to cover him. And yet, though these accommodations were so very poor, there were many others besides the little motherless boy who were glad of them as well as he. Very often seven or eight, or even more boys slept in that wretched garret.

We are sadly afraid, indeed we are quite sure, that some of these boys were not only ignorant, untaught, and as uncared-for as Nobody's Own could be, but were dishonest also. They had no fixed work any more than they had any fixed homes. Who, indeed, would have employed them, when there was no one to speak even a good word for them, or give them a fair character?

You may be sure that Charley did not get good from such boys as these. At first, indeed, (by which we mean soon after his mother's death), he was almost too young to know what these bigger boys were in the habit of talking about in their garret. Besides that, he was generally so tired with his day's wanderings as to fall asleep almost directly he lay down on his hard bed. But after a time, as he grew

NOBODY'S OWN.

older he understood them better, and became familiar with them; and as we know, both from the Bible and from what we see around us, that "evil communications corrupt good manners," there is every reason to fear that our little Nobody's Own soon became corrupt in his mind and thoughts and feelings, as well as ignorant.

This is not a very pleasant picture; but we wish to let our young readers see both sides of Charley's character; and as we have shown him, first of all, as a civil, well-behaved little fellow, though a ragged one, and industriously inclined also, it seems right that we should next warn them not to expect too much from him. What he turns out to be, in the end, we shall see by-and-by.

But how could such a little fellow get a living for himself in such a place as London? Truly we cannot tell you all the ways he had of doing this. He began, we think, by begging. Now, the child had never been taught that to beg is a disgrace; he did not blush at all with shame while following ladies in the streets, and telling them the pitiful tale (which, indeed, was in his case a true one) of having no father nor mother; and his simple looks and childish little figure, and half-crying voice, in those early days, often pleaded strongly in his favour. Then, as he grew a little bigger, he became expert in running alongside of coaches and carriages, turning heels over head as he kept pace with them. This was another form of begging by which he got halfpence to buy food, and to pay for his nightly lodgings.

At other times the friendless little boy really earned a few pence by small services for people who knew something of him in the street where he lived; and at other times, it is to be feared, he got money, or what to him was equal to money, by pilfering, when he could do this unobserved. Poor little Nobody's Own! he very well knew that if found out in stealing he would most likely be punished; but no one had ever told him that to steal is a sin. He thought that it was really clever to take what did not belong to him without being found out.

There were few policemen in London at the time of which we are writing, so that there was not the sharp look-out kept after little beggar boys and young thieves that there is now. If there had been, it is very likely our little Charley would not have been allowed to go on so long in his wicked ways of life without a check. There were parish beadles, who walked about the streets in the daytime, as well as watchmen in the same streets at night; but these were generally old men, and not at all active, so that a little nimble fellow like Charley could easily keep out of their way; and as he never was known to commit any offence much greater than those we have mentioned, people did not trouble themselves much about him. Once, indeed, when he had slily run away with a loaf from a baker's shop, he was caught by the baker, who threatened to have him sent to prison; but the baker altered his mind, and cuffed him pretty hard instead. This was the only time the little fellow had ever been punished for dishonesty. "I had not any money," he said, "and I

was hungry; and there were lots more loaves in the shop; and why was not I to have one?"

Poor little Nobody's Own! He was naughty in stealing the baker's loaf; but surely he was also to be pitied. As we have already said, no one had ever told him that stealing was a sin against God. We do not think that he had ever heard about God, only as he had daily and almost hourly heard the holy name misused in oaths and curses. He knew nothing of the Bible. He did not know why shops were shut up on Sundays, or why churches and chapels were opened; or if he had even been told anything about these matters, it was in a way which made him believe that he had no concern with them. There were no ragged schools at that time for poor neglected children; and there were no "shoe-black brigades" for rescuing poor boys from idleness and dishonesty, by putting before them a way of getting an honest living. So we think that Charley was to be pitied, though he was to be blamed.

And now we have told as much as is necessary about this little fellow's early history. How it happened that he took the journey into Kent may easily be explained. In the course of his wandering about London, and in the lodging-houses where he slept at night, (for he did not always keep to that first one which has been described), he heard something about the money that could be earned at hop-picking, and the fun which sometimes went on at hop-picking time. Now Nobody's Own liked money when he could get it, and he liked fun too; so, for a change from always living in London, and having

nothing certain to do beyond striving in any irregular manner to get a few pence from day to day, the little fellow made up his mind to find his way into Kent, and to one farm there which he had heard named.

We think it showed some energy in the boy to make this effort; for, consider, he was not more than nine years old, certainly. But the hardships of his childhood had taught him to endure much which others could not have borne; and having had to rely upon himself ever since the death of his poor mother, he had more confidence than some boys have who are many years older.

We may add here that it was a happy circumstance for Charley that he had this disposition to seek honest work while he was thus young, and before the bad habits of idleness and dishonesty had become stronger. Who shall say that this disposition was not put into his mind by God himself, who had watched him in all his goings, and seen all his troubles and sins? Ah, if Charley could have known this, and had thought about it, he would not have felt so strongly that he was Nobody's Own.

And now, before we return to the hop-garden, we would ask our young readers to think with gratitude on their superior advantages. You can read, which Charley could not; he did not know a single letter of the alphabet. You have been told the difference there is between right and wrong, so that you can understand that difference. We are almost sure that you know something of the great truths of the Bible, and have often heard of the great love of God in

sending his Son into the world to die for sinners, that they through him might, by believing in him, have eternal life; and you are acquainted with the promises of God to all who seek his mercy and help in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ his Son,—his pardon for their past sins, and the help of his good and gracious Spirit for time to come. But of all this, which you surely know of, the poor boy of whom we are writing was quite ignorant.

How Nobody's Own got on at the hop-grounds we shall find out in due time.

QUESTIONS ON GOSPEL HISTORY.—II.

LUKE ii. 41—52.

SERIES II.—The parents of Jesus went every year to Jerusalem, at the feast of the passover—how many great feasts were the Jews required to keep in a year? Exod. xxiii. 14—17; Deut. xvi. 16, 17.

By what other name is the feast of the passover called?

Why was it called the "feast of unleavened bread?"

How many days did it last?

In what month was it held? Exod. xxiii. 15.

Were females positively required to attend the great feasts?

What did Christ mean when he said, "I must be about my Father's business?"

What does his increase in wisdom and stature prove?

A NIGHT IN A CAVE.

It was midday and midsummer too; yet, as sometimes happens near the seashore, even at that season, a westerly breeze brought dark scudding clouds, which scowled angrily over the water. The waves reflected the frown, curled themselves with evident disapprobation, and tossed a cold, salt spray into the wind's face. The sun did his best to make things pleasanter, flecking the bay here and there with golden light, as, tearing a rift in the clouds, he peeped through and changed the spray into the likeness of a rainbow, one moment high in air, the next falling as a shower of jewels in the restless bosom of the sea.

A group of children, varying in age from seven to fifteen, gathered round a large fishing-boat that lay stranded on the beach. Regardless of the threatening weather, they were bent on a day's amusement. Five of the party, four boys and a girl, belonged to one family, the remaining boy was a cousin who lived with them. The "Belle of Llandudno" had that morning returned from a very successful fishing trip. Her owner, William Owen, was gone to dispose of the fish, and the fisherman's children, knowing that the boat would not be needed by him for several hours, determined to carry out a long-talked-of-plan. This was to sail round the Great Orme and visit some of its caves, which could only be reached by water. The Great Orme is an immense limestone rock that stretches two and a half miles into the sea. What treasures the children hoped to

bring home, pebbles, fossils, possibly even sea-birds' nests! In their eagerness for pleasure they forgot duty. They did not consult their parents, they sought no guidance from God. Opportunity favoured them. The holidays had come, father was busy in town, mother was gone to do a day's work at a gentleman's house, the boat was ready, they would start. "A good strong push all together, boys, and we're off!" shouted John Owen, as he bent with his full strength against an oar, and tried to make the fishing-boat glide over the shingly beach into the water. "'Tis easier said than done, I can tell you," replied Sandy, a younger brother. "I am out of breath from pushing, while Master Bill sits idly in the stern as if his only business was to give orders, and Jane is the colour of a sheet because the waves have a bit of a white top-knot on them. Get out, every one of you, and lend a hand, or the day will be gone before the Belle is fairly afloat." "Perhaps it would be better not to go at all," timidly urged Jane; "father does not know where we are, mother will be frightened if she comes home and finds the house empty." "Nonsense, Jane!" shouted a chorus of rough voices, "you are always afraid of something; go home if you like, but don't spoil our fun." Jane seemed inclined to go, when her cousin Thomas laid his hand on her shoulder, saying in a gentle tone, "stay with us, like a good girl; I promise to bring you back safe and sound in time for supper." Jane knew she was doing wrong. Conscience gave some uneasy twinges within. But temptation is doubly tempting when offered by one we love, and Jane had

PREPARING TO START.

been accustomed to look up to Thomas as the best of cousins. However, as if to leave her without excuse, at the moment the boat's bow touched the water, the boys joining in a ringing huzza, a lady who had been walking on the beach hurried towards them. "Oh, dear children," she said, "do not think of going boating to-day without some grown person; there is every sign of a storm. Look at the driving clouds, and listen to the moaning wind. I entreat you not to venture." But this well-meant warning was only laughed at. The oars were plied with a hearty good-will, and the little party was soon out of hearing. For some time everything went on pleasantly; even Jane's pale cheeks caught a rosy glow, and her fears were forgotten in the excitement of the moment.

After battling against wave and wind for two or three hours, the boys began to think the fun was growing rather tiresome. Thomas proposed that they should land, eat their small supply of bread and cheese in one of the caves, and then turn homewards. The hungry oarsmen pushed towards shore, for the prospect of rest and food were very inviting, and a large cavern lay in sight. The boat was soon hastily fastened at the mouth of the cave, and the little party thought they were quite safe in creeping under its rocky sides into the dim twilight of the upper end, where the noise of the lashing waves sounded still more terrible as it echoed back on the half-frightened children.

Half an hour or more had passed, when the rising tide warned the boys that there was no time to be

lost in returning to the boat. So rapidly had the water flowed in at the narrow entrance of the cavern, that walking gave place to wading before the mouth was reached. Jane alone was dryshod; Cousin Thomas carried her in his arms. But what matter now? In a moment hope was exchanged for fear, horror, despair,—the boat was gone! The loosely-tied rope had slipped its hold, and the unguided fishing-craft tossed amid the waves far beyond the reach of the stoutest swimmer. Sea and sky were shrouded with a grey mist, into which the little ones vainly peered for help, where none was to be found. Then with one piercing cry of anguish, that rang again and again in mocking tones from the old cavern's sides, the children turned once more into the dark. Nothing but death was to be expected. Slow, creeping death, strangling them in its slimy folds amidst the horror of darkness.

After weary groping round the rocky walls, hoping against hope that some opening might be discovered, the two younger boys sat down and cried until sleep closed their weary eyes. Thomas then lifted them, locked in each other's arms, to a high ledge of rock, where he had already placed Jane, and stood near, with clenched hands and fixed eye-balls, bitterly musing over the past, dreading the future. As the eldest of the party, he felt doubly guilty, and had no reply for the selfish reproaches with which his cousins John and William unreasonably taunted him. A stronger strife was raging within. His whole life passed before him; sins committed, warnings unheeded, time wasted, sabbaths misspent,

prayer neglected. A soul in agony has few words. One bitter cry burst from his lips, it was; "Lord, save me: I perish!" The rising waters touched his feet, and stole up until he stood knee deep. The rocky ledge, where Jane and the other children clung, was still dry, but there was no room for him. A wild wail was the Amen to his prayer—then all was silent.

The scarcely risen sun was casting its level rays on the little town of Llandudno. A crowd of anxious-looking women and weather-beaten men watched the launching of a boat, and fervently wished her, "God-speed!" One pale, tearless woman wrung her hands, and lifted her eyes to heaven in silent prayer. She was the mother of the lost children. What a night of suspense she had had! What a morning of desperate sorrow when her husband's fishing-boat was washed ashore without a living thing on board! And, now that her husband and some neighbours had gone to search the caves and headlands, she shut herself in her lonely cottage, and burying her face in the bedside, groaned out her grief to that Almighty Friend whom she had early learned to know and love. She craved the life of her little ones from the Author and Giver of all life. A strange peace stole over her spirit.

Towards noon the exploring party was seen returning. With what eagerness every eye was strained to count the number in the boat, long before she came to the beach! Some children certainly were there; two, three, four. Only four. Then two must have been drowned,—and which? But now

when the boat touched ground the missing two were lifted in the strong arms of the fishermen, and a shout of joy burst from every lip. "All saved, thank God!"

The rest is easily told. In the deep silence of that dark cavern, the children were expecting every moment would be their last, when the tide began to fall as quickly as it had risen, and they were once more on dry ground. Following the retreating waves they all gathered at the entrance, and were rescued by their friends in the boat from the dangers of drowning or starvation. What different uses the young people made of their painful experience and wonderful escape we cannot tell; but of this we are certain, that, to his dying day, not one of them will forget the night in the cave.

MARY'S ROSE-TREE.

"DEAR papa, if I had a rose-bush like Jane Sherman's, I should be perfectly happy. Will you buy me one?" This was Mary Gale's appeal to her kind father, who had noticed that his little daughter was not looking very cheerful, and had asked the cause.

"My dear child, I would gladly do any thing I could to make you happy," he replied; "but I wish you knew as well as I do that it is not what you *have*, but what you *are* and what you *do*, that will bring you real pleasure."

"O papa, you do say such odd things."

"Well, Mary, think for a moment. Do you

recollect the wax doll, 'as large as a real baby,' which you asked for a year or two ago, and which was to make you 'the happiest child in the village?' How did it turn out?" Mary could not answer for very shame. Too well she knew the vanity and pride which came with the gift, the vexation which she felt when her envious playmates would not admire it sufficiently, and her passion with her baby sister who accidentally injured it.

"But I am older now, papa," she said at length, "and know better what I want. And I am sure that a rose-tree like Jennie's would make me quite happy."

Now Mr. Gale knew that his little girl had not a very strong love for flowers. Dolls and toys and playmates had always been more to her taste than the beauties of nature. But he was willing to indulge her in every innocent pleasure, and hoped that the rose-bush which she asked for might lead her to a delight in pure and simple enjoyments. So the coveted gift was soon bestowed.

For a little while Mary Gale seemed to find real pleasure from her beautiful plant. She watered it carefully and watched it diligently. Several fine buds gave promise of early blossoming. Mary had told her companions much about her floral treasure, but steadily refused their request to be allowed to see it until it should be in its fullest bloom. So she made them wait till nearly every bud was opened, and when one morning she could count six beautiful roses, she was ready for them to see it.

When school was over for the day, she took her

schoolmates home with her. But alas for poor Mary! Her flowers were too fully opened; and a strong wind which had risen, had scattered the rosy leaves in every direction. The poor girl's grief was very keen, and she hated the sight of her hitherto cherished possession. "The spiteful bush," said Mary, angrily, "to serve me so! I will never go near it again."

A few days afterwards, as she was passing slowly through the city, she saw a sad-looking girl of nearly her own age gazing at some flowers in a florist's window. She stopped long enough to hear her ask the price, and to see her turn away in sorrow without buying any. "Did you want those flowers?" asked Mary of the young stranger. "Only one of them," was the answer; "my mother is sick, and she is so fond of roses, I thought of trying to get her one. But they cost more than I can afford."

A bright thought struck Mary as she recollected that her father had that morning told her that her neglected rose-bush was again in bloom, a few buds having been left when the wind had scattered her roses. "Come with me," she said to the girl; "perhaps I can find a flower for your mother."

Mary Gale's step was as eager and her joy as great now as when she so proudly led her schoolmates to see her rose-tree. But her purpose was a widely different one; and when to her joy she found two beautiful roses just fit for gathering, she quickly put them in the young stranger's hand. "Take these to your mother," she said; "and if you will

tell me where you live, when that remaining bud has opened a little, I will bring it to her."

The grateful look which beamed from the eyes of the hitherto sad girl brightened Mary's heart. "Papa was right," she whispered to herself. "It is not what I *have*, but what I *am* or *do* that can give me pleasure. I never felt so truly happy as at this moment. May God keep me from being selfish."

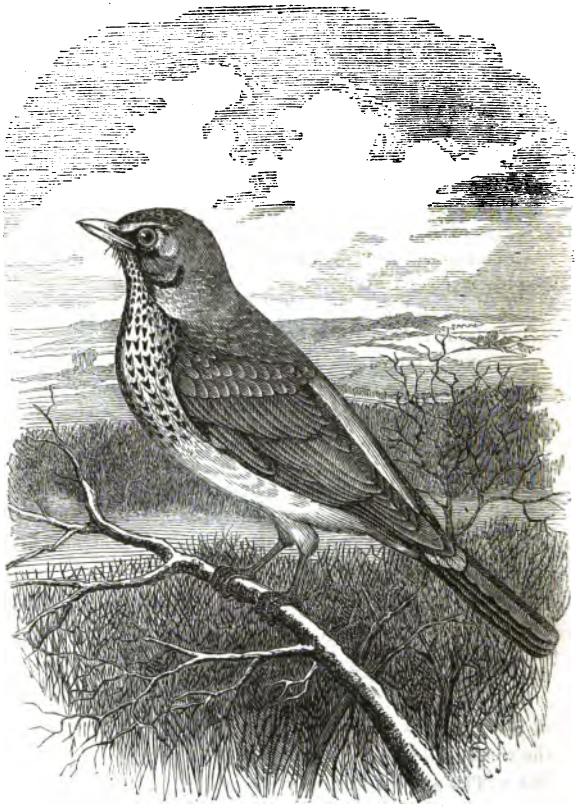
THE TRUTH-TELLER.

ONCE there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye,
A boy who always spoke the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school,
The children all about would cry,
There goes the curly-headed boy,
The boy who never tells a lie.

And everybody loved him so,
Because he always told the truth,
That every day, as he grew up,
'Twas said, "There goes the honest youth."

And when the people that stood near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this—
"Because he never tells a lie."



THE FIELDFARE.

THE FIELDFARE.

You have hailed the nightingale and the swallow returning from other lands in the spring time; it has been pleasant to hear their familiar voices again, and you have had many wondering thoughts about them, such as how did they find the way? how did they know when to come back? and you wanted to be told whether they led the same kind of life in the sunny south, and whether they liked old England best, as they ought to do, having been born and bred there. Then in the autumn all at once you missed them; you never saw them go, but certainly they were gone, and you were told you would see them no more till spring.

These are the summer birds of passage; but there are winter birds of passage also, and the Fieldfare is one of them. It only comes to us in the winter, just as the others spend the summer with us; but there is this difference: *they* build their nests and rear their young here, whereas the winter visitors have done that already in the countries from which they come.

The Fieldfare is the most common of any of these winter travellers. It passes the greater part of the year in the far north, and when the short hot summer is over, and the snow sets in for months, away it flies to the south, and remains with us till spring.

It is a brown bird, about the size and appearance of the thrush. It may be seen in flocks all through the winter in company with the lark, and it shares the lark's fate likewise, in being caught and sold for the table by hundreds. It makes the wintry landscape

look less dreary to see the flocks of fieldfares rising from the ploughed fields where they seek their food. There always is something in nature to attract our attention and give an interest to our walks, if we will only just keep our eyes open, and use them on what passes around us. If we do we shall never find the country *dull*, even in winter time. Now I want to tell you how two of these very fieldfares helped to make a poor boy a bishop.

Far away in Germany, on the banks of the great river Danube, there once lived a poor woodcutter. He had one little boy, who used sometimes to help him splitting wood, but more often his father would send him to gather juniper-berries, which he then sold. As he went to and fro from the spot where he sought the berries, he had to pass a school-house full of boys about his own age, and he would put down his basket and listen a minute to the hum of busy voices within. Alas! the poor boy could neither read nor write; his father was much too poor to pay for schooling; but to learn was the one wish of his heart. "Oh, if I could but be one of them!" he would say to himself as he peeped in. "Never would *I* be careless—never play the truant; I would learn with my whole heart and soul."

Such were his thoughts day after day; when, one morning, he saw amongst the juniper-bushes two of these boys setting a trap for fieldfares, and he heard them say their master was very fond of them. The poor boy's heart trembled at the new idea which occurred to him, and which he lost no time in carrying out. He knew how to make a capital trap.

It was soon done; and the next morning, when he came eagerly to look, there were two fieldfares in it. He put them in his basket, and went straight to the schoolmaster. "Please, sir," he said bashfully—for he did not know how to begin—"here are some fieldfares."

The master looked kindly at him, but seemed rather surprised. "Thank you, my boy; but what do you charge for them?"

"Nothing, sir," replied the boy.

"Nothing?" repeated the master. "Nay, I am sure you are much too poor to make presents for nothing. What shall I pay you? or is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Oh, sir! good, kind sir!" cried the boy, "teach me to read, teach me to read!" and he fell on his knees in an agony of piteous supplication.

Tears came into the good master's eyes; such an appeal would have melted a much harder heart than his; and besides, a boy who really wanted to learn, how rare a thing! and what a pleasure it would be to teach *him!*

"Well, well, my lad, we will see about it," he said; and after a little more talk it was arranged when he was to come to begin the coveted lessons.

The boy's gratitude knew no bounds; nor did his instructor ever repent the day he took the destitute child in to be taught for nothing. More credit came to him from *this* pupil than from all he ever taught beside. His abilities were great; he rose rapidly; till he entered the Christian ministry, and at last became a bishop.

But never did he forget the debt he owed, under God, to the fieldfares. He took for his device two of these birds, with the words written over, "Are not two sparrows sold for five farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before God;" and he loved to point it out to his friends, and to tell them the story of his early life. He acknowledged that it was God's hand which, by means of the fieldfares, had raised him from poverty to position and honour.

M. K. M.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

A LIGHTHOUSE looks like a tall pillar rising out of the sea, or built upon some high bluff. The top is a large lantern, where a bright light is kept burning all night, which is seen far out at sea; and it says to all ships and sailors sailing by, "Take care, take care!" One is built on a ledge of rocks; its warning light seems to say, "Give a wide berth to these sunken rocks." Another says, "Steer clear of this dangerous reef." Another, "Keep clear of this dangerous headland. If you come here, you are lost."

There are a great many lighthouses on the coast: how does a sailor know which is which? He sees a light gleaming through the darkness and the storm; but where is it? Does it warn him off the North Cape, or the Needle Rocks, or Puffin Island? He has a chart in the ship, and that tells. A chart is a map of the coast, with all its rocks and sand-banks

and lighthouses put down, and everything that a sailor ought to know in order to steer his ship safely across the ocean.

These are some of the helps which sailors have to keep them from being cast away and lost at sea; and if they faithfully consult them, and keep a good look-out, they are likely to ride out the storm and come safely into port.

Now you, my young readers, are out at sea. You are beginning a long voyage. You each have a little ship to steer. The sea is the great sea of life, and the ship is your own self, both soul and body. God has given you a chart. It is the Bible. That tells you where you are, and how to go. All along are lighthouses, saying, "Take care, take care!" They all have names.

Here is one. What does the light say? "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Keep clear of that.

Inside here is another. What is it? What does the light say? "Put away lying. Speak every one truth with his neighbour." "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." Keep clear of that.

Another. What does it say? "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry. Be angry, and sin not. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Keep a good look-out here.

There is another. What is it? *Intemperance.* How many have been lost on this dangerous rock! In the pleasantest weather there is often most danger. What course does your chart tell you to take

here? "Touch not; taste not: handle not." Do that, and you are safe.

Here is another. What is it? *Pride.* Let not your little ship ride on this dangerous swell; for what does the chart tell us? "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

You see how many rocks and ledges and whirlpools and dangers there are for you to avoid. We have told you about a few.

You need not be afraid. Only keep a good look-out, and steer your little vessel by the chart which God has given you. Consult it often; become familiar with its instructions. Be sure that you are in the right channel—on the clear, open sea of truth. Watch the first appearance of danger. Go not too near a dangerous shore, or there may not be room to tack ship, and you are cast away before you know it. Read what your chart says. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away."

POOR ROBIN.

One winter's day the wind blew high,
And fast came down the snow;
A Robin, much too weak to fly,
Hopp'd in the yard below.

Jane threw him crumbs, and from that day
Her welcome guest he's been;
And often when the children play,
Sweet little Bob is seen.

TRUE REPENTANCE.

You cannot truly repent of your sins without trusting entirely in Christ for the forgiveness of your sins, and your acceptance with God. The true penitent always thus trusts in Christ. His knowledge of the evil of sin shows him that such a Saviour is necessary. And, on the other hand, the death of the Saviour shows him how great an evil sin is. His feeling of guilt leads him to see how much he needs such a Saviour; and, on the other hand, the death of this Saviour shows him the greatness of his guilt. His most ungrateful sin, that which has shown most clearly the pride and obstinacy of his heart, has been his rejection of this Saviour, his utter unwillingness to trust in him. How can he feel any true repentance without a true repenting of this sin? How can he repent of this sin without going to the Saviour whom he has so long rejected, and trusting in him with all his heart? He does thus trust in him. The same spirit of obedience, of submission, and of love to God, which shows itself in his repentance for his sins, shows itself in his faith in the Redeemer. They go together. The stronger the one is, the stronger the other will be. He began with trusting in Christ when he first became a child of God. He keeps near to Christ during the whole course of his journey to heaven.

THE VALUE OF A LITTLE.

Do thy little, do it well;
Do what right and reason tell;
Do what wrong and sorrow claim;
Conquer sin, and cover shame.

Do thy little, though it be
Dreariness and drudgery;
They whom Christ apostles made,
"Gathered fragments" when he bade.

Do thy little, never mind
Though thy brethren be unkind—
Though the men who ought to smile,
Mock and taunt thee for a while.

Do thy little; God hath made
Million leaves for forest shade;
Smallest stars their glory bring—
God employeth every thing.

Do thy little, and when thou
Feelest on thy pallid brow,
Ere has fled the vital breath,
Cold and damp the sweat of death—

Then the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,

Little favours kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne—

These shall crown the pillow'd head,
Holy light upon thee shed;
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

JAMES WATT AND THE KETTLE.

I WILL THINK OF IT.

"I WILL think of it." This is easy to say and simple to do; but do you know what great things come of just *thinking?* And yet thought itself, though very mighty, is nothing we can see or smell, hear, taste, or feel.

A boy named James Watt sat quietly by the fire one evening, watching the tea-kettle lid "dance," as it was moved up and down by the steam from the boiling water. He did not say anything, but he was thinking how much power there must be in steam if it could move the heavy lid.

He kept thinking about it, and years and years after, when he was a man, he so greatly improved the steam-engine, as to make it do as much work as a great many horses. By the steam of boiling water wheels and rods were moved, which thus moved machinery. When you see steam mills, steam-boats, and railroad carriages, you may remember that they never would have been built if it were not for *think-ing*.

When a man is lying awake at night, very quiet, would you believe he can be doing what may change the life of a million of people? But he may be planning some terrible battle that will bring sorrow into a multitude of homes, and change the fate of a whole nation.

You have heard of Napoleon, who was such a great soldier. About the time he was thinking of the glory he would get to himself and to the French people, and planning long marches and victories,

there was a man living in Gloucester, England, who was *thinking* just as earnestly, but of something very different. He was a good man, and believed that we should work for the glory of God and the best good of men; and so he was thinking what he could do to prevent the rude children who lived in Gloucester from taking God's holy name in vain, from breaking the Sabbath, and from stealing. Some of them had sinful fathers and mothers, who did these wicked things themselves, and there was no one to teach the children any better.

One Sabbath-day Mr. Raikes had occasion to go to a part of the city where was a large pin factory, and a great many people who worked there lived near it He was shocked and grieved to see the swarms of dirty children in the streets, who were playing rough games, fighting, and swearing. He heard that the farmers who lived a little out of town were obliged to stay at home to watch their fruit-trees on Sundays. They said they had more trouble by thieves on that day than on any other.

Mr. Raikes thought if he could get these poor little degraded, ignorant ones into a school on Sundays they would be kept from mischief, and taught something which might make them good men and women. He resolved to try. It was very hard work, but he succeeded; and other people seeing what a good and blessed thing it was, started other Sunday-schools, till now, a hundred years after, there is one connected with almost every place of worship in England as well as America. So you see what Mr. Raikes brought about by thinking.

Every person does not have such wonderful and powerful thoughts, but we are thinking continually, and our thoughts are what make our actions. If we allow evil ones, they will make our lives evil; and pure, happy thoughts will make pure, happy lives. Above all, you know the great God can see our thoughts as plainly as we can hear when a person speaks. So we must try to have them such as we are willing he should see; and we should ask him to give us his Holy Spirit to purify our thoughts, and to lead us to those which are good and wise and holy.

ABOUT SOME STRONG INSECTS.

We are apt to think that the largest creatures are the strongest; and so, indeed, they are, but not in proportion to their size. The sharks and whales of the sea, and the horses, camels, and elephants of the land, are not half so strong in respect to their bulk and weight as many of the insects are which are common amongst us. If a fly were as big as a tabby cat, and a spider the size of a mastiff dog, we should have real reason to be alarmed at them.

There is not one person in twenty who suspects the amount of strength that is necessary to enable many of the tiny insects to perform their common actions; and not one in fifty who is at all aware how dangerous it would have been to man if the larger animals had been strong according to their size.

It is said that common fleas, and several kinds of locusts and grasshoppers, easily leap two hundred

times their own height. Why, were these insects as big as lions, tigers, and bears, and leaped high in proportion, they would hop over a hill three times as high as St. Paul's Cathedral. What would become of us if such creatures really did exist? A man, to equal this, must, at the very least, jump across the River Thames at London Bridge.

Having said something of jumping, let us say a word or two about running. The legs of a man must move very nimbly to go six miles an hour, though a horse has been known to run nearly a mile a minute. This, however, is nothing to what insects perform, for some of them take as many as a thousand steps in a second, which, according to their size, is equal to twenty miles in a minute. If a man could take a thousand steps in a second, he might run as far as round the world in twenty hours.

The great stag beetle, which strips the bark from the branches and roots of trees, has been known to gnaw a hole an inch broad through an iron canister, leaving on it the marks of his jaws. It would try our teeth terribly were we to attempt to do the same thing. Were this stag beetle the size of a tiger, he would indeed be a terrible animal.

The common beetle is very strong. If a sack of flour were to be placed on a man as he lay on the ground, he would not feel very comfortable; but if a hundred sacks were put upon him, it would be nothing in proportion to what a beetle can endure. The strength of the insect called Atlas has been tested so far as to discover that he can bear and escape from a load which would be equal to forty or

fifty tons laid upon a man. A large boat-load of coals weighs about twenty tons; what, then, do you think would become of a man were two of these laden boats to be placed upon him?

From the little we have said, you will learn the wisdom of God in confining insects to their present size; for had they been made as large as men, they might have been hopping across rivers, jumping over mountains, gnawing their way through the doors and walls of our houses, devouring us alive, and making their escape even if a dozen waggon loads of paving-stones had been piled upon them.

The other day we saw the insect called the lady-cow fall from a window thirty feet high; this was, perhaps, as much as two or three thousand times its own height. The little creature did not appear to have got the least injury, but moved forward as nimbly as before. Were a man to fall from the clouds it might be in something like the same proportion.

The carpenter-bee bores a hole in a solid post of oak, often as much as fifteen inches deep, and broad enough to put your fore-finger in it. Now this is as great an undertaking as it would be for a man to bore a hole through solid wood, if such a thing could be, five or six feet broad, and as deep as from the spire of a church weather-cock to the ground. Where is the carpenter who, single-handed, would dare to undertake such a work? We believe he is not to be found.

How little, when we see a gnat playing, do we think of his great strength in being able to keep his body in the air? A butterfly makes his way over

a hedge, and sometimes over a high tree, with ease and pleasure. Why, a man, to be able to do this, must have wings larger than a barn door, and what mighty strength would be necessary to keep such wings as these in motion?

The common flea, and the grasshopper, the fast-running insect and the beetle, the lady-cow, and the carpenter-bee, the gnat, and the butterfly may all supply us with subjects of useful thought. The more we think of their strength in proportion to our own, the more shall we be disposed generally to examine the works of our heavenly Father, and thus be led on to wonder and adore. The insect world is a world of wonders; nor can it be regarded by us without our thinking more humbly of ourselves and more highly of God. How great are his wisdom and power, and how very great his mercy and goodness! No wonder that the patriarch Job should ask, "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?"

NOBODY'S OWN.

III.—MORE ABOUT THE HOP-GARDENS.

It was a very lively and interesting scene which presented itself from day to day in Mr. Hammond's hop-grounds. Those of my young readers who are accustomed to the sight will agree with me in this; and, for the sake of those who have never seen a hop-garden, I will try to describe what was as new to Nobody's Own as it would be to them.

First of all you must fancy a large field, enclosed

NOBODY'S OWN.

on all sides by tall thick hedges, which, in early summer, are very likely beautiful and blooming with wild roses and honeysuckle blossoms, but which, in the hop-picking season, are rich with clusters of blackberries, ripe or ripening, and very possibly with hazel-nuts also. I need scarcely say, however, that nuts and blackberries soon disappear after hop-picking has fairly begun.

Next, you have to fancy this field to be thickly studded all over with regular lines or rows of tall poles, in groups of four or five, almost close together; and these are covered over from bottom to top with the strong twining hop-plant, which has large, rich, dark-green leaves, and beautiful clusters of light-green flowers. There is not a handsomer plant grown by English farmers than the hop-plant when it is in full and flourishing bearing, and the scent of both leaves and flowers is quite delicious.

Then you must picture to yourself a number of bins—which are a sort of canvass bags, fastened on square wooden frames—or else large wicker baskets, or both bins and baskets, standing between the rows of hop-plants and poles, and surrounded by men, women, and children, all of them stripping with swift and busy hands the flowers from their stalks, while other men are equally busy with sharp hooks in cutting asunder the stems of the plants near to the root, uplifting the poles, and laying them across the bins and baskets ready for the pickers. In Mr. Hammond's hop-grounds more than a hundred pickers were earnestly at work, each striving to earn as much money as possible every day.

Now look around again. See, here is a basket close to one of the bins, which serves the purpose of a cradle for some poor woman's infant, well covered up from the chill air; and there is a child's waggon, which serves the same purpose. Here, again, a fire is burning, over which hangs a kettle; and there, under the hedge, is a blanket tent, low and snug and warm, which, if you were to peep into, you would see contains a little nest of children, from five years old and downwards. Then, listen to the voices of the hop-garden. Here, an infant crying, poor little thing, not knowing what to make of it, and the mother hushing it to sleep, or, perhaps, if she be rather impatient, scolding it a little, because every minute she is attending to baby she loses precious time; there, children too young to be at work are playing and shouting and enjoying the fun. Here, again, is a merry party round a bin, or basket, talking and laughing while busy at work; and there, round another bin, is another party, grumbling loudly because the poles are not supplied to them at the very moment they are wanted.

This is one scene in a hop-garden in picking time; but if you were to enter it at noon, or soon after, you would see all the bins and baskets deserted, work suspended, and other operations going on. It is dinner-time, and one fire after another having been previously lighted under the hedges, or in some other convenient place, pots and kettles are bubbling over them, while groups of families sit round enjoying their food, just as you may perhaps have seen gipsies sitting round their fires in green lanes and shady

nooks, or by the road-side. Not much time is wasted in eating and drinking, however; very soon work is commenced again and continued till evening.

And then, as well as at intervals through the day, the foreman, or measurer, goes round to empty the full bins, and take account of the number of bushels picked in each; and you may be sure that a careful, watchful eye is kept upon him by the pickers, lest he should press the hops down too tight as he measures them, and so make fewer bushels than they think to be fair, or lest he should make a mistake in the reckoning; while he, on his part, is equally sharp to detect any carelessness in the picking. Having measured the bin-full and put the hops into sacks, which are directly carried away, the foreman gives, not money, but tallies, to the pickers, which agree with the number of bushels picked by each, and when the "hopping" is over these are exchanged for the money which has been earned.

I should further explain that the hop-flowers when picked are taken to the drying house, which is called an "oast-house," where they are carefully spread on a kind of open floor, covered with hair-cloth; and below this is a kiln, in which a charcoal fire is continually kept burning. I might tell much more about hop-picking, but it would take up too much room to describe all the proceedings connected with it, and all the busy scenes which a hop-garden exhibits from day to day during the time picking is going on; and enough has been written to show how Little Nobody's Own was employed, and what he saw. A very different life this was, you will say, from his

life in London. Truly it was, and an improvement upon it I think.

If you are curious to know how so many strangers could dispose of themselves during the night as well as find work through the day, I must tell you that some few of them obtained lodgings in the village where Charley had bought his two threepenny loaves. But, for the greater part of them, Mr. Hammond had fitted up an empty barn and an outhouse as sleeping places, and in one of these the men and boys were not uncomfortably lodged, while the other was reserved for the women and children. This was a rude and rough make-shift, no doubt, for those who were accustomed to better home accommodations; but as to poor little Nobody's Own, he quite enjoyed the clean, sweet straw on which he lay, and the coarse sheets provided for his use. And so it is no wonder that, with the novelty of industrious work; the sweet and fresh country air; the wholesome bread on which he dined and supped the day before, and broke his fast on the morning after; and the refreshing sleep he had enjoyed in the barn; it is no wonder, I say, that, on the second day of his new toil, he wished hop-picking would last all the year round.

There are more sides than one to every true picture of life, however; and my description of a hop-garden in picking time would not be complete if I were not to speak of wet and uncomfortable, as well as of fine, dry, and sunny days. Sometimes the cold air, especially in the morning, is very nipping, and the hop-pickers are glad to wrap themselves up

in coats and cloaks to keep themselves tolerably comfortable. Worse than this, thick mists or fine drizzling rain cover them with moisture, or a pouring rain descends and drives the hop-pickers to take shelter where they can. These are some of the disagreeable things of a hop-garden.

It happened, however, that the autumn at which our story begins was very fine, and Charley was not subjected to much inconvenience from the weather.

Mr. Hammond kindly fulfilled his promise in at first taking the little fellow in hand, and letting it be seen that he took an interest in him. He took care to provide him with a berth, or sleeping place, in the barn with the other men and boys; and on the second day Charley was paid a little more money in advance for the purchase of food. So far, therefore, little Nobody's Own got on very happily and well. It was almost the first time in his life that he had known any one to care for him in ever so slight a degree, and the feeling it produced in his mind was a very strange one.

But I am sorry to say that the poor boy did not receive kindness from every one around him. There was Martin, the foreman, who was a little jealous of the notice taken of Charley by his master, and who spoke roughly to him, and found more fault than was perhaps quite necessary with Charley's picking. He did not choose to think that it was new work to the boy, and that gentle words would have done more good in this case than harsh blame.

There were others also who were not very good-natured to Nobody's Own. They spoke of him as a

common vagrant and vagabond, and called him a "young beggar," and wanted to know what business he had to be working with decent people. I fear it was Charley's friendless state which prompted them to be thus unkind. They might perhaps have looked round and seen in the hop-garden others whom they could as justly have called vagrants; but these had companions who could have taken their part, and Nobody's Own had, as they thought, nobody to take his part, at any rate when Mr. Hammond was out of sight and hearing.

They were a little mistaken in this, though. Very near the little fellow as he stood at work was a poor woman, whose home was in the village. She was a widow, and had experienced much sorrow in the course of her life; but her troubles had not hardened her heart and blunted her feelings for others, and she soon began to feel great sympathy towards the poor little orphan boy by her side. She felt for his loneliness, because she herself was lonely; and she pitied his ignorance, because she saw that he was in danger of perishing for lack of knowledge.

Mrs. Smith (for that was the poor widow's name) was a humble, loving Christian; and she was one of those who are not satisfied with being Christians themselves, but are anxious that all around them should know the blessedness of having God for a reconciled Father, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. No wonder, then, that this Christian woman felt for poor little Nobody's Own, and was not ashamed to show him such little kind acts as were in her power. So at dinner-time, when the boy had only

his dry bread to eat, Mrs. Smith made a point of giving him a cup of tea out of her little teapot, and at other times she addressed a few gentle words to him. This went on for several days, and then the poor widow had it in her power to befriend Nobody's Own yet more effectually. How it happened we must tell at another time.

THE BIRD AT LIBERTY.

She opened the cage and away there flew
A bright little bird, as a sweet adieu
It warbled in haste, and passed the door.
And felt that its sorrowful hours were o'er.

A hymn of freedom it seemed to sing,
To utter its thanks for an outspread wing,
In joy that now in the boundless air,
It might go any and everywhere.

And Anna rejoiced in her bird's delight,
But her eye was wet as she watched its flight,
Till this was its song that she seemed to hear,
And merrily warbled, it dried the tear.

"My prison was sad, but my keeper kind
In all, but holding a bird confined;
She ministered food and drink to me,
But, oh! I was longing to join the free.

"I sat shut up with a useless wing,
And looked with sorrow on everything,
I lost my voice, and forgot my song,
And pined in silence the whole day long.

THE BIRD AT LIBERTY.

"I then broke forth with a plaintive air,
And asked why I was a captive there?
She tried to tell, but she did not know,
And the door threw open to let me go.

"But I will go back with a mellower pipe
To her, when the cherries are round and ripe,
And sing secure from my leafy seat,
On the topmost branch, as I lock my feet.

"My merriest notes shall then be heard,
And draw her eye to her poor free bird;
The burden then of my song shall be,
Air for the winged, and earth for thee!"

SUSIE BELL;

OR, THE DAILY LIFE OF CHILDHOOD.—I.

"Them that honour me I will honour."—1 SAM. ii. 30.

"WHAT a good sermon we have had to-day!" said a cheerful voice just behind a young girl who was walking slowly and thoughtfully home from the house of God one pleasant Sunday afternoon. "Do you not think so?"

The child had looked up with such a startled feeling at finding Mrs. Acton so near her, that for a moment she had forgotten to answer; and to the closing question she only said, hurriedly, "Yes, ma'am: I suppose so."

"Suppose, my dear?" said the lady, kindly. "Now that you hope you have become one of the followers of Jesus Christ, do you not love to hear how you may honour your Saviour even in childhood?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am: I *would* love to honour him if I only knew *how*. It's what I've been thinking of; and that was the reason I did not see you till you spoke to me. I don't know how."

"But, my dear," said the lady, "isn't this the very thing our minister has been telling us to-day? and cannot you study the Bible? and do you not pray to Jesus to help you?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; but the preaching is almost all to grown-up people, and men and women can do a great many things to honour God which children cannot do."

Susie now felt, for the first time in her life, a freedom to say all that had hitherto been locked up in her own timid breast; and she slowly and softly added, as if afraid of saying something wrong:—

"I often wish, ma'am, that the Bible told us more about Jesus when he was a child; then perhaps we children would know better how to follow him."

Mrs. Acton was silent. And, as Susie saw her thoughtful look, she began to fear she had said something that was very wrong.

"I am not blaming you at all, my dear child," said her friend. But still she continued silent. A new thought, or a new application of an old one, had entered her mind, and she was too busy in following it out to say anything more just then; and in a few minutes they had reached her own dwelling. She had even begun to go up the steps, full of thought; and poor Susie, now more perplexed and sad than ever, was walking tearfully on towards her own home, when Mrs. Acton suddenly called her back.

"I am glad you have said these things to me, Susie. I want to talk a great deal more with you; and I will see you again soon. But now there is only time to tell you just one thing by which you can honour the Saviour to-day."

Susie's face brightened; but her friend kept her only long enough to say:—

"When you get home, be promptly and pleasantly obedient to your parents. Do what they bid you as if it were something you *loved* to do; and be very patient and loving to your little brothers and sister. Try to let them see that something is making you a better and a happier child than you ever were before; and very often turn your thoughts to Jesus and ask him to help you thus to honour him; for you will need his help."

Susie wanted to ask how this would honour Christ, and if trying to let them see would not be like the Pharisees,—and if she must not "enter her closet" and "shut the door," so as to keep her religion as secret as possible,—and why we are told no more about Jesus as a child; but her friend only kindly bade her good-by and entered her own dwelling.

"Why did I never think of this more seriously before?" said Mrs. Acton to herself—"that the teaching and guiding children is the work he has given us to do—to feed his lambs? He came to do what we cannot do: he came to redeem. Among the works which he has left us to do, and which we can and must do, one is, to 'feed his lambs.' The instruction appropriate to the peculiar feelings and employments of children, to their little joys and

troubles, their sports, their temptations and dangers—this is the work left by Christ's last words in charge of those who have already been taught in his school. He has opened the way to holiness and heaven, and, by the influences of his Spirit, he sets the feet of these little pilgrims in it, and he leaves it for us to see that they are so guided as to walk therein with delight. We have too long neglected this work.

"And here is this little Susie. She has a hard place. Her parents are thoughtless, worldly-minded, scoffers at the faults of Christians. How can she be expected to know how to honour God without being taught? The Word and the Spirit can teach her all things; but will they perform for us our neglected duties? Jennie Bond's parents profess to be Christians; but I fear they leave religious instruction too much to the Sunday-school teacher. They cannot expect to reap where they do not sow, or that the lambs will grow without food suitable for their necessities. Here, then, is one way for *me* to honour God—by being more intimate with and watchful over these lambs on earth. Henceforth I will try more to attract their love and deserve their confidence."

Thus Mrs. Acton resolved in her mind.

But where is Susie all this time? We will follow her, and see.

She walked thoughtfully on towards home; but no home religious instruction awaited her there. She had read Bible stories, and had sometimes attended the Sunday-school. But she had now entered

a new path, where all was untried. She could not yet know much about the details of the Christian life, its every-day duties, its temptations, its weaknesses, or the sources of its joy and strength. And who should teach her? Experience? Left to find their way and their food alone, those young disciples will grow slowly, will suffer many downfalls and discouragements from which they might and ought to have been saved by the watchful love of older disciples.

Susie kept thinking, as she walked on, "How can I honour God by being kind to the children, I wonder?" For some months past, her own feelings had prompted her to be more affectionate towards them than she once was; but she had never been told that she ought to do this for the sake of glorifying God, as well as because it was wicked to indulge a bad temper. The two ideas had never been put together in her mind before; but now she inquired, "Will it make them think religion is a good thing if they see it makes me better tempered?" And then the thought came that Mrs. Acton must have heard of her hasty temper, and had taken this way to reprove her. Here was a temptation: her pride rose against Mrs. Acton.

She knew this was wrong: Mrs. Acton had been kind; but the same struggle that "warred" in the heart of Paul was acted over again in the breast of the little child—the new law and the old—the law of sin and the law of Christ. She sat down in the shade of the great pine-tree, and tried to think. And then she remembered Mrs. Acton's last

words—"Often look up to Jesus for help; for you will surely need it." With a strong effort to overcome that shrinking from prayer which she found stealing into her heart, she poured forth her prayers and her tears together, and soon went on her way with a lighter step and a more humble spirit, willing to make any effort if by so doing she could honour the Saviour whom she loved. And she needed the lesson just then.

THE HEDGE-SPARROW.

Is there one of you who does not know the hedge-sparrow's eggs—of all eggs the bluest and the prettiest? They are so common, too (as the prettiest things generally are), so easily seen by prying eyes, so easily taken by thoughtless and wicked children, that the wonder is there are still hedge-sparrows left in the garden and the hawthorn hedge.

The bird is in the habit of building very early in the year, before the leaves are sufficiently out to hide the nest from view; the blackbird and the thrush, who also build early, are wary enough to choose evergreens; but I have no doubt the little hedge-sparrow has some good reason why it prefers the hawthorn-bush only just budding, the lilac-tree in the garden, or even the old pile of last year's pea-rods behind the cottage. The place is always near the ground also, so that unless something within you says, "Don't touch another's property, though it be only a bird's," there is nothing to do but to put out

your hand and take it. It always seems to me as if the little bird trusted to our honour.

The hedge-sparrow is one of our commonest birds. Plain brown is its dress, and even in winter it looks plump and in good condition. It feeds upon insects, berries, and fruit, and will be one of the first to come for your crumbs in the winter. Though without any especial charm to attract your attention, its quiet simplicity makes it a general favourite. This is shown by the long string of popular names it has; hardly any bird, though of gay attire and brilliant song, can boast as many as the simple, sober little hedge-sparrow. Our gardens and hedges are its resorts; you may hear it saying, *tit, tit,* from the inside of the hedge, hence one of its names is the Titling. Its real song, however, is very pleasant; not loud, but clear and melodious; it is one of the first to tell us that spring is coming, and you may hear it at intervals all through the rest of the year.

But the most remarkable part of the hedge-sparrow's history is the way in which it rears up the young cuckoo, just as if it were its own. The cuckoo lays a single egg in the nest of some small bird, and most generally the hedge-sparrow is honoured with its choice. The egg is very little larger than the hedge-sparrow's own, and so it lies naturally among them. But, as soon as the young cuckoo is hatched, it seems as if determined to reign alone, and it shoves the other eggs, or the poor little hedge-sparrows, out of the nest, and there is an end of them.

The mother-bird appears to offer no objection,

THE HEDGE-SPARROW.

and it tends the intruder just as carefully after this naughty deed as it did before. It grows fast, and needs a vast amount of feeding, but all day long the hedge-sparrow ministers to its wants, and has hard work to supply them. When it leaves the nest, and is much bigger than its kind nurse, it is still fed by it with increased tenderness for five weeks more, before it is able to shift for itself.

Why the cuckoo should leave its own offspring to be tended by another we do not know; but we see that the Great Creator can accomplish his purposes by any means he sees fit. It used to be thought that the young cuckoo began his first act of feeding himself by eating up his foster-mother; but, though he may not show himself very grateful for her kindness, we do not think he is quite so bad as this. It would seem as if the hedge-sparrow herself had a strange love and admiration for the cuckoo. I have read of a person who once shot a cuckoo, and when he went to pick it up, to his surprise he found a hedge-sparrow standing on the dead body, uttering a wailing, plaintive note of grief over it. Perhaps it was the very one it had reared up like its own, and loved with a mother's love, even unto death.

Every kind of bird has its own special character and its good points, and thus we may admire the familiar little hedge-sparrow for the constancy of its faithful love.

M. K. M.

PEGGY AND HER PUT-BACKS.

THOUGH you know the meaning of Peggy, you do not know the meaning of Put-backs. Well, we will tell you.

Our best advice does little good
Unless our words are understood.

Peggy Price had two enemies, who were always hindering her in what she had to do; so, because they were always putting her back in her duty, we call them *Put-backs*, and that is no bad name for them. Having thus made our meaning plain, we will at once proceed to tell you about Peggy and her Put-backs.

But, perhaps, before we begin, you would like to know who Peggy's put-backs were? We will tell you this also. They were not two people pushing her back when she wanted to go anywhere, nor two great dogs frightening her out of her way; but two little words that went with her wherever she went, and prevented her from doing what she ought to have done. These two little words were *If* and *But*.

Peggy Price went to a Sunday-school, and there is little doubt that she would have improved fast in her learning *if* she had done her best, *but* she did not. *If* Peggy had chosen her friends from the best scholars in the school, and not from the worst; *if* she had followed the good advice of her teacher; *if* she had thought of the great use that learning would be to her in her future life, and *if* she had made up

her mind to be a reader of God's holy word, and a doer of his holy will, every day she would have become wiser and better; *but* she did none of these things, and thus it was that *if* and *but* prevented Peggy Price from being a good scholar.

Peggy went to a place of service, and her mother and her mistress both hoped that she would get on nicely; and so she might *if* she had only done what they wished her to do, *but* she would not. Peggy was wilful—would have her own way—and wilful people are sure to be wrong. *If* she had been patient, humble, and anxious to do her duty; *if* she had won the good opinion of her mistress; *if* she had been tidy instead of being slatternly, careful instead of being careless, and diligent instead of being idle, she would have been much happier than she was, and increased the comforts of those around her; *but* she was none of these. Of all the girls her mistress had ever had, Peggy gave her the most trouble. The least trifle prevented her from doing her duty; and so *if* and *but* put back Peggy Price from being a good servant.

Peggy at last married, and no doubt her husband expected to live very happily with her; but in this he reckoned wrong, for she thought little of him and much of herself. *If* Peggy had said to herself, "My husband works hard, and brings home his wages, and it is my duty to add to his comfort in every way—by forethought, by kindness, and affection—by making him a tidy, cheerful, happy home," all might have been well, but she did nothing of the sort. No wonder, then, her husband should find his way to the

pothouse. If Peggy, even then, had changed her conduct she might have won back her husband to his old, loving ways; but she did not, and thus *if* and *but* prevented Peggy Price from being a good wife.

Peggy, when she had lost the love of her husband, became very unhappy, as might have been expected, and was willing, as she said, to do anything and everything on her part to make things comfortable. "Fear God and keep his commandments," said a neighbour to her, "and pray to him, in the Saviour's name, for your husband and yourself; read his holy word, and do his holy will, and then there will be some hope of you."

And Peggy would have followed her neighbour's advice, *if* she had not been prevented. *If* all her neighbours had been pious people, and *if* they had all encouraged her, and not laughed at her, most likely she would have taken to good ways; *but* her neighbours were not all pious, and they did not encourage her, and they did laugh at her, and so she remained the same careless, unhappy wife she was before. In this way it was that *if* and *but* kept Peggy Price from taking to pious ways.

I have now told you, little reader, all about Peggy Price and her put-backs, and hope, without an *if* or a *but*, that you will get good from my tale. All who would be happy must do what is right, and they who would do what is right must not be put back either by little things or great things.

When Joshua gathered the tribes of Israel together and reminded them of all the great things God had done for them, he did not tell them that he would

serve the Lord *if* they would, but that he would serve him whether they would or not. His words were: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve; but as for me and my house we will serve the Lord." Joshua xxiv. 15.

This is the spirit that should be in our hearts; we should not say, we will do what we ought to do *if* other people will do it, but we will do it whether they will or not. Oh, make up your minds in earthly things and in heavenly things to avoid the error of Peggy Price;

> And practise piety in all
> Its loveliness and beauty—
> Let "Ifs" and "Buts" say what they will,
> And mind you do your duty.

QUESTIONS ON GOSPEL HISTORY.—III.

JOHN i. 35—51.

JOHN said to his disciples, "Behold the Lamb of God!" and they left John and followed Christ—why should this declaration lead them to follow him?

Had Jesus ever been spoken of as a "Lamb" in the Old Testament? Isa. liii. 7.

What is said about the Lamb in Rev. v. 12—14?

The disciples followed Jesus—how should we follow him?

Jesus invited his disciples to come and visit him—why do not sinners go to him?

What other titles are given to Jesus in this lesson?

What reason had they to look for his appearing in those days?

What is said of the man in whom is no guile? Psalm xxxii. 2.

Philip said to Nathanael, "We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write" —how would Nathanael know whom he meant by that expression?

Philip said Jesus of Nazareth was the "Christ"— how did he know this?

Nathanael doubted at first—how did he finally show his belief?

Andrew declared Jesus to his friends: how can you recommend him to those around you?

What three things are recorded in this lesson which prove Christ to be God?

What proof have you that Christ knows the heart?

THE ESQUIMAUX.

A TRIBE of Esquimaux, a people who live in Labrador, a country in the northern part of the world, heard that a missionary station among the Indians had been attacked by a body of fierce savages, when some of the converts were killed; and others, who had been driven from their homes, were in a destitute state. The believers burst into tears at the account they heard, and at once offered to make a collection out of their scanty means, for the relief of the sufferers. Money they had none, but one said, "I have a fine rein-deer, which I will give." "I," said another, "have a good pair of rein-deer boots, which I will gladly contribute." "And I," said a third, "will send them a seal, that they may have something to eat, and to burn in their lamps." The col-

lection was then made, and their kind offerings were sent to the relief of the poor Indians. This is the more remarkable, as these people were once known for their selfish and unkind feelings.

Do you pity the poor heathen? do you wish to do them good? There are some children who think if they had a ship-load of money, then they would help to send missionaries to the heathen; but they cannot deny themselves in the least thing, because they say they have now nothing to spare. Let the liberality of the poor Esquimaux put such to shame. All may do something to extend the kingdom of Christ in the world.

THE PRIMROSE.

The early, yellow primrose,
With broad and open face,
Springs up all bright and cheerful
In many a barren place!
While grander flowers are waiting
Till warmer days appear,
The primrose comes forth gladly,
The passer-by to cheer.
In garden or on roadside,
It smiles alike on all;
It pines for no high station.
Contented to be small;
Nor does it even murmur
Because unknown to fame;
Admired, or disregarded,
It blooms on just the same.

Dear little child, wherever
Your happy home is found,
Be like the cheerful primrose,
And gladden all around;
Stay not for happier seasons,
Your virtues to display,
But put forth all your efforts
In doing good *to-day*.

Nor wealth, nor power, nor talent,
Nor rank, you call your own;
But none, however humble,
Should live for self alone;
Fix on some deed of kindness,
And now at once begin it;
And let the world look brighter
Because you're living in it.

SUSIE BELL.

SUSIE BELL;

OR, THE DAILY LIFE OF CHILDHOOD.—II.

"Wait on the Lord."—Ps. xxvii. 14.

On entering the house, one of the little ones ran to meet her, crying:—

"Oh, Susie! Johnny has torn that pretty picture right out of your new book! Mother was reading it, with him in her lap, and he caught hold of it before she could stop him."

Once Susie would have been very angry with the baby for his mischief, and with her mother for her carelessness, and would have poured out a flood of harsh words upon everything within hearing, for the book was much prized by her, as it was given to her by her minister.

But with her whole heart she had just asked Jesus to help her in every time of need. The time of need had come; and he helped her—gave her strength to control her rising temper, so that she only said gently to the baby:—

"What a strange little fellow you are, to tear Susie's nice book! He won't do it again I hope. I can sew it in again to-morrow."

But this hope was cut short by the words:—

"No, you can't; for he has quite spoiled it."

This was a hard trial for a little girl; but Susie only said, "Oh, I am *so* sorry!" and went directly to her chamber.

The house was old and out of repair, and it was easy to hear, and even see, from one room to

another; and before Susie was half-way up-stairs she heard Kitty say:—

"There, Dick! you said she would be quite angry about it; and she was not so a bit!"

"Well," said Dick, coldly, "I think she don't care much about the book, now she has had it so long."

"Yes, she does care, too," replied Kitty, "for I saw tears in her eyes; but she is not half so cross as she used to be."

This did poor Susie's heart good. She needed encouragement, and she hoped the improvement they saw in her would be put to the credit of her religion, and so the Author of that religion would be honoured. But again her hopes were damped by hearing her mother say she really hoped Susie was outgrowing her violent temper. Must the honour, then, be given to her, instead of to her Saviour? How should she ever honour him while she was so entirely misunderstood? She grew a little discouraged; but, as she sat down to rest, she opened her Bible; and amongst the first words she saw were, "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart wait, I say, on the Lord." (Psalm xxvii. 14.) Her heart joyfully responded, "I *will* wait on him; I will do what he tells me, and then wait patiently till he is ready to answer. Obeying and waiting are *my* work; hearing and answering are his. O my Saviour, help me."

An hour afterwards, her mother called her to come and help make ready the supper.

"She's reading me a story," shouted Kitty, "and she's got almost through it. I want her to finish it!"

But by this time the book was laid aside, and Susie on the way down-stairs, with Kitty pulling at her dress to keep her back.

"You might have finished your story if you wished to do so," said her mother.

"No, mother; not if you wanted me; and besides it teaches Kitty not to mind at once, if I stay after I am called."

Mrs. Bell made no reply; but it was impossible for her not to see, even in such little things, the change that was going on in Susie's daily life. Nor could she doubt what was the true cause of this change.

Before supper was ready, the baby had finished his nap, and Susie had to take him.

"Now give him a good smack for tearing your book," said Dick.

"It is not likely I shall," replied Susie, laughing. And then she thought what a good chance it was to try to do her rude brother a little good by repeating to him a text which had been in her lesson that day, for neither of the other children attended the school with any degree of punctuality. But how could she venture to speak to him on this subject? None of the family felt as she did; they never spoke of religion except to sneer at its professors; and then, too, she was aware of her ignorance, and she feared if she began they would ask her questions which she could not answer, so she had always been silent. But she had felt more earnest to-day, and more hopeful than ever before. She had been inspired with a new motive; and so, after a short struggle with her diffidence, she added:—

"Dick, you ought to learn one of the verses in my lesson to-day. It was, 'Not rendering evil for evil, but contrariwise blessing.'" 1 Pet. iii. 9.

Just then Kitty came near, still feeling fretful and sour; and, seeing one of her playthings in Dick's hands, she snatched at it, but, failing to secure it, she struck him, and of course he returned the blow with interest. Kitty screamed; and Susie said, sorrowfully:—

"Oh, Dick! when you had just heard that Bible verse!"

"Well, do you suppose I am going to sit still and be struck in that way?"

The uproar brought Mrs. Bell into the room; but her presence did not lessen the noise. She scolded Dick for striking Kitty so *hard:* "it was not fair: he hurt her a great deal more than such a little girl as Kitty could have hurt him." The right or the wrong of the matter, the sin and evil of quarrelling, had no place in her mind. "Fair play, and take care of yourselves, without troubling me with your disputes," was the easiest way, she thought, for her. The father usually paid no attention to the children's bickerings, or punished all alike, just according to his mood at the moment.

In the midst of this hubbub, Susie saw him hastily coming in from his usual Sunday stroll, and quietly slipped away into the kitchen with the baby.

"What's all this noise about?" he cried, in a passion. "I heard it before I got to the gate." Without waiting for an answer, he bounced Kitty into a chair, boxed Dick's ears, and then called out:—

"Where's Susie? You need a good flogging all round."

"No, no," said the mother. Susie had nothing to do with it."

"Yes she had, too," growled Dick. "She tried to make me sit still and let Kitty strike me."

"I say she didn't!" said Kitty. "She only tried to teach him a verse from the Bible."

"I wish you'd all learn something to make you decent." And, saying this, the father seated himself to read his newspaper, evidently somewhat enlightened by Kitty's speech as to the true state of the case.

But we need not look any further into the condition of this coarse, godless family. This much we needed to show from what a dark place the Spirit sometimes takes a child to shine as a light in the world.

Susie thought, as she heard all this, "How can I honour God in such a hard place as this?—but then I don't know but there is a better chance for me to show them the difference." And she felt her whole soul spurred on to make every effort to live a Christian life, that her family might see the nature and effects of true piety, and be led to glorify her Father in heaven.

When supper was ready, Susie brought in the baby, neatly dressed in his clean clothes, his cheeks glowing with the good washing she had given him, and his hair combed and curled over to look as neat as possible.

"There, father," she said, tossing his fat boy up and down before him,—"there, father! isn't he

happy? There, Johnny, kiss father once, and then come and sit in his high chair close by sister."

"But he tore the picture out of her nice book to-day," said Kitty.

"And perhaps she pulled his little ears in revenge."

"Oh, father!" said Susie, sadly, "he is such a *little* fellow!" Then, lowering her voice and stooping closer to him, she gently added:—

"I know I used to get very angry at such things; but now I know it was not right; and I don't *mean* to do so any more." She then whispered in his ear, "Won't you tell me, father, if you see me begin to get angry again? I don't intend to; it is so very wrong."

The hard man was moved; and, though he concealed it as well as he could, it was evident he felt in his heart that Susie's religion was a reality, and that it was worth possessing. We do not mean by this that he became a religious man; but his child's words made him feel and think; and we wish to show children, by this, how they may "adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour" in the little every-day affairs of child-life. Grown people can be Christian men and women; children can be Christian children, —that is, live a child's life in a Christian manner. They are "babes in Christ;" they must be taught how to walk in him; they are his lambs, and must be fed with milk before they can digest strong meat.

THE VULGAR LITTLE LADY.

"But, mamma," said Charlotte, "pray don't you believe
That I'm better than Jenny, my nurse?
Only see my red shoes, and the lace on my sleeve;
Her clothes are a thousand times worse.

"I ride in my coach, and have nothing to do,
And the country folks stare at me so;
And nobody dares to control me but you,
Because I'm a lady, you know.

"Then, servants are vulgar, and I am genteel;
So, really, 'tis out of the way,
To think that I should not be better a deal
Than maids, and such people as they."

"Gentility, Charlotte," her mother replied,
"Belongs to no station or place;
And nothing's so vulgar as folly and pride,
Though dressed in red slippers and lace.

"Not all the fine things that fine ladies possess
Should teach them the poor to despise;
For 'tis in good manners, and not in good dress,
That the truest gentility lies."

NOBODY'S OWN.

IV.—HOW CHARLEY FOUND A GOOD FRIEND.

We promised to tell how Mrs. Smith, the poor widow, became more and more the friend of Charley. The little fellow was quick and active, and was desirous of earning as much money as he could; but, somehow or other, he did not get on very well. It was strange work to him, and he did not pick as many bushels in a day as he wished to do. It was

such slow work, he began to think, and he was in a fidget to get away from it; he got quite tired of standing so long with the basket before him, and wanted to have a good run, to stretch his legs and cheer his spirits. Now all this was very natural, for little Nobody's Own had never, in all his life, been so confined to one spot from day to day; but had been in the habit of roaming about wherever he pleased, with no one to stop his movements.

You will not much wonder, therefore, that, after a little while, the poor boy became careless in his work. He was worse than careless. "What's the use of being so particular?" he thought to himself; and so, by design, he heaped his basket with almost entirely unpicked bunches of flowers, hoping that the measurer would not find out his trick of filling his basket without trouble. But Charley was mistaken; and the consequence was that Mr. Martin scolded him very severely, as well as ordered him to go over his work again. He also threatened that if he had any more trouble with the "young vagabond," as he called the boy, he would turn him out of the hop-garden, whether Mr. Hammond liked it or not.

Mrs. Smith heard all this, and she tried to speak a word or two on the boy's behalf.

"I do believe you would speak up for anybody, Mrs. Smith," said Martin.

"I don't know about that, Mr. Martin," said the widow; "but it is plain to be seen that little Charley has not had much good teaching, and we should make allowances for him."

"It is all very well to talk about making allow-

ances," grumbled the foreman, as he walked away to the next bin, "but I reckon if you had to measure instead of pick, you would not stand being cheated more than any of the rest of us."

Mrs. Smith did not think it necessary to answer Mr. Martin: in truth, she was paying more attention to the boy, who was sullenly walking away. In another moment, the kind woman followed him, and laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Where are you going, Charley?" she asked.

"Right away," said Nobody's Own, angrily, and his countenance was dark and angry too.

"Ah, I thought so; and you do not mean to work any more, is not that it?"

"Yes; I am not going to stand being scraped down as that man scraped me down," said Charley.

"You mean that he scolded you; and you do not like being scolded, I dare say. But then you should remember that you deserved it; you deserved it a little, did you not, Charley?"

"I don't care," said the boy.

"Oh, I would not say that, if I were you, Charley. I am sure you will care when you think a little more about it. And, you know, if you go away and leave your work, you will lose the money you have already earned."

Nobody's Own had it on his tongue to say again that he did not care; but, strange as it may seem, he refrained from doing so, because he knew Mrs. Smith did not like to hear him use those words.

"And what will you do if you go away now without any money, Charley?" Mrs. Smith asked.

"I'll go back to London," he said; "I can beg my way there."

"Charley, don't do that," said the poor widow, tenderly.

"Why not?" he demanded, looking up into his kind friend's face with a sort of mixed curiosity and doubt. It was a tone in which he was very little used to be spoken to. "Why not?" he repeated.

"Because it would make me very sorry, Charley."

"I don't know why you should be sorry about me," said Nobody's Own; "I aren't anything to anybody."

"Yes, you are, Charley; you are something to yourself, you know; and you are something to me, too; and I should be very sorry for you to go away in this manner."

"Why?" asked the boy, with increasing wonder.

"Because I feel for you, poor Charley; and—and Charley, don't go away. I want you to stop and earn money like an honest, good boy; I don't want you to be an idle beggar boy." And the gentle-hearted woman took Charley by the hand, and looked down upon the puzzled face which was turned up inquiringly, as though to meet her gaze.

Oh, there is such power in loving looks and loving words! Nobody's Own felt this power. His kind friend did not hold him tightly at all; but he had no wish to break away from her.

"What does it matter?" he said, at length, looking down on the ground.

"Will you stop to please me, Charley?" asked the widow.

There was a little struggle, and then Nobody's Own felt himself conquered. He suffered himself to be led back to his basket; but Mrs. Smith had not yet done with him.

"Come now, Charley," she said; "let us see why Mr. Martin found fault with you."

This was easily seen; and, between laughing and crying, the boy stood by while his friend held up one long bunch of unpicked hops after another, and collected handfuls of leaves as well, which he had dropped into his basket.

"No wonder Mr. Martin scolded," said Mrs. Smith: "suppose we see what we can do to quiet him;" and then, with Charley's help, removing the basket close to her now empty bin, she carefully picked the hops again. It was a sad waste of time, but it was done at last.

I think this act of kindness had even more effect upon Charley than Mrs. Smith's kind words. "Words," he might have argued, "do not cost anything; but to give quite an hour of precious time, and lose money by it, when there was no occasion for her to be troubled about me—that is something I do not understand."

No, the poor ignorant and vice-nurtured boy did not understand it. He did not know that where the love of Christ is shed abroad in the heart by God's good Spirit, it makes the heart soft and loving towards all men; so that a true Christian will be kindly affectioned, and forgiving and helpful, not only to the good and gentle, but to the froward.

But though the poor boy did not understand it—

it being so different from anything he had ever before seen—he could and did *feel* it. "It is very good of you, Mrs. Smith, it is," he said, when she had completed her task; "and I'll do them better another time."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Charley," said she, with a smile; "and if you would like to come and pick with me—this is a double bin, you see; and there is no one at the other end—I'll ask Mr. Martin to let you. Then I shall see if you do it all right."

After that time, Charley took his stand with Mrs. Smith at the same bin; and, perhaps for the first time almost in his memory, he began to feel how pleasant it would be to be Somebody's Own, instead of Nobody's Own.

For the poor widow had a pleasant way, not only of talking herself so as to interest the boy, but she induced him to talk too, and so he was drawn on to tell his new friend about his various adventures in London. Much of this was scarcely worth telling or hearing, truly; and many things which he told, with a kind of wicked glee, were what he would probably have been ashamed to boast about if he had not been a very ignorant boy. But it was in patiently listening to him that Mrs. Smith gained his confidence, and gave her the opportunity of telling him what was indeed worth hearing, but which had never before entered into his thoughts.

You may be sure that this friendship between Mrs. Smith and Nobody's Own did not pass without some remarks from those around; and there were

those who sneered and professed to wonder who their neighbour would "take up with next." But the kind woman did not answer their sneering remarks. I dare say she remembered that, when the Lord Jesus Christ was on earth, he was sneered at too, and called "a friend of sinners," because he went about doing good, and did not turn from those who were "ignorant and out of the way." And she might have remembered (I think she did) that, in this as well as in other respects, he set his disciples an example "that they should follow in his steps."

CHILDREN'S FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

TRUTH.

"Now, Jenny, put down your needlework, and get ready for school. But I have one thing to say, you really must be more careful; if you break this basin, I cannot let you have another to take your dinner to-morrow. You'll have to carry it in the basket," said Mrs. Jones, as she put her little girl's dinner into a basin, and, covering it down with a plate, tied it up in a handkerchief.

"I could not help it, mother," replied Jenny. "The basin just slipped out of my hand, and went crash before I knew where 'twas falling to." Such was really the case; little Jenny, in untying the handkerchief, had let the basin slip, and it had fallen upon the stones and was broken in pieces.

"Well, get ready to go, only remember that I cannot afford you a new basin every day. Instead

CHILDREN'S FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

of having a nice piece of fruit pudding or pie, you'll have to take bread and cheese, or some dry food that don't want basins, if you break that one."

Jenny then soon laid aside her needlework, and taking her books and the basin, tripped off to school. The school was three miles' distance from her home, and she had a high hill to ascend before she reached it. Most of the children took their dinners with them, on account of the school being so far away, and Jenny amongst the number.

Now, Jenny Jones was a little girl, scarcely nine years old, but she was as full of fun as any little child of that age could be. She was Mr. and Mrs. Jones's only child, and they were very fond of her, but not so foolishly fond as to spoil her by letting her have everything her own way.

Jenny had gone a good part of the way to school before she met with any of her school-fellows. But presently she came upon three or four, and they agreed to have a run, and see which could get to school first. Away they went, all together at first, but soon they were very far apart, the fleetest runner being soon nearly out of sight. Jenny ran very fast, but she was the least of the party, and, as the least, she was the last. But on she went, never looking where she was going, until she caught her foot in a stone, and over she went, books, basin, and all.

"Oh, dear me!" cried Jenny, picking herself up, and then wistfully looking for the basin, which had rolled on a few steps. "I hope that is not broken; whatever shall I do if it is?" However, it was not; the fruit of the nice pie had got mixed up with the

piece of bread and meat on the top of the crust, but the basin and plate were all safe. Jenny was very glad at that, though she would have been also very glad if the juicy plums had stayed at the bottom of the basin and not covered her meat, for she did not fancy it would be quite such nice eating. The day wore on, the dinners were eaten, and the afternoon lessons were commenced, when old Captain Pherson came into the school-room. He was a great friend of their governess, and generally came in once a week and talked to the children of the love of Jesus and his wonderful works. They all enjoyed his visits very much, and were never tired of listening to him. That afternoon, when he had taken a seat, he inquired which of his little friends could spell the word "*equivocate.*"

Several young voices instantly responded to his question by spelling the word; but when he asked which could explain its meaning, there was silence. Presently, one of the elder girls looked up at the captain, who, upon noticing her, said, "Well, Mary, what do you think is the meaning of equivocate?"

"Making believe one thing, Sir, and all the time meaning something else," replied Mary, blushing.

"Quite right. The word *equivocate* is used to express a doubtful or double meaning: its object generally being to mislead the person we are conversing with, and to represent things in a different aspect to what they are; in fact, it is the next step to lying. As I want you to be truthful little children, and to grow up truthful women, I feel I ought to warn you of the danger of *equivocation*. When

you have done wrong, tell the truth, and let truth give your naughty words or actions the right colouring. The Bible says, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."—Proverbs xxviii. 13. An equivocator is a coverer of sin, therefore he or she will not prosper unless they break off the sinful habit. We may deceive each other, but we cannot deceive God. Do you remember when the Pharisees and Herodians drew near to entangle the Lord Jesus in his talk, how they professed one thing, and all the time meant another, and what the blessed Lord, knowing their hearts, called them?"—Matt. xxii. 15—18; Luke xx. 19; Mark xii. 13—15.

"Hypocrites, Sir," cried a number of little voices.

"Yes, hypocrites; and so is every equivocator in the sight of God. Sad, very sad is the portion of the hypocrite and unbeliever hereafter, for Jesus himself says it shall be where 'there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.'—Matt. xxiv. 51. Let us, therefore, ask God to give us his Holy Spirit to purify our hearts, that we may be truthful in thought, word, and deed; that, putting away lying, we may every one speak truth to his neighbour, through the help of God's Spirit."

The children having then sung a hymn prepared to return home, and Jenny amongst them. The first few minutes after they had left school they were unusually subdued and quiet, for Captain Pherson's words still rang in their ears; but, after a while, they regained their spirits, and by the time they had

reached the top of the hill and were preparing to descend it on the other side, they were all laughter and glee.

"Now," shouted Annie Thorn, "here goes! See which gets first to that mole-hill, me or my basin!" and away went the basin, and away went Annie after it, both arriving at the mole-hill pretty much at the same time. "Now, Jenny, try yours," cried several of the children, "Annie's was a capital one to roll."

But Jenny drew back, saying, "Mother told me to take care of the basin, and be sure and not break it."

"Oh, she's afraid!" they shouted, "afraid she'll break her penny farthing basin. Just see! Is she not a coward? Why the grass is as soft as anything can be. I don't believe a glass would break on it, let alone a basin. Come, Jenny, just try which will go the fastest, yours or Annie's. Don't be so afraid!"

Jenny hesitated, and then tying the handkerchief closer round the basin, off she rolled it, Annie starting hers at the same time. On the basins went, over and over—now close together—then far apart. On past the little mole-hill, past a large mound of earth which separated their course; for one took one side of the mound, and the other the other, until they reached the bottom of the hill. The children, little calculating that the basins would go rolling on without hindrance from the top of the hill to the bottom, anxiously followed in their track. Annie's was discovered safely lodged in a bed of nettles, from which she had some difficulty in rescuing it; but poor Jenny's had knocked against a great stone and was

smashed to bits. There was no need to untie the handkerchief, the damage was too plain to need that; both plate and basin were broken to pieces.

The children, ever ready for mischief, but now frightened at the effects of their mischief, gathered round Jenny, inquiring what she would say, and what she would do, and whether her mother would beat her much? Jenny, pale and speechless, took up the bundle of bits and began creeping slowly homewards. "Say you knocked it by accident against a stone," whispered one. "No, say it broke itself," said another; "for of course it did, you was not a holding it."

"No, no!" cried little Tim Riley, who had been watching the basins rolling down the hill from his mother's garden gate, and had overheard some of the children's remarks. "Don't you tell any lies, Jenny. Mother says, always speak the truth, and be sure you do, Jenny." Jenny turned a grateful look upon the dear little fellow, and very soon reached her own cottage.

Once or twice on the road she was tempted to think of making up a story to mislead her mother; but she drove the thought from her, when she remembered if she did not tell a direct lie, she would be *equivocating*, and Captain Pherson said that was the next step to lying. "No! I will tell the truth as little Tim told me to," she murmured to herself. "Oh, Lord Jesus, do help me not to be afraid, but to tell mother all."

"Why, what is the matter, Jenny? how late you are! Here are father and I at tea, child," said Mrs. Jones.

"Oh, mother," replied Jenny, her lips quivering and her hands trembling, "I've broke the basin again."

"Broke the basin! Why, what a careless child you are! Well, sit down; what can't be cured must be endured. You'll have to do without a basin for the future. I never saw such a thoughtless child as you are—to think you cannot be trusted to carry a basin."

"You need not tell your mother how you broke it; she has not asked you," something whispered to Jenny. "But I will though," thought Jenny. "I will not deceive her." And going straight up to her mother, she laid her head against her mother's arm, saying, "Mother, I have been a very naughty girl. I set the basin rolling down Hillbury Hill, and it came against a stone, and that broke it."

"Set a basin rolling down Hillbury Hill! why you must have been crazy I should think. Well, you've broke the basin, and now you must do without, to your sorrow," was Mrs. Jones's reply. Mrs. Jones was very angry with Jenny, or she would have noticed her pained little face; but her father saw it, and called her to him, saying: "Come here, Jenny, father wants you!"

"My child," said he, "you've had hard work this time to speak the truth, haven't you?"

"Yes, oh yes, father," sobbed Jenny, hiding her face against him.

"The Lord has seen it has been hard work, my girl, and he has given you his strength, or you would not have been able to have done it. God grant you

may have grace always to speak the truth. King Solomon says, in the twelfth of Proverbs and nineteenth verse: 'The lip of truth shall be established for ever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment.' Oh that my little Jenny might keep the lip of truth."

Mrs. Jones, hearing her husband's words, began to see clearly how matters stood, and kissing Jenny, told her she would have rather she should have broken all the crockery in the house than have kept back the truth from her about the basin.

Jenny still goes to school, but she never carries her dinner in a basin. No, her father has bought her a little tin with a cover, because she told the truth, and she now trips fearlessly along and is not afraid of any accident that can happen to it, or to her; for she knows God is about her path, and if she continue in his love, he will keep her in all her ways.

THE WREN.

EVERYBODY has a liking for the tiny little bird, now here, now there, always on the move, which carries its tail up instead of down, and which shares our severest winters bravely and cheerfully. The name of *Jenny Wren* is familiar to us all; yet the wren, though it lives in the midst of us, is not seen nearly so often as many others of our native birds. It likes the thickest part of the hedge best; and though it flies out, as it were, to have a look at you as you pass by, it is off again in an instant to another spray, and

THE WREN.

then back into its bush. Jenny's dress is mottled brown, and her shape thick rather than elegant. Her power of pleasing lies in her small size, her bright piercing little eye, and her lively familiar manners. The wren is fond of creeping about the lower branches of trees and underwood; you catch a glimpse of it first on one side, then on the other, and it utters all the while a faint, shrill cry—*peep, peep.* But, if it has a mind to sing, the song is so loud and clear it would astonish you, only that you have learned already how much even small creatures can do when they try.

About the middle of April, the little wren pair begin to think of building their nest. The first thing is to choose a suitable spot, and these spots are so various you need hardly be surprised to find the nest *anywhere.* Generally it is under the rafters of a cowshed or a tool-house, or outbuilding of any kind; but if these fail, a hayrick will do, so will the trellis round the house, or any other snug little corner which Mrs. Jenny fancies will be convenient for housekeeping. Very often it makes its home amongst the creepers of a greenhouse, and the gardener is well pleased to see it there, for the pair will do him excellent service in removing the insects from his plants. It is a pretty sight to see the little brown English bird flitting about among the passion-flowers and gorgeous blossoms of other climes.

Once a poor man had taken off his coat and hung it up against the wall in a shed. I suppose he did not want it again for a week or two; but when he did want it, he found, to his surprise, a wren had

taken possession and built its nest in one of the sleeves!

The poet Wordsworth has written a pretty account, in verse, of a wren's nest, which he saw in an exposed situation on the pollard trunk of an old oak tree. He came to look for it again, and thought some one must have taken it; but at last he found that a tuft of primroses had grown quite over it, and so hidden it from the notice of passers by. Thus, the little primrose had a work to do, though it did not know it.

When the wren has fairly settled where to build, it does not make an open nest as other birds do. No, it has ways of its own, and it prefers a house roofed in and with a proper entrance; so the nest is made of a round or oval shape, and a small hole placed at the side by which to go in and out. Dead leaves, mixed with fern or grass, are the usual materials, and it always begins at the top instead of the bottom.

I am sorry to say Jenny Wren is touchy and suspicious in her temper, and can't bear her workmanship to be touched: if it is meddled with, spite of all her trouble, she will forsake it and build another elsewhere.

Not long ago, I watched some wrens building their nest under the lower boughs of a fir-tree. I peeped at it cautiously till I thought it was finished, and then I ventured to put my fingers in. Whether the birds saw me, or whether they came back and found the feather furniture of their house discomposed and not as they left it, I do not know; but, certainly, I

never saw them any more, nor was the nest made of any farther use.

The nest is large for the wren's size; it is softly and warmly lined with feathers inside, and here are laid eight or ten dainty little white semi-transparent eggs, with small pink dots upon them. When the young are hatched, it is none too large *then*, and they tumble about among the feathers to their hearts' content; but the little mother draws them together, spreading her tiny wings over them, and they sleep in peace. The pair have hard work by day to supply the nestlings' hungry mouths; but it is a labour of love—love never tires.

There are several other birds which bear the name of wren, but they do not belong to the same family. The golden-crested wren is the smallest English bird, and is worth looking out for—it is such a charming little creature. There are also the willow wrens, very pretty and interesting birds, but none of them are any real relations to our Jenny.

The wren feeds on insects, though occasionally it refreshes itself with a little fruit. Insects are scarce in winter, and then times are hard for it. Could you not help out its scanty bill of fare with a few crumbs? We can none of us create life, but we can do the next best thing—we can sustain it. Surely, as the great Creator knows all the wants of his creatures, he knows, too, where their supplies come from; and, as he condescends to love and care for them, surely we should love and care for them likewise.

M. K. M.

GRANDFATHER'S EYES.

NEVER was little Myra better pleased than when going a walk with her grandfather; for he was so kind and gentle, and talked to her about the things they saw in so pleasant and cheerful a manner, that it was quite a treat to her.

If they saw any ants at work, "Oh! oh!" he would say, "what makes you so busy when none of you have any rent or taxes to pay? But I see how it is, you are at work for one another. Remember, Myra, we must not be idle; for when we have nothing to do for ourselves, we may always help other people."

If they saw a bee winging his way from flower to flower, he was almost sure to speak of it. "Well, Mr. Buzzabout, will you tell us what you are doing? But we understand it very well, and will learn a lesson from you. Mind, Myra, that, as the bee gets honey from every flower, you and I get good from everything."

In this way Myra used to be entertained by her grandfather, who likened her to a fresh bud that would soon burst into a flower, and himself to a faded leaf which was almost ready to fall from the tree.

One day, after Myra had been a pleasant walk with her grandfather, she sat down to do a little sewing with her mother, and then they talked together in the following manner:—

"I wish I had grandfather's eyes, mother."

"Do you, dear; I hardly think that he could

spare them. But what can you possibly want with the eyes of your grandfather, Myra?"

"Oh, if I had his eyes, I should see all that he sees when we go walking together; but now I cannot see half so much as he does."

"No! that is very strange when you are young, and he is old. He often says that his sight is not what it used to be; and then, you know, though his Bible is in large print, he is obliged to use spectacles."

"Yes, mother, but for all that he can see more than I can."

"Tell me what you mean, love, for I cannot at all understand you."

"Why, when we walk out in the fields and lanes, let us look at what we will, he says he sees God's goodness in everything."

"Ah, Myra! it is not grandfather's eyes but grandfather's heart that you want. Pray to God to fill your little heart with his fear and love, and then you will see all these things just as plain as your grandfather sees them."

QUESTIONS ON GOSPEL HISTORY.—IV.

JOHN ii. 1—21.

What is a miracle?

Did any but Christ ever work miracles?

In whose name did the prophets perform miracles?

In what respect did the miracles of Jesus differ from those performed by others?

Why did God ever permit men to perform any miracles?

When a prophet performed a miracle in the name of the Lord, did the people usually believe him?

Elijah once called down fire from heaven—what effect did that have upon the children of Israel? Read the 18th chapter of 1 Kings, and repeat the 39th verse.

When Christ performed miracles, were many people convinced that he was the Son of God?

Jesus cleared the temple as though he had authority over it; how did the Jews wish him to prove his Divine authority?

Did he perform any miracles when at Jerusalem, at that Passover?

THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.

In the city of Capernaum, there was once a nobleman who had a son very sick of fever. No medicine could cure him. Perhaps you know what it is to be on a sick-bed, when night brings no sweet sleep, and day no pleasant waking, and you only toss from side to side on your restless bed, finding no ease for your aching limbs. His mother could watch and weep at the bed-side of her suffering child, but she could not help him; his father would have given all he had to bring back health to his boy, but that is what money cannot buy. A report now reached his ears that the Lord Jesus had returned from his journey to Jeru-

salem, and was again in Cana. Cana was about twenty miles from Capernaum.

The nobleman had heard much of Jesus, and he hoped he could help his son. The case was pressing, for the child was already at the point of death, and every moment was precious; he dares not risk sending a message by a servant, but resolves to go himself. That is the only way for the high as well as the low, the rich as well as the poor; if they want anything from the Lord Jesus, they must go and ask it themselves. The father made haste on his errand, and when he found Jesus he begged him to come down and heal his son. "You will not believe except you see signs and wonders," said the Lord Jesus; for I suppose he saw that nothing but some sore affliction, or signal mercy, would lead this great man to become his true disciple. "Sir," cried the poor father, with trembling anxiety, thinking of his sick boy, "*come down* before my child die." For as yet he cannot believe that a word spoken from a distance can cure his son; much less that Jesus could raise him up even from the dead. But the Lord Jesus did *not* go; he only sent his healing word: "Go thy way," he tenderly says to the parent; "thy son liveth." And there was that in his manner which convinced the man that Jesus had power to make good his word. Contented with that, he set out for home.

On the way he met his servants coming out to comfort him with the news of his child's recovery. "What time did he begin to grow better?" asked the father. The servant told him, and he found it

was the very time when the Lord Jesus spoke. But there was not only a favourable turning-point in his disease, he had not merely begun to grow better, as the father supposed; "the fever had *left* him," the messenger said; it was suddenly and entirely gone, and his child was well again.

Do you not suppose that surprise and thankfulness gushed out of that father's heart at the joyful tidings? Oh yes; and more than that, "himself believed;" that is, he saw in the Lord Jesus the almighty and merciful Saviour, and he opened his heart to receive him; more than that, "himself believed, and his whole house." And so it is pleasant to hope that the son, now glowing with health, did not forget the Giver of the blessing, and that he showed the sincerity of his gratitude by ever afterwards loving and serving his Saviour. This family did not receive the blessing which Jesus gave, and then neglect or feel ashamed to acknowledge him. Though a rich and noble family, they confessed themselves the friends of Jesus, openly embraced his cause, and threw their influence on the side of piety and truth. John v. 46—54.

SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS.

Oh, humbly take what God bestows,
And, like his own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

DOG TRAY.

Dog Tray is a great pet with the young in our family. His hair is long and curly, and his dark ears hang at the sides of his fine-looking head.

They say that a dog loves his keeper; he waits on him all day, and guards his house all night. How ready he is to obey, and how he fawns around his master's feet that he may notice him, and kindly pat his sides.

It is said that a dog once lost its master. Twenty years passed away, and the poor dog had grown old, and was lying in a dying state by the side of the road. Just then he saw his master, who had been to a far-off land, and was now on his return to his home. The poor dog knew him in a moment, and rose from the spot; then, crawling to the feet of his master, he seemed to kiss them, and died while looking up in his face.

A poor woman, with her dog, was one day in winter on her way from market. The snow lay very deep on the ground, and a storm of snow beat around her. At last she sank down on the ground, and could not rise again. The dog ran to the village and began to whine and pull the clothes of the people, as if to tell them that their help was wanted; but they did not know what it meant, and left the dog to itself. Finding it could get no help, the faithful dog ran back to where the woman had fallen, and found her dead. It then sat for three days and nights by the side of the body, and though a basket of food had dropped from the woman's dying hands, the poor animal was too full of grief to touch it. And there it kept watch until the body was found and taken away to the village.

Some dogs can be very busy and useful. One of them used to be sent to a dairy holding by his mouth

the handle of a milk can, in which was a penny. When he got to the place he knocked at the gate with his paws. The cow-keeper then took out the money, and put in a supply of milk, with which he trotted back with great care. It was said that he was never known to spill it or taste any by the way. Was he not a good and honest dog?

Another dog had the trick of rubbing against the pockets of people, as much as to say, "Give me a penny." When it was got he would run away to a baker's shop and lay the money on the counter. The baker then used to give in return a plum bun. A few wags of the tail showed that a bun was as much a treat to master doggy as to any school boy.

In Bible times the dog was not thought so much of as it is now. The Jews called all people "dogs" who did not belong to their nation.

You have read about the poor woman who came to Jesus for him to heal her sick child. He said to her that it was not proper to give the children's bread to dogs. She was not angry, and did not go away thinking she would not ask any help from one who would call her a dog, but she very meekly told Jesus that it was true, she was not fit to do so, but yet the dogs could eat the crumbs which fell from their master's table. She only asked for the crumbs; she would be glad for even those. Jesus, who knew all the time what was in her heart, was so pleased with her words that he told his disciples he had not seen such great faith as hers, not even among the Jews. He blessed the woman, and gave

her what she asked for, and she went away with a glad heart.*

THE SHADOW.

One sunny day a child went Maying—
When lo, while 'mid the zephyrs playing,
He saw his shadow at his back!
He turned and fled, but on his track
The seeming goblin came apace,
And step for step gave deadly chase!

Weary at last, with desperate might
He boldly paused and faced the fright,
When lo, the demon, thin and gray,
Faded amid the grass away.

'Tis thus in life—when shadows chase,
If we but meet them face to face,
What seemed a fiend in fear arrayed,
Sinks at our feet a harmless shade.

NOBODY'S OWN.

V.—SUNDAY ON THE HOP-GROUNDS.

Sundays on hop-grounds are frequently not only idle but mischievous days. The people who are gathered together are not generally disposed to "improve the day that God has blessed." Those who come from a distance, and especially the tramps

* From "My Pretty Pets," lately published by the Religious Tract Society, price One Shilling, with coloured engravings.

and wandering hop-pickers, of whom I have spoken, are little inclined to attend public worship; and they have an excuse ready at hand, namely, that they have no clothes fit to go in. If they have Sunday garments at all they do not bring them to the hop-gardens. The worst of it is, as is to be feared, they have no disposition to attend to religion. Of course, it is not so with all, but I am telling of the many, and am writing of what I have seen and known.

Instead, therefore, of making the Sundays days of rest and refreshment to their souls and bodies, many of the hop-pickers make use of them for roaming about without any object but that of "killing time," which hangs heavily on their hands. Others have even a worse object than this in view, for they are tempted by the sight of gardens and orchards of fine fruit to be dishonest. Others, again, engage in sports and games, which are sadly opposed to the design of the Lord's day; and yet, others, or perhaps the greater part of them, spend as much of the day as they can, and as much money as they can as well, in neighbouring public-houses, and, of course, in drinking. Meanwhile the women are employed in minding the children they have brought with them, and in sitting in the sunshine, gossiping, or often in mending clothes. Sundays, too, in hop-picking time, are often quarrelsome days; for when people have no useful occupation for hands and minds, and no desire to learn what is good, they generally practise what is bad, and this leads naturally enough to quarrels.

Mr. Hammond knew all this, and as he was a pious man he did what he could to remedy the

evils of hop-picking time on his own farm. For one thing, he required his pickers to leave off work at noon on every Saturday, that they might have time to prepare for the next day, and that any who came from the distance of a few miles only might return home if they pleased. Then on Sunday morning he was up early, and made a point of walking into his hop-grounds with a supply of tracts in his hand, which he distributed to those who could read and were willing to receive them. And as he took care to select lively and interesting narrative tracts, there was no difficulty in getting rid of them profitably to those who received them. Through the whole day, might be seen at intervals, little groups of the pickers gathered round one of their number who was reading aloud to the rest.

Then, some time after breakfast, the pious hop-grower made a point of walking again into his grounds, and inquiring if any of the people were going to public worship; and as the answer he received in most instances was the excuse I have already mentioned, or some other, he was in the habit of proposing to read out of the Bible to as many as were disposed to listen to him. In this way he was sure to get a good many hearers; and it was pleasant to see the employer standing under the shade of a large tree, with men, women, and children, some standing and some sitting on the ground quietly around him, while he read some portion of the Gospels or Epistles, in a clear voice, and sometimes spoke a few words to them about what he was reading.

Mr. Hammond did this on the first Sunday after Charley became one of his hop-pickers, and the little fellow being curious to know what was going on, first of all joined the group, and then gradually crept into the inner circle, very close to his master, just as he was opening his pocket Bible.

"Nice manners you have brought with you," said a man who was standing by, and he would have thrust Nobody's Own back again, if Mr. Hammond had not prevented him.

"No, no," he said kindly, "there is plenty of room here. Let the little fellow stand by me." Charley then stood close by while Mr. Hammond read a chapter or two from one of the Gospel narratives. He listened very attentively; and when Mr. Hammond had finished reading, the poor boy went away by himself.

There was a shady copse on one side of the hop-garden, where the pickers had been at work during the week, with a pleasant stream running through it, and thither Nobody's Own turned his steps. I do not know why he chose to go there, but perhaps it was because he felt lonely and wished to get away from those who did not seem to care for him.

He very soon reached the place, and then he sat down on the bank of the stream, close to the foot-path, and began to turn over in his mind all that had happened to him since he left London. He thought of his weary journey along the dusty roads; the repulses and threatenings he had sometimes met with when he begged on his way; his night's rest under the haystack; the unkindness of some

NOBODY'S OWN.

in the garden, and the kindness of his master and the poor widow. Then he thought of what he had just been hearing. He did not understand it all indeed he understood but little of it, for the poor boy was very ignorant, and the very plainness of the Bible was new and strange to him, for he had lived to be nine years old and did not even know what a Bible was.

But what he had heard and partly understood filled him with wonder, and gave him much to think about. He had heard of him whom Mr. Hammond called Jesus—the same Jesus of whom kind Mrs. Smith had once or twice spoken, and the same, he supposed, whose name he had sometimes heard in the streets or lodging-houses mixed up with oaths, but before this in no other way. Well, he had heard of Jesus having healed a man who was very bad with the leprosy (what that meant, he did not know), and had cured a woman who was very ill with the fever (he knew what this was), only by touching them. What was more wonderful still, Charley remembered this same Jesus had made a man, whom he did not see, well by only speaking a word.

And yet (and I dare say this was the most wonderful part of it all to Nobody's Own), Jesus had declared himself to be so poor as not to have a place in which to lay his head.*

"If I had been in his place wouldn't I have made them pay me for curing them?" thought he. And this was what the poor boy did not understand.

But the very poverty of which he had heard gave

* All this is in Matthew viii.

a sort of charm to the story. He could understand that, and it came into his mind that if Jesus were to come along now, he would not mind speaking to him. He did not suppose from what he had heard, that this wonderful being would be too proud, as a good many were, or ashamed to be seen talking to a poor boy whom nobody owned or cared for.

And then the little fellow began to cry. He was unhappy, though he did not know what ailed him. Perhaps the scenes through which he had passed, and the knowledge which had come to him, little as it was, overpowered him, and made him feel more helpless, and more alone in the world than ever. He began to wish he had not come away from London.

Charley was in the midst of his distress, when he heard himself called by name, and looking back he saw the poor widow close by.

She had come to seek him. Poor, simple Christian that she was, she had been thinking much of the little London vagrant all the morning. While at public worship his image had come before her mind, and she had reproached herself that she had not asked him to her cottage that day. In short, Mrs. Smith thought so much about Nobody's Own, that she could not be satisfied without looking after him as soon as the service was over. She had accordingly sought him among the other hop-pickers, but in vain, until some one told her that the boy had gone towards the copse. Thither, therefore, she followed him. Where she met him, and how she comforted him, will be related in our next chapter.

SUSIE BELL;

OR, THE DAILY LIFE OF CHILDHOOD.—III.

"Looking unto Jesus."—HEB. xii. 2.

WAS it easy for Susie to speak in this way to her father? By no means. There are those who have been trained to familiar conversation with their parents on the subject of religion,—on the feelings of their own hearts and their prospects for eternity. Happy children! Few, even in Christian households, enjoy this privilege. A timid, trembling reserve is the usual habit in the majority of families. Susie, of course, had no such help. And she had also fallen into the very common mistake of supposing that if she were a real Christian all such things would be easy and natural to her; and she had waited to feel *ready* to speak,—waited for the right words to flow out of her mouth, as it were, without any great struggle of her own against a feeling of backwardness or unwillingness, or a shrinking from speaking. But, as the words did not come of themselves, nor were forced out by her feelings, and as the work seemed to grow harder and harder, she became discouraged, and often feared she was not a real Christian. She had promised to obey her Saviour; she determined she would obey, and trust him to help her. And he did help her; for, as she afterwards said, "As soon as she left off *trying*, and began to *obey*, it was easy:—it seemed like the man with the withered hand. How could he stretch it out when he had no power over it? But as soon as

he obeyed Christ's command in his heart, the power came, and the hand was restored."

From that day Susie could see that her father treated her with more consideration. He did not, as before, include her in his sweeping reproaches. He did not love her religion, but he was forced to respect *her*. She was trying to honour her Saviour, and he was honouring her.

It might be more for the amusement of children could we have told of some great thing she did in the way, some great self-denial which she endured. But, when you laid down the book, would you be any better fitted for your little, every-day duties in your school or your home? Would you go more contentedly to the dull task of washing the dishes, sweeping the rooms, mending Tommy's stockings, or Charley's mittens, or careless Carrie's torn apron? Would you have more patience to do a hard sum in long division, or find it any easier to weed the garden, to go a long way in the rain upon an errand for father, or lay down a new story-book to help mother, or drive the cows to pasture patiently when they stop at every turn to crop a tuft of greener grass, or go the wrong road "just to make you run after them"? Would such a book help you to do these things in a more Christian spirit?

Far from it. Dark plots and exciting scenes, unknown in common life, only unfit you for striving against sin in your hearts and doing well and cheerfully your little, every-day duties; for little they seem to many unthinking minds, and beneath the need of sympathy and help. But they are *your great*

battle-fields, on which alone you can as yet "fight the good fight of faith;" and they are more than a match for your unaided strength. Be faithful in these few things, and you shall have more and greater things to do for God when you are older and better able to meet them. To be always talking, or always reading, or always praying, is not the whole of religion. In performing one duty, we are to be careful not to neglect others. To have the heart right with God,—do just what he sets before us to do, at the right time, in the right manner, and with a right spirit,—this is practical religion. Can we do all this of ourselves? No. Where, then, and how, shall we find the help we need? In these three words;—"Looking unto Jesus:" then will he give us the help of his Holy Spirit, through whose grace we can do all right things.

The Sabbath passed, and Monday came, which was always a busy day in the Bell family. Both father and mother seemed to think they must rise earlier and work harder on that day, to make up for time lost by the Lord's day.

This Monday brought an extra amount of troubles, which, instead of being improved as a good opportunity for the exercise of the grace of patience, only made room for sour looks and harsh words.

"Is it not enough to provoke a stone that there was such a heavy washing to do, and not half water enough in the cistern to do it with? Why couldn't it rain? And why need the school-teacher take Monday to stay at home with her sick mother, so that Dick, and Willie, and Kitty must all be at home

and in the way all day long? Why must those three men come on Monday, instead of any other day, to mend the old barn? With all this, little Jemmy must needs begin to worry with a new tooth. And what must Susie do but keep trying to excuse it all, and smile as though she were glad of it? Oh, it was too hard to be endured!"

Alas! can there be such mothers? Yes, there are; and Susie Bell's mother was one of them. Well it is for their reputation that their worst moods are usually hidden in their own families, and that they have pride enough left to put on a better face before others. One sin may hide another from the eye of man, but they are all alike "open to the eye of Him with whom we have to do."

Susie found her best course was to be as helpful and useful as she could; to say but little, and that as cheerfully and respectfully as possible, to her fretful mother, and to keep the children from annoying her, by anticipating their wants herself. And so the day wore away, as all days must, and at night Susie contrived to coax the children off to bed earlier than usual, "so that mother and the baby might have a good night's rest." She tried to induce her brothers to repeat a prayer, or a text of Scripture, or a hymn. It was the first time she had ever attempted it. But Dick Bell was a great boy in his own estimation, ten years old, quite too far advanced to say his prayers, he thought. Willie was too lazy and sleepy. But Kitty was more yielding; she was only six; she liked to be better than lazy Willie, and was very willing to stand opposite to Dick, and she was be-

coming very fond of Susie, because, as she said, "Susie didn't get angry with her, as the rest did."

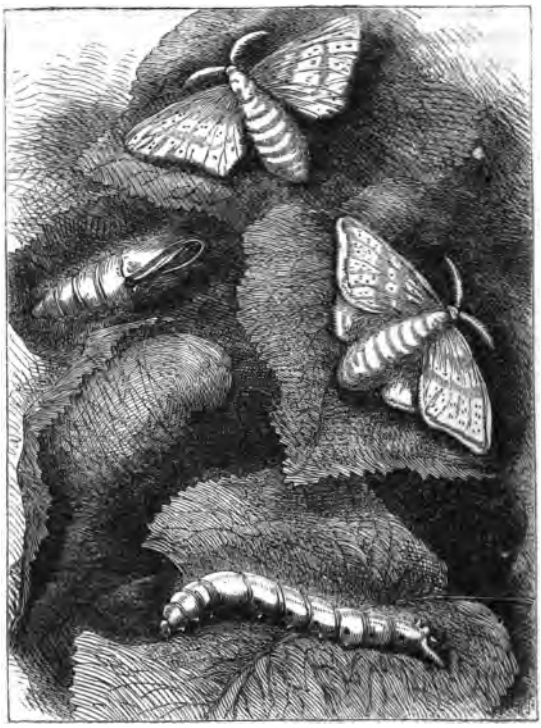
Susie saw with pleasure that she was gaining a new influence over the child, and she looked forward with hope to the time when she might perhaps be made the instrument of leading her into the fold of the good Shepherd. This gave a new impulse to her prayers, and to her efforts to control her own conduct, that she might be a safe example for Kitty to follow. Nor were these hopes disappointed, though the event was beyond the date of our story. Susie went to bed that night sorrowful, yet rejoicing, sorrowful for her family, but "rejoicing in God her Saviour," to whom she told all, and then lay down and "slept in peace, for the Lord sustained her."

THE SPINNING FAIRY.

WHAT is a fairy? "Oh!" you say, "the fairies are delightful little creatures we read about in books. They have gauzy wings, and they make people wonderful presents, and they can change themselves into all sorts of shapes."

Well then, I am sure my fairy is of the real proper kind, for she has wings, and she makes most valuable presents, and she has changed her shape many times over. Listen, and you shall hear her history.

She was in very humble shape, first of all, this fairy. She was born in no golden palace, but, gipsy-like, under the green trees. Neither was her form elegant, and she had not a bit of those beautiful wings which you say all fairies ought to have.



THE SPINNING FAIRY.

Let us consider her history. There was a little egg of a yellowish colour, laid by a grayish moth in the autumn of the year. In the following month of May this egg was hatched, and our fairy appeared as a small black thing. A dull-looking creature, you would have said, surely she can have no fairy favours to bestow, and might just as well never have come into the world at all. But she has great things to do in due time.

By-and-by a change seems coming over the fairy's form; she has grown twice as large as she was, and sometimes does not look the same. You turn away for a minute, and when you look again, behold! your friend has a new suit on altogether. You can hardly believe your eyes, but there is the old one lying cast off beside her, so there is no mistake about it, and truly a more wonderful creature than she is now it would be difficult to find. She has sixteen legs and fourteen eyes, several on each side of her head, so she is able to do what we would often like to do—look at two things at the same time. She breathes too through eighteen holes, yet, after all, she does not seem to be doing much even with all these increased powers, except eating, but as this is to strengthen her for the great work of her life you must forgive her.

So she eats and eats (no doubt the leaves are very nice) till at length she begins to feel she has had enough. She wants rest, so she seeks out some snug little corner. And now comes the *spinning*, for she is an earnest-minded fairy, and sets herself to work just as energetically as before she set herself to eat:

so she spins and spins till, in ten days, she has spun six hundred yards or so of soft, rich, yellow-looking *silk*, all around her in her corner, so that we lose sight of her altogether. She has drawn a veil between herself and the outer world. Is she sleeping? is she dreaming? will she ever come out again? or has she given up her life and buried herself in that silky grave?

Wait a few days, and then you fancy you can see the curtain move; yes, you are sure there is a little trembling in it; another minute, and the fairy comes forth again another, and yet the same! She has wings once more, and has returned to her first state; then she drops down on the same kind of leaves which cradled her infancy, and dies. And oh, most bountiful fairy! the silky robe she had wrapped herself around with she presents to you and to me, that we may make of it gorgeous silks and satins, and velvets for our use and our pleasure.

Are you sorry that she is allowed to use her wings such a very little while? Does it seem strange to you that the *silkworm's* life should be all preparation, and that then when it grows at last into a perfect insect it should die directly? Dear children, the preparation was all for the sake of the work it had to do, and God who thus appointed it does the same thing with you and with me. He is always preparing us for something which is coming presently. Your childhood is to fit you for the duties and occupations of your future life; and with grown-up people it is just the same. He is always preparing them for

something which *he* sees coming, though *they* do not. Sometimes, too, it is such a long, long preparation that we are only fit for the work we have to do just at the end of our lives. Some plants you know bloom in the spring, but many others live and grow all through the summer, and only blossom late in the autumn when winter is close at the very door.

Be patient, therefore, and when things happen to you which cross your will and you wonder why they are sent, remember they are to prepare you for some work you have to do by-and-by, like the changes of the spinning fairy. M. K. M.

SPARE MOMENTS.

A LEAN, awkward boy, came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant looked at his shabby clothes, and, taking him for a beggar, sent him round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was told, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Dr. ——," said he. "You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant, "and I can give you that without troubling him." "Thank you," said the boy; "I have no objection to a bit of bread, but I should like to see Dr. —— if he can see me." "Some old clothes, may be, you want," said the servant, again looking at the boy's patched trousers. "I expect he has none to spare, he gives them all away;" and without minding the boy's request, she went about her work.

"Can I see Dr. ——?" asked the boy again, after eating his bread and butter. "Well, he's in the library, if he must be spoken to; but he does like some time to himself," said the girl in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking lad into the doctor's presence; however, she wiped her hands and told him to follow her. Opening the library door, she said, "Here's somebody, sir, who much wishes to see you, and so I let him in."

We do not know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business; but we know that after a while the principal laid aside the book he was reading, took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. The examination lasted for some time. Every question which the doctor asked was readily answered. "You certainly do well," said the principal, looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much learning?"

"*In my spare moments*," answered the boy. Here was a poor, hard-working boy, with few chances for schooling, yet nearly fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments.

Another boy, who often passed a bookstall, stopped, when he had a few moments to spare, and looked with earnest eyes on a Greek Testament. A gentleman who noticed him said, "Why, you do not know Greek, my poor boy." "Yes I do, a little," was the reply. It was then found that the boy, though one of a poor family, had, under great difficulties, advanced himself some way in the Greek tongue. Such

was his beginning. He grew up to be a learned bishop of the Church of England.

Truly, are not spare moments the "gold dust of time?" How should they be treasured! and yet how are we apt to spend them? What account can you give of your spare moments? What can you *show* for them? Look and see. These boys could tell you how much can be laid up by wisely improving them; and there are many other boys, I am afraid, in gaol, in the house of correction, in the gambling-house or tippling-shop, who, if you asked them when they began their evil courses, might answer, "In my spare moments." "In my spare moments I gambled for money." "In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink." "In my spare moments I drifted away with bad companions."

Be careful how you spend your spare moments. Temptation always hunts us out in small seasons like these, when we are not busy. He gets into our heart, if possible, in just such gaps. There he hides, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care then, we repeat, take care of your spare moments!

ON THE DEATH OF A PIOUS CHILD.

Go, little favourite, to thy blest abode,
And taste the joys assigned thee by thy God;
Why should thy parents for thine absence mourn,
Or entertain a wish for thy return?
No greater boon to parents can be given,
Than adding angels to the host of heaven.

THE VALLEY AND THE MOUNTAIN.

Mrs. Valley was one day looking up into the clear blue sky, and admiring the snowy clouds as they slowly sailed over her. She had just come back from a long retirement, during which she had worn a cold, white robe, under which she had had long and quiet rest. But lately waking up, recovered in health and spirits, she had been under the hand of Mrs. Spring, a wonderful milliner, who had made her new robes, adorned them with vines and flowers of the most lovely form and colour. A richer dress, woven in the loom of Nature, was never seen. But as she gazed on the sky, she happened to turn her eye northward, where she saw a blue object rising up and calmly looking down upon her, as if admiring the proud beauty.

"And who may you be, sir, that has the boldness to gaze so steadily at me?"

"My name is Mountain, madam."

"Well, Mr. Mountain, I will not deny that I have heard of you before, standing there alone, on one foot—for though I have heard of the foot of the mountain, I have never heard of his feet—and your bare, hard head lifted up among the clouds, and your brow of stone, and your heart nothing less than a huge rock. I have heard of your name, Mr. Mountain, before this; but pray, sir, if I may ask without giving offence, of what use are you to the world? I understand they cannot look to you for harvests, or gardens. There are a few wolves, it

may be, that now and then entertain you with their music, and a few feeble rabbits that hop up and down your sides; and then, sir, I am told, your head is almost always drenched with rains and swept by storms. Indeed, sir, I cannot for my life see what you are made for."

"Be pleased, madam, to tell me what you are made for."

"What I am made for! why, you must be blind not to see. Do you not see I am spread out far and wide; that many animals and birds have their home in my bosom? Do you not see how every flower and beautiful thing that can grow nestle over me? and that when men come, I give them out wheat without measure; that enormous granaries are built to receive my produce, and ships carry it all over the world, and that I am the meal-chest of nations? The rains fall upon me, coming from the far-off ocean, and the dews cool me nightly, and a thousand little streams and springs circulate as veins through me, refreshing every part of me. The world bows to me as a mighty mistress. Now, Mr. Mountain, what can you say for yourself? Of what possible use are you, I beg to know, and by what right do you lift up your head so high? I do not mean to be uncivil, Mr. Mountain, but you know that we ladies have delicate nerves, and it really makes me nervous to look at you—so cold, so stern, so solitary, as if you had not a friend in the world, and did not want one."

"Madam," meekly and slowly answered Mr. Mountain, but with a rough kind of voice, "madam,

VALLEY AND MOUNTAIN.

I have but little to say for myself. I have stood here alone for ages, and if I have had but one foot, it has been a strong one. My Maker placed me here with this lofty head and stony form that I might condense the currents of air as they swept over the continent, and form clouds and bring rain. Cloud-making, madam, is a great business with me; they gather around my head and sides, they pour their treasures down on me, the waters run into every cavern and hollow I have, and then break out into little springs, gather into ponds and lakes and rivers, and thus the waters come to you and pervade you and cheer you; and there is not a blade of grass, nor a flower on your bosom, nor a stalk of wheat, which is not nourished by the waters condensed and stopped by us mountains. More than forty ponds look to me to keep them filled, and several rivers flow from my sides. I stand here alone, Mrs. Valley, receiving no thanks, and no praise; but take me away and every stream that comes to you would be dry, and you yourself, madam, would be a shrivelled-up old lady, with no flowers on your broad skirts and no bread in your hand. Your fruitfulness and glory come from me; and though you will wear out by tillage and become poorer by-and-by, I have the hope that I shall stand here no less useful, no less necessary, and still honoured by those who know my mission. If I am by such as you scorned, I shall still know that the streams that I create manufacture clothing for the same multitudes that come to you for bread."

Thus the mountain ministers to the valley, and

the valley to man; and thus the North and the South, the East and the West of our land, all need each other, and none can be spared. God hath made nothing in vain.

FANNY WILMORE.

FANNY WILMORE was a rosy-faced girl, about fourteen years old. She had an excellent temper and cheerful spirit, but the most striking part of her character, though brought up in the country, was her love of nature. Only let her take a stroll in the fields, either by herself or in company with others, and she was happy as a queen.

There was a retired spot, at no great distance from the house of her uncle Wilmore, where Fanny was on a visit, that afforded her much delight, and to this spot she often directed her steps. Hour after hour did she sit in that quiet nook.

Old Esther, a servant who had been long in the family, and who being unused to the country did not like it so well as she did the town, was quite concerned about little Fanny spending so much time by herself in that retired nook. One day as Fanny came in from a ramble, as fresh as a daisy and as lively as a lark, old Esther said to her, "Miss Fanny, I cannot make it out how you can like to spend so much time as you do in that unked spot by the pond."

"I know what you mean by 'unked,'" replied Fanny, "you mean dismal; but instead of that,

there is not a more cheerful place to be found, so you are quite mistaken, Esther, indeed you are.

"Unked! why everything there is beautiful and lively, I sit me down on a hassock of soft grass that has sprung up just in the place to suit me, and look up at the clear, bright, blue sky, with here and there a snowy cloud, till the tears come into my eyes, and they are all tears of joy.

"Unked! Did you ever look at the birch tree on the high bank, with silver bark, that some people call the 'Lady of the Woods?' or at the great willow, that hangs down to the very brink of the water, covered with beautiful catkins? Did you ever stop to bend over the large furze bush, whose green, spiky branches are almost covered with a blaze of yellow flowers?

"Unked! Can anybody think the place unked that looks into the water and sees all the beautiful trees growing down hill, with the bright, cheerful sky at the bottom? or that sees the daffodils nodding their heads in the breeze, just as if they were dancing? or the shadows of the waving trees moving about in all manner of odd shapes on the banks of the pond. You are wrong, Esther, in thinking the spot unked; indeed you are."

Esther heard what Fanny said, though it did not seem at all to alter her opinion. No doubt had she spent an hour by herself in that retired spot, she would have found it unked enough, in spite of all the cheerfulness that Fanny had described. "But then, Miss Fanny," said Esther, "it must be very lonely and mopish to be there by yourself."

"By myself," replied Fanny, laughing, "why Esther, I am never there by myself. The sun almost always meets me, and we have such games together. At one time he makes the water look like gold; at another he hides himself behind a cloud, and just as I am looking up to see whereabout he is, he comes out of the cloud all at once, and so dazzles my eyes that I am obliged to put my hand over them.

"By myself! The wind will never let me be by myself, for it comes whispering in my ear that the heath flowers are blooming on the hill-side and the common, and I know by its breath that what it says is true. The squirrel chatters to me as he runs up the trees, and lets me know, very plainly, that I cannot jump half so far as he can.

"Never yet have I been by the pond by myself, Esther, for the frog leaps off the bank to show me how gracefully he can swim; and the dragon-fly, in shining purple, shows me how swiftly he can fly. Then come the water-wagtails. One of those came to-day, and he thought, as he dipped his head in the shallow water, that I did not see him, but little waggy soon found himself mistaken. However, he did not care, but went on wetting his head and wagging his tail, as much as to say, you may look as much as you like, Miss, but I shall have my bathe.

"By myself! Why I could not be by myself if I wished it; the lark comes and sings to me, the butterfly lights on the head of the bulrush that I may admire his beautiful wings; the crow caws to me from the top of the tall elm tree, and a thousand gnats come dancing around me. Sometimes as I

look at them they frisk up and down in the air so funnily that I cannot help laughing at them, and almost wish to be a gnat myself, that I may join them in their sport. How good God is to make us all so happy! Indeed, indeed, Esther, you are quite wrong, for I am never by myself when I am by the pond."

Poor old Esther went away muttering to herself, "I shall never understand Miss Fanny;" and to tell the truth, it is not at all likely that she ever will.

QUESTIONS ON GOSPEL HISTORY.—V.

JOHN i. 1—14.

Why did John write his Gospel?—John xx. 31.

What particular doctrines does John declare, which are not much dwelt upon by the other evangelists?

What is meant by "the beginning?"

Was the Word, then, a created being?

When was the name of Jesus applied to him?

Can you mention any other passages of Scripture which prove that Christ is God?

John says he created all things—where else in Scripture is he mentioned as Creator?

What character does the evangelist give to John the Baptist?

Why is Christ called "the Light?"

What is he called in Malachi iv. 2?

Who are said to hate the light?—John iii. 20.

Should you love the light of God's word?

Why was the Word made flesh?

Of what two beings did he possess the nature?

"NOT WORTH A STRAW."

PERHAPS a straw is not as worthless as you think. Let us look at one for a few minutes. The stems of wheat, rye, oats, and barley are straws. In order to wave to and fro in the wind, and yet bear up the heads of grain, they must be both *light* and *strong*. How is lightness secured? They are made hollow, like a small pipe or tube; and yet not wholly hollow through the whole length, for every now and then we find a knob or joint, which helps to brace up the sides and make them strong. Up this pipe the sap rises, passing through the joints, which are porous, or full of minute holes. These porous joints filter and purify the sap which is for the formation and nourishment of the ear of corn. When the ear begins to ripen, and when the sap is no longer required, these joints close or contract, and then harden, so that no more sap can pass upward.

From the joints the leaves spring forth, which like arms stretch out to catch the dew, and thus aid to nourish the plant. The two top leaves are joined together upward to protect the ears, but they become dry and fall off when no longer wanted; this is to allow the ears to ripen. They are like a scaffolding, which, when the building is complete, is removed away as no longer of use.

The outside of the straw is hard, and looks shiny, as if it had been polished. It *is* polished, and that keeps the weather and the insects from damaging it, besides adding to its strength. But where does it get polish? These plants have the power of drawing

up through their roots this gummy sort of varnish from the earth. It is of a flinty nature; and indeed is the absorption of flinty particles from out of the ground. There is nothing like it on the stem of the sweet pea or the currant bush, because they do not need it. But does it not show God's wisdom and knowledge in giving this power to one plant where it is needed, and withholding it from others where it is not? So you see that even a straw can show the wonderful power of our Creator God, and show forth his praise. We should not look with contempt on even a straw.

THE SABBATH-DAY.

MAKER of the Sabbath-day,
Teach us how to praise and pray;
Thou this blessed day hast given,
To prepare our souls for heaven.

Giver of eternal rest,
Be thy glorious gospel blest;
Thou alone canst change the heart,
Thou alone canst peace impart.

Ruler of the earth and sky,
And of all below, on high,
Keep the young, as well as old,
Safe in thine eternal fold.

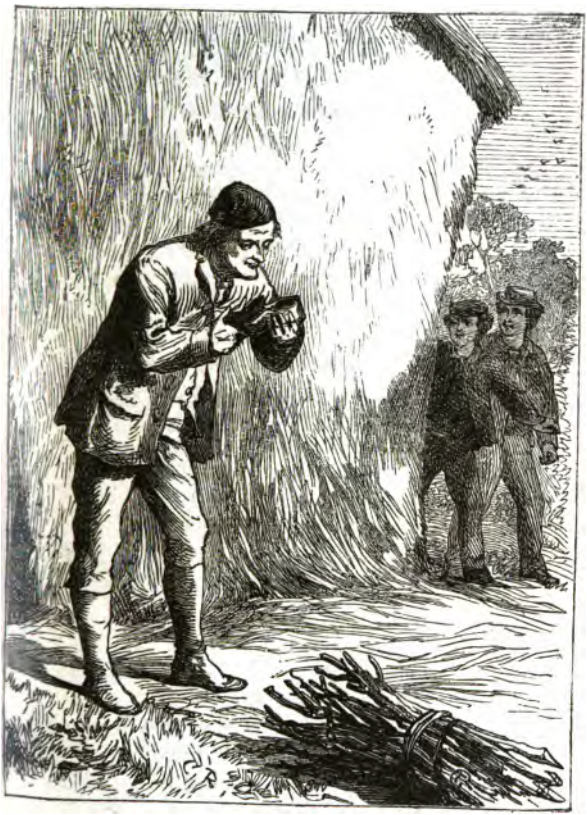
Friend of children, hear our prayer;
Let no trifling feelings dare
Steal the precious hours away
Of this sacred Sabbath-day.

THE NEW SONG.

WHENCE that sweet, inspiring strain,
  Pealing on my ravished ear?
Hark! its thrilling notes again
  From the courts of heaven I hear—
"Hallelujah to the Lamb,
  Who hath bought us with his blood!
Honour, glory to his name,
  We through him are sons of God."

Angels fain their notes would join
  With that vast, triumphant song;
But *their* harps, though all divine,
  Ne'er can reach that wondrous song.
Learn'd on earth, and new in heaven,
  Only they its chords can know
Who to God by grace are given,
  Ransomed from the depths of woe.

Angels cannot know or tell,
  In their pure, unfallen bliss,
How a soul, redeemed from hell,
  Sings the mystery of grace!
They the chosen, countless throng,
  Ever round the throne above,
In their new and endless song,
  Celebrate redeeming love.



THE TWO SIXPENCES.

THE TWO SIXPENCES.

AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

As Dick and Ben, one summer's day,
Were sauntering home, fatigued with play
They spied, close by a lonely wood,
A pair of shoes, coarse, strong, and good.
It seemed as if the owner's care
Was to preserve these shoes from wear;
And so he'd place them where they stood,
And gone barefooted to the wood.

Ben, glancing at the setting sun,
Said, "Look here, Dick, let's have some fun
'Twill soon be dark—you won't refuse—
So bear a hand; let's take the shoes;
And then we'll hide behind this stack,
And wait till the old man comes back.
Then let him hunt until we choose
To cry out, 'Mister, here's your shoes'!

"And ere he has a chance to try
To catch us, we will let 'em fly
Right at his head, or in his face,
And then we'll lead him *such* a race.
I wish the other boys were here;
We'd make old Two-shoes rub his ear.
Come, take one, Dick; just feel its weight;
When you throw, throw it quite straight."

"No, no," said Dick, "not I, for one,
Although I love a bit of fun;

But who knows who this man may be?
Perhaps he's poor as poor can be,
And seeks, in yonder lonely wood,
To gather chips to cook his food.
But come, and just to end our chat,
I'll show a trick worth two of that.

"I have a sixpence, so have you,
Let's put one into each old shoe;
And then we'll creep behind this hay,
And hear what the old man will say."
"Agreed," said Ben, who, fond of fun,
And willing any risk to run
To have a laugh, or play, or joke,
Yielded at once when kindness spoke.

So in the shoes the coins were placed,
And to and fro they gently paced,
And laughed and talked about the way
The trick would end they meant to play.
But quickly sounds their senses greet
Of rustling leaves and moving feet;
And then, like kittens at their play,
They ran and hid behind the hay.

Now, soon, from out the lonely wood,
In weary, sad, and thoughtful mood,
An old man came, bowed down with years,
Whose eyes betoken'd recent tears.
His steps were feeble, tottering slow;
His hair as white as driven snow;
And, as he came toward the stack,
They saw the fagots on his back.

At length he stopped, as if to muse,
His tearful eyes looked for his shoes,
When, as the silver met his sight,
They flashed as with a sparkling light;
And down upon the yielding sod
He knelt, with heartfelt thanks to God,
And, with his aged hands upraised,
He said, "O God, thy name be praised!"

And as the boys behind the hay
Listen'd with awe to hear him pray,
They learned his story, sad and brief,
Of toil and sickness, pain and grief.
His children one by one had died.
And he had laid them, side by side,
Within the dark and chilly tomb,
Which o'er his life spread heartfelt gloom.

Yet, through that gloom a cheering ray
Of hope sustained him on his way;
He felt that, when his life was o'er,
His children he should see once more;
And so, with patience, hope, and trust,
He had consign'd the dust to dust,
And at the grave of each loved one
Had knelt, and said, "Thy will be done!"

Then followed other ills of life—
Cold, pinching want, a suffering wife—
All this, and more, they heard him say
As they lay hid behind the hay;
And, then, with cheek all wet with tears,
In voice made tremulous by years,

They heard him ask of God to bless
The hand that had relieved distress.

But, rising from his knees at length,
And leaning on his staff for strength,
He thrust his feet within his shoes,
And hurried homeward with the news.
The boys behind the stack of hay,
Saw him go tottering on his way;
Then, stepping forth, they homeward went,
Pleased how their sixpences were spent.

MORAL.

The moral of this tale is plain—
Cause no unnecessary pain;
Pluck from your heart all evil thoughts;
Let love and kindness guide your sports;
And, if inclined to play a trick,
Act tenderly, like honest Dick;
Or, if in frolic, now and then,
You're led astray, remember Ben.

Remember, too, in pain or grief,
A prayer to God will bring relief,
Or if with joy the heart expands,
On bended knee, with upraised hands,
And heart uplifted to the skies,
Let thanks in prayer and praise arise.
God hears the gentlest sigh or prayer;
He's ever-present everywhere.

SUSIE BELL;

OR, THE DAILY LIFE OF CHILDHOOD.—IV.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. xxx. 5.

TUESDAY was a brighter day for Susie Bell with her mother and all the family. Her mother, thanks to Susie's Christian patience and helpfulness, had gone through her Monday's work with less fatigue than she expected; the "good night's sleep" had refreshed her, and she was once more kind and pleasant to her family.

In the afternoon, Lucy Merwin—one of Susie's friends, but a little younger—came to visit her. They were both young enough to run out-of-doors, and laugh and enjoy the usual sports of childhood.

Lucy had felt some misgivings about visiting at Mr. Bell's. She had not seen Susie since she heard that she had become pious; and she was curious to know whether she would be lively and playful, as she once was, or whether she would be stiff and sober all the time. A few minutes' chat taught her that she might be as familiar as ever; and after they had played a while with Jemmy they ran out in the orchard, and, sitting down in the shade of a broad apple-tree, they talked about the time when they went to school together, before they were old enough to be kept at home to help their mothers.

"Oh, don't you *hate* to stay at home and work?" said Lucy.

"*Hate!* Why, no!" replied Susie. "Pray, what would have become of us when we were little if nobody had worked and taken care of us?"

"But I mean such dirty, tiresome work,—to wash

dishes and pare potatoes, and to sweep and to black the stoves. Oh, it *is* hateful. I don't see why we are not rich, so as to keep a girl to do such things."

"Perhaps the girl would hate it as much as we do," said Susie, laughing.

"What of that?" retorted Lucy. "But I thought you were so fond of reading books."

"So I am. But mother needs me now, and I can be of some use to her; and so I try to like that best."

"But don't you tease her to let you go to school?"

"No, indeed!—never! It would be wicked if I did, Lucy."

Lucy saw that, although Susie was as ready as ever to laugh and play, she had a new rule of right and wrong, which she had never known her to be governed by before. And Susie saw that if she went on to speak of this rule to Lucy she might not be able to say just what was right and proper. But, recollecting Mrs. Acton's advice, "Look to Jesus for help," she did so in her heart; and, as Lucy was silent, she added,—

"Don't you think it is wicked for us to tease our parents?"

"I don't know but it is wicked for *you*, because they say you are so religious."

"*That* makes no difference, I'm sure," answered Susie, in surprise. "'Honour thy father and thy mother' is a commandment for *everybody*; and why isn't it as wrong for one to disobey it as for another? Is it not as wrong to break the fifth commandment as to break the sixth?"

"Why, Susie Bell! you don't suppose it is as

SUSIE BELL AT HOME.

wrong for me to disobey my mother as it would be to kill her, do you?"

"Not as wrong towards *her*, still it would be wrong towards God. He gave all the commandments, and we must not break any of them."

"I never thought of that before," said Lucy, very seriously.

"I wish you would think of it, Lucy; and then think how loving Jesus was that he should come into our world, and suffer and die on the cross that we might be forgiven."

"But I do not care to think about such things," interrupted Lucy; "it makes me feel uncomfortable; and it makes you feel so too,—I know it does, for I see the tears in your eyes this very minute."

"No, no, Lucy; that is not it. You do not know how happy it makes me now to think about Jesus. It did not use to; but now, when I think that he is my Saviour and I am his child, it is the joy that starts the tears."

Lucy did not need to be *told* that Susie was changed; she *saw* it.

Thus Susie found it easy to preach Christ to her young friend when she shrank not from the duty, but resolutely seized the first opportunity without waiting one moment for "a more convenient season."

The two girls sat silent for a time, when Susie suddenly sprang up, saying,—

"There is Mrs. Acton coming to the house. Let's go in and see her."

"She will not want *us* there," said Lucy.

"Oh, yes, she will; and, any how, I want to see her."

"But I do not, so I had better go home; it will soon be time."

"No, no," said Susie, eagerly: "it is not near night, and you must not go yet. I will come back and stay here with you, only you will just let me run and speak with her when we see her going away."

"Yes, and perhaps tell her I would not let you come before."

"Oh, Lucy!"

Lucy felt ashamed of her own unkind thought as it stood out in contrast with Susie's self-denying offer, so she said,—

"Well, we will go and sit in the porch, and then you can see her; but she need not see me.

Susie was glad to see her friend, even for a moment; but her little brain was busy in contriving how to prolong that interview without offending Lucy. At length she thought of a way. Before they reached the porch she said,—

"Would you like, Lucy, to help me draw the baby a little while? Mother likes to have him ride; but it is up hill each way from here, you see, and that makes it hard for me to draw him one way; but coming back we can have such a good run down the hill. Oh, it is capital fun!"

"Certainly," replied Lucy, thinking in this way to avoid Mrs. Acton, while Susie was contriving a meeting between them.

Susie, instead of hiding in the porch, went quietly in to speak with her mother's visitor.

"I was afraid I should not see you," said Mrs. Acton.

"Lucy and I were in the orchard," she replied. She could think of no further apology which would be strictly true and not bring her friend under censure. But, keeping fast hold of Mrs. Acton's hand, she said,—

"Mother, may Lucy and I draw the baby in his perambulator a little while? We will go up the hill with Mrs. Acton, if she is willing, and then have a good run down again."

Mrs. A. saw, by the peculiar look in Susie's face, what her plan was, and she wisely helped it on by saying,—

"But I was going up the *south* hill to call on Mrs. Drake before I return home; and so, if it will not be too far for the girls, I would love dearly to have them for companions both ways."

"Oh, that will be delightful!" cried Susie, as Mrs. Bell gave her consent. "And then by the time we get up the north hill we shall meet the children coming home from school; and how glad they will be to find little Jemmy there waiting for them! and you will have a good resting-time, too, mother." Then, humming a favourite tune, she bounded away into the bed-room for her own and Lucy's bonnets.

"Susie is very fond of the baby," said Mrs. Acton,

"She is now, since he has got so old and playful," said Mrs. Bell; "but she used to think it was a tiresome task to take care of him."

She saw the expression of pleasure on Mrs. Acton's face, and the thought flashed across her mind that she was giving to the growing attractions of Johnny the credit which belonged, at least in part, to Susie's

religion. She knew Susie had always loved the baby well enough, but she had loved herself and her own ease better. Now there were several objects which evidently stood before self—her God, her parents, her duty. Mrs. Bell did not care to look further; but she saw there was a change for the better in Susie, as well as in the baby.

THE FAITHFUL LAMB.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Yes, Daisy was a happy little lamb to be so carefully tended, and to have the dear little mistress you see in the picture. Daisy had been born amidst the bleak March winds, but it had never known much about them or about any other of the hardships which I dare say little lambs feel if they could only tell us. Its mother had died soon after it was born, and the little weak thing was taken into a gentleman's kitchen and wrapped in flannel and made a great fuss with by the servants.

"I must go and tell Miss Julia," said the housemaid, and off she went to find her. Little Julia was soon in the kitchen fondling the lamb, and when her mamma told her she should have it for her own, her delight knew no bounds.

"For my very own, mamma, did you say?" she exclaimed, "and may I feed it and take care of it? Oh, it will be a thousand times better than my great doll which I have been so fond of."

"But you must remember, Julia," said her mother, "dolls do not want feeding, but the little lamb will need constant thought about its food, or it will die. Can I trust you?"

"Oh yes, mamma, indeed, indeed, you may, and I shall call it Daisy—dear, pretty, Daisy!" and as she spoke, the meek, gentle eyes of the little creature seemed to rest with satisfaction upon the little girl's bright face.

Julia's mind was now full enough of her new plaything; the great wax doll lay in its cradle with its eyes closed day after day, a long sleep indeed. The doll's-house was never even opened, and the last new story-book was left unfinished just at the most interesting part. At first she could only pay frequent visits to the kitchen, but as Daisy grew stronger it began to follow her across the passage, and at last, to her intense delight, came after her into the drawing-room. The warm April weather was coming on, and many a merry game Julia and Daisy now had upon the lawn together. She put a blue ribbon round its neck, and would lead it about with her; but very soon Daisy grew so fond of its little mistress it would follow her just like a dog, going with her for a walk, lying down beside her if she sat on the garden-seat, and sleeping at night on a mat outside her bedroom door.

Julia would amuse herself with gathering all sorts of flowers to please her lamb's taste, and much she wondered that it should always refuse buttercups and daisies. "I am sure if I were a lamb," she would say, "I would live on nothing but flowers;"

but Daisy knew better, for buttercups and daisies are hot and bitter, and not half so nice as the cool grass and juicy clover. "But I can put flowers round your neck at any rate," she would continue, and as Daisy made no objection to this proceeding it was decked everyday with a fresh wreath of primroses, cowslips, and bluebells.

The weeks passed on and Spring was fast brightening into Summer, the meadow-grass was ready for the mower's scythe, the fruit was turning red in the garden, and the little lamb was growing into a sheep. Just at this time Julia's papa took another house a short distance from the one in which they had been living, and it became necessary that the whole family should remove. The day came and they went, the lamb being left behind for a short time under the care of a woman who had charge of the empty house. Poor Daisy did not at all approve of this arrangement, and when it ran all over the house and found nobody, it was greatly distressed indeed. The next day it began the search anew, wandering over every corner of the house and garden, bleating sadly. There was one door closed, and it stationed itself here, hoping its lost friends might be within, but when it was opened and found empty, it began to bleat more piteously than before. Then it seemed to give it up, and it went and sat down by the kitchen fire dull and listless,—it refused its food, it grew weak and languid, and on the third day the poor faithful lamb died.

When Julia's mamma heard what had happened she was very much grieved, as she knew what Julia's

sorrow would be. The little girl's tears flowed fast when her mamma told her the sad tidings.

And to think Daisy should have died of a broken heart! Oh, mamma! I can't bear to think about it."

"I do not wonder you should grieve, my love," replied her mother, "and of course if we could have foreseen it we would have arranged differently. But the poor lamb is dead now, and we must not waste too many tears over it. You must look back with thankfulness to all the enjoyments you have had of your pet through its short and happy life, and you must remember that lambs *will* grow into sheep, and even had it lived it could not have continued to be your playfellow and companion as it had been. To turn your thoughts, shall I tell you an anecdote I have been reading of a 'lamb which saved a little baby's life?'"

"Please, mamma," said Julia, and she dried her eyes and brightened up at the prospect of a story.

"Well, not very long ago, an English vessel was returning home with its cargo and crew; they had had a long voyage, but land was full in sight and they were almost at the haven. But a terrific storm arose, the ship struck upon a rock, and everybody had to save themselves as they best could. It was so near the land the men could easily swim ashore, everyone might be saved except—except—there was a little baby on board, and what was to be done with that? Nobody could carry it, because in swimming, the arms must be left free. What had become of its mother I do not know, perhaps she had died on the voyage, at any rate the little creature was left alone

and unbefriended. And must it be left behind to perish in the sinking ship? The captain could not think of such a thing for a moment, but the vessel was fast filling with water; something must be done, and done at once. Suddenly a bright thought struck the captain; there was a little lamb on board, he

fetched it, and then tied the child firmly to its back, after which he threw both together into the sea. All animals can swim, but it was a fearful uncertainty whether with this burden on its back it would be able to reach the shore. But the lamb struggled

bravely with the raging billows, and when the captain, faint and breathless, gained the land himself, the gentle creature was safe upon the beach, and the little one, frightened, but unhurt, was folded in one of the bystander's arms! Are you not glad? I am sure you are, that the precious life was saved. But does it put you in mind of anything, Julia?"

Julia thought a minute, and then said, "I think you mean, mamma, that it should remind us of Jesus, the Lamb of God."

"I do, my child. It may be used as an illustration of that text, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' *We* are shipwrecked through sin; there is no escape for us but through him. Not only will he bear our sins, but will bear *us* too, that is, he will help us and deliver us in all our troubles here, and will carry us, as the lamb did the little baby, through the waves of this troublesome world, to that heavenly shore where we shall be safe for ever, and where there shall be neither sin nor sorrow any more." M. K. M.

NOBODY'S OWN.

VI.—MORE ABOUT THE HOP-GARDENS.

You may wonder what there could be in a child like Nobody's Own to induce any one to notice him; and I can only account for the poor widow's conduct by repeating that she was, in heart and soul, a disciple of a very kind and loving Master, and loved to follow his example. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ said when he was on the earth that he came to seek

and to save those who were lost; and Mrs. Smith could but know that Charley was a poor, sinful, lost boy; and she felt a strong desire to bring the knowledge of Jesus home to his heart, as well as to show kindness to him in other ways.

So Mrs. Smith sought the poor lonely boy; and when she saw that he was crying, she asked what ailed him?

He did not know, he said; and he seemed so ashamed at having been found in tears, that the widow wisely took no further notice of this fact, but told the boy, in a cheerful, encouraging voice, that she had come into the hop-garden on purpose to ask him to go home with her and share her dinner.

Nobody's Own started to his feet at once, and said he was ready to go; but before he had taken another step, he looked down and hesitated, and said, No, he thought he had better not.

"Why not, Charley?" his friend asked.

"Because I am not fit to go into your house, or anybody's," said the boy. He was evidently comparing his ragged, dirty garments with the neat and tidy dress of the poor widow. Mrs. Smith saw why he hesitated.

"Never mind about your clothes, Charley," she said; "I do not mind it, and there will be no one else to take any notice of you. And, by-and-by, when you get your hopping money, you will be able to buy better."

Charley did not make any further objection, but went with Mrs. Smith to her home; and for the first time in his life, he sat down to a dinner-table

with a clean cloth upon it; and though the fare was very homely it was delicious to him, especially as it was accompanied by so much kindness.

It should, however, be said, that before they sat down to dinner, the generous woman induced her little guest to wash himself well with soap and water, and took the trouble herself to comb his tangled hair. And this made a great improvement in his appearance.

Mrs. Smith's cottage was small and scantily furnished, but it was clean; and to Nobody's Own, who was familiar only with the most wretched and filthy lodging-houses of London, it seemed a very desirable place to live in. And presently, when he began to feel himself at home (which did not take long to bring about), he said so.

"It is a comfortable home for me, Charley," said the poor widow, "and I hope I am thankful for it. But I have had some trouble to go through here;" and she sighed.

"Have you, though?" said the boy.

"Yes, indeed. When I first came to live here I was a young woman, and had a good husband; then, after a time, I had a dear little baby."

"They were not troubles, were they?" asked Nobody's Own, briskly.

"No indeed, Charley; they were great blessings and comforts. But God saw fit to take them away, first my little girl, and then my husband;"—the widow's voice faltered a little when she said this. "And then, when my husband was gone, I was very poor." Then Mrs. Smith went on to tell the listening

boy, in her simple way, how she had been supported and comforted by her heavenly Father, and was able to rejoice, even in the midst of sorrow.

"But I did not bring you here to tell you about my troubles," she added; and then she asked him if he liked looking at pictures.

Charley was somewhat at home on this subject, for one of his few amusements in London had been to look in at the windows of picture shops; so he said, gaily—"Don't I?" adding, "I like the funny ones best."

Mrs. Smith made no remark upon this, but she took down from a shelf an old volume of the "Pilgrim's Progress," which had a great many curious, old-fashioned engravings in it. And Charley was soon occupied in examining them, while the widow sat opposite to him, partly reading her Bible, and partly watching the countenance of her young visitor, who occasionally broke out into a cry of delight when he found anything very amusing.

"Would you like to know what the pictures are about, Charley?" asked Mrs. Smith.

Charley thought he should; and thus encouraged, the good woman gave the little fellow a sort of outline of Christian's journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, and explained what it meant. She took occasion, while doing this, to show Charley that all people are born in the City of Destruction; and that the Bible is given to them to show how they may escape from the wrath to come. These subjects are very likely familiar to the ears of our young reader, and perhaps to their

thoughts; but they must remember that poor little Nobody's Own had never heard of them until within a few days of that Sunday. No wonder, therefore, that his mind was confused, and that he mixed up in his thoughts the London he had left behind with the City of Destruction; and was curious to know whether the way to the Celestial City lay through Kent.

Mrs. Smith smiled first, and then sighed, when Charley put this question. She smiled at the address of the question, and sighed at the deep darkness of mind it showed. Perhaps, also, she felt a little troubled to think that her attempts to instruct the poor boy were so imperfect. She was not mortified, however, for the poor widow was humble, and had a low opinion of her own abilities.

"I tell you what, Charley, you and I had better go up to Mr. Hammond's large kitchen this evening," she said.

"What for?" Charley wanted to know.

"Why, have they not told you that Mr. Hammond opens his great kitchen every Sunday evening for reading the Bible all the while hop-picking lasts?"

"No, they never told me," said Nobody's Own. This was indeed true; but if he had stayed a little longer after Mr. Hammond had finished reading in the morning, he would have heard it.

"Well, it is so, whether you have heard it or not," said Mrs. Smith; "and it is done that the hop-pickers who come from a distance, and will not go to a place of worship on Sundays, may have the opportunity of hearing the Gospel, and so not go away so

ignorant as they came." But, poor boy,—thought the widow to herself,—I suppose he does not know what I mean; it is all so strange to him. And I am much mistaken if the pious woman did not then put up a prayer to God that he would be pleased to open little Charley's eyes, so that he might see wondrous things out of his law.

Whether he understood Mrs. Smith or not, Nobody's Own made no objection to her proposal; and accordingly, after what she called an early cup of tea, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and leading Charley by the hand, she walked across the fields to Mr. Hammond's farm. And it was pleasant to see how the little wayward fellow, who had never before submitted to any guidance but that of his own will, yielded himself up to this newly-found friend, and did as she desired. Harshness and scorn would have had no other effect upon him but that of hardening his heart against instruction; but kindness and Christian love melted him.

But do not think that it was altogether naturally pleasant to Mrs. Smith to be seen walking hand in hand with a ragged little boy, and so provoking the laughter and almost the contempt of every one she met; and it so happened that she fell in with a good many of her fellow-villagers that fine evening, who did not at all conceal the amusement they derived from the sight. No person likes to be ridiculed; and Mrs. Smith felt pained though not ashamed; and I think she was more anxious to keep the little fellow from perceiving the attention they excited than to avoid notice on her own account.

Mr. Hammond's large kitchen was very well filled with the hop-pickers that evening. I am sorry to say, however, that poor little Nobody's Own did not hear much of the Bible reading; for soon after it was commenced, he closed his eyes through weariness, and before it was finished, he had sunk into a deep slumber, with his head on the widow's lap, as he sat on the floor at her feet.

HAVING THINGS TO FIT.

"HENRY," says my uncle to me one day, just after the tailor had been measuring me for a new suit, "can you tell me why the tailor measured you? Why did he not make your clothes without giving himself so much trouble?"

"Oh, uncle!" said I, "if he had not measured me for my clothes, he would never have made them fit."

"Very true," said he, "and now I hope you will learn something from the tailor. If he should make your new clothes too large, or too small for you, trouble enough will you have with them, but if they should fit you, why then they will add greatly to your comfort. Much of our happiness in the world consists in our having things to fit."

Though I understood what uncle meant about my new suit fitting me, I did not quite catch his meaning as to other things. I suppose he saw this, for he went on talking thus:—

"Things must be fitting to give comfort. If a

poor man, who cannot keep himself, keeps a dog; if a man sets up in a business which he does not understand; if one ventures into deep water who cannot swim; or bids at an auction for what he cannot pay; these things are not fitting, and cannot answer.

Uncle saw that I was listening, and proceeded thus:—

"If people would consider how they could help each other, they would find themselves better fitted to do so in a hundred instances than they suppose.

'How shall I get my potatoes to market?' said one to his neighbour, 'for you know I have a horse and no cart?' 'Oh,' replied his neighbour, 'I know one having potatoes to sell, who at this time has a cart and no horse; you are just suited to one another.' The two potato sellers gladly agreed to help each other, and being well fitted to do so, all things went off pleasantly."

Uncle kept looking at me to see if I well understood him.

"Some time ago I heard of a blind man and a cripple who wanted to go to the same place, but could not tell how to get there. As to helping one another that seemed altogether out of the question. 'Nothing is easier,' said a bystander, 'for if you take matters right, you are just suited for each other's benefit. Let the cripple use his eyes and the other his legs, and walk arm in arm, and the affair will be settled.' And so it was: they could not have suited one another better."

My uncle's meaning was plain enough now.

"I once was acquainted with a clever tradesman, who knew very well how to get money, but he did not know how to keep it. I advised him to take a partner, and recommended to him a plain, honest man, not one of your spendthrifts who run through all they get, but one who was frugal and prudent. The partners did excellently well together. The one did the getting, and the other managed the saving: they were exactly fitted for one another."

No one could deny the truth of every word spoken by my uncle, who then said:—

"All that is done by our heavenly Father is done suitably. Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, harmonize for the good of the earth. The bird is fitted to fly in the air; the fish to swim in the water; and animals to live on the land. Man is adapted to his situation, and furnished with faculties to enable him to do good and to live to the glory of his almighty Maker. What can be better suited to one ignorant of himself and God than a book of wisdom like the Bible? With a little reflection, Henry, you will be satisfied that as it is in the clothes you wear, so it is in all other things, to enjoy them, and to get good from them they must fit you, and be suited to your condition."

The more I have thought on the remarks of my uncle, the more have I been satisfied of their wisdom and their truth.

MORNING.

Dark night is gone away;
The sun is in the skies:
Again I see the light of day,
Again from sleep I rise.

I thank the Lord above,
That I have slept in peace,
And now awake to praise his love,
Whose mercies never cease.

Now let me kneel and pray,
That God my soul may take
Under his care all thro' this day,
For Christ my Saviour's sake.

QUESTIONS ON GOSPEL HISTORY.—VI.

JOHN i. 15—34.

The law was given by Moses—from whom did he receive that law?

Where was Moses when he received it?—Exodus xix. 20.

What was the appearance of Mount Sinai at that time?

What is the difference between the "law" and "grace?"

Between whom was Moses mediator?

Between whom is Jesus Christ Mediator?

Did Christ destroy the law?—Matt. v. 17, 18.

How does he then free sinners from the curse of the law?

Does the Gospel announce any curse against men?—Matt. xxv. 41; 1 Cor. xvi. 22.

Do those who have rejected Christ, deserve greater punishment than those who sinned under the law of Moses?—Heb. x. 28, 29.

Why did Christ declare the Father to men?—John xvii. 25, 26.

Who told John that Jesus should be marked out by the descent of the Spirit at his baptism?

Who was it that sent John?

What did John the Evangelist afterwards see and hear?—Rev. v. 11, 12.

THE LITTLE SEED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

I WAS only five years old when my little sister died, My dear little sister! I was very fond of her, and was so miserable that I did not care to play at all for a long time, and was never happy unless I was in the room where her books and toys were kept. Many a time I stole away unobserved to go to her little grave; I used to stay there whole hours and fancied I was nearer to her, and so felt less sad. But as I was never merry as I was before, my parents were full of anxiety about my health, and determined to take me to the sea-side; but I begged so hard not to be taken away from my little sister that they gave up the idea.

"My love," said my mother to me one day, "our Léontine will not come back yet. The time is not come in which God will bring her back. He is keeping her soul with him in the beautiful heaven, and if you love the Lord Jesus, God will take your soul there too some day, and then you will see your sister again, and afterwards God will raise up your body with hers."

"Must I be put into the ground also, then, some day? And will my body come out of it as beautiful as Léontine's?"

"Yes, my child."

"But, mamma, I do not see how that can be." My mother replied by opening her hand, in which I saw a little seed, and she gave it me, telling me to sow it in my garden. She added that God chose that seeds should be put into the ground in this way

in order that they might take root and grow up into beautiful plants. She also said that God would take care of it and not forget it.

"When our friends die," she continued, "we are obliged to put them into the ground. God wishes us to put our whole trust in him. He will take care of them, and will not forget them, and we must feel quite sure of seeing them again one day."

I sowed my seed, and every day I spent whole hours near the spot in which I had put it, and even took my books there to learn my little lessons.

Upon the coming up of this seed, it appeared to me, depended the resurrection of my sister; if my mother's words were true (and I did not doubt them) then I should feel quite sure of seeing Léontine again. At last, one morning, after a very wet night, I ran out into the garden and, to my great delight, I saw two tiny leaves springing out of the ground just where I had sowed my seed.

I shall never forget that moment. The little plant assured me, as a voice from heaven, that my loved sister would be taken care of by the Lord, and that one day we should again be together.

I became resigned to her loss, and I thought much more of the Saviour who is so loving to us, and who died on the cross to save sinners.

I put my whole trust in him; I told him all my thoughts, and how I longed to be washed from all my sins in his blood that I might go to heaven. I often read beautiful verses in the Bible, and as time passed on and the plant grew up and bore leaves and flowers, my faith increased too; I believed with

all my heart in Jesus, and my sorrow was forgotten.

I loved him because he had saved me and forgiven me all my sins; I loved him because he had filled my heart with sweet peace; I loved him because he had given me a sure hope of being admitted into his kingdom, where I should see Léontine again with all the other redeemed ones.

And how I loved the beautiful verses that my dear mother had found for me in the New Testament —"But I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain (for there will be children of God on the earth at this time) unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."—1 Thess. iv. 13—18.

More than fifty years have already passed since my little plant grew, and it has long ago withered away, but the hope that its flowers gave me has never faded, and I bless God every day for having given me the assurance of a glorious resurrection.

THE LABOURER'S RETURN.

WHY o'er yon peasant's weary, toilworn brow,
Does the bright gleam of sudden pleasure glow?
Why, as yon smoke ascending seeks the sky,
Does joy light up and glisten in his eye?
Ah! dear to him those airy circles play,
The charm that lures him on his lonely way:
No scene so dear as that sequestered spot,
No palace equal to his humble cot.
But see! what playful child, with joyful feet,
Springs forth, his father's glad return to greet,
Clings round his knees, and whispers in his ear
Those gentle words that parents love to hear.
(Filial affection! stream of dear delight,
How pure its early spring, how fresh, how bright!

Untroubled yet by sorrow's falling tear,
By doubt unclouded, and unchecked by fear!)
'Tis now the father knows his toil is o'er,
Smiles on his child, and feels fatigued no more;
With cheerful step he gains the lowly cot,
And meets the faithful partner of his lot.
She, as he enters, meets him with a smile;
Sweet words of welcome all his cares beguile;
Then turns the frugal supper to prepare,
Which o'er the hearth suspended, claims her care.
Meanwhile, the father from the cradle takes
His smiling babe, whom a fond kiss awakes;
Then to the hearth he nearer draws his seat,
One in his arms, the other at his feet.
The lively babe, with many an artless grace,
Plays with his locks, and strokes his sunburnt face;
While the glad mother breathes the silent prayer,
And feels her all of earthly bliss is there.
Soon round the board her frugal hand has dressed—
Hunger their seasoning, sweet content their guest—
The happy pair, with grateful hearts, adore
That bounteous hand which thus has blessed their store.
Pleasant the meal which healthful labour gains,
Happy the home where sweet affection reigns!

M. * * M.

Translated from the French.

Childs Companion

HUMMING BIRDS

BEAUTIFUL HUMMING-BIRDS.

THE humming-bird! the humming-bird!
So fairy-like and bright;
It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight!

In the radiant islands of the East,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand thousand humming-birds
Go glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the broad palmetto leaves,
And through the fan-palm tree.

Where on the mighty river banks,
La Plate and Amazon,
The cayman, like an old tree shrunk,
Lies basking in the sun;

There builds her nest the humming-bird,
Within the ancient wood;
(Her nest of silky cotton down),
And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
Where waves it light and free,
As the campanero * tolls his song,
And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
Like to the red, red rose;
Her wing is the changeful green and blue
That the neck of the peacock shows.

Thou happy, happy humming-bird,
No winter round thee lours;
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
Nor land without sweet flowers.

A reign of summer joyfulness
To thee for life is given;
Thy food, the honey from the flower,
Thy drink, the dew of heaven!

MARY HOWITT.

AMON AND HIS BIBLE.

WHEN little Amon was four years old, he lost both his parents. He went to live with his grandfather, a pious old man, who taught him to read in his large

* A bird whose note is like the tolling of a distant bell.

old Bible. He told him stories to explain what he had read, and often spoke to him of God's love in sending his only Son to die for sinful men.

When Amon had been some time at his grandfather's, the good old man died suddenly, and poor little Amon was in great grief. His grandmother and he felt very lonely, and they often read together in the good grandfather's large old Bible. One day, when he saw his grandmother weeping, the little boy opened the Bible, hoping to find something to comfort her. He read the story of Lazarus. The poor old woman covered her face with her apron, and wept bitterly, but when she heard the words, "Thy brother shall rise again," she seemed to be comforted. At that time little Amon scarcely understood the full meaning of what he read. Afterwards, he knew that his grandmother had found comfort in thinking that she would one day meet again him whom she had lost, because all who love God will rise to new life, clothed in a glorious and immortal body.

When Amon was ten years old, he was taken into the service of a shepherd, and was sent to watch the sheep. He had learned to knit, and, while he sat beside his flock, he knitted a stocking, and thus earned about twopence or threepence a day. He thought he should be perfectly happy if he might only carry the old Bible into the fields with him to read now and then one of the stories he loved so much, but his grandmother was afraid to trust it out of her sight. How much Amon wished that he had one of his own! But how was this

possible? How could he ever hope to earn enough money to buy one?

Amon went to a Sunday school. The teacher was a pious old man, who spoke kindly and lovingly to the children. He often told them of the love of Jesus Christ, who laid down his life for us, and who has commanded us to love one another, as he has loved us.

Amon thought he could venture to tell this kind old man how anxious he was to buy a Bible; and to confess to him that he earned so little that he scarcely knew how he should ever save enough for the purpose. The teacher advised him to rise earlier in the morning, and to go to bed rather later, so as to have time to do a little more work. He told him of a brook near, where he could find plenty of fine water-cresses, and he said that if he could gather them early enough on the market days, he was sure that the farmers' daughters would buy them to carry them to the town with their butter. He added, that he would take care of Amon's money for him, till he had enough for what he wanted, and then he said that he would go with him to a bookseller's shop, and help him to choose a Bible.

Amon worked hard at his knitting, and every market day he gathered a large basket of fresh water-cresses early in the morning. Now and then, when his grandmother was pleased with him, she gave him a few pence, and he always carried this to his Sunday school teacher to add to his little treasure.

Before he had gained quite enough to buy a

Bible, his poor grandmother fell ill, and was obliged to keep her bed for several weeks. She could earn nothing during all this time. Rent day came, and the landlord, who was a hard man, sent to desire her to pay at once all that she owed, and gave her only till evening to raise the necessary sum. When her little grandson came home at night she told him what had happened.

"If I cannot make up the money for the rent," said she, "the landlord will take our bed, and all our little furniture, and turn us out homeless."

Scarcely had she said the words, when Amon rushed out of the house, exclaiming "I have it, I have it!"

He hastened to his teacher, and said to him, "Sir, will you give me the money that you have of mine. You will be surprised to hear that it is not to buy a Bible, it is to help my grandmother, who will be turned out of her house if she does not pay her rent. Is it not better for me to do what the word of God commands, and help my old grandmother, than to have the most beautiful Bible I could buy for myself?"

Tears came into the good man's eyes as he listened. He laid his hand on the boy's head, and said, "May God bless you, my child, and may your old age be crowned with glory and honour!"

Amon hastened with his money to his grandmother, who received it with the greatest joy, when she heard that it had been all honestly earned.

About the end of autumn, in the same year, a young lady in deep mourning came to lodge in the

village where Amon and his grandmother lived. She had just lost her husband, who had been killed in battle, and she was in great sorrow. She was walking one day near the place where Amon was watching his sheep, and she said to the lady who was with her, "What a happy looking child! I am sure he has never known sorrow."

"Oh yes, ma'am, I have," said the little boy, "I have lost my grandfather, and I loved him with all my heart. My poor grandmother is very, very ill, and however hard I work I cannot save money enough to buy a Bible."

"How long is it since your grandfather died?" asked the lady.

"Some months ago. But we should not grieve for him, because he has gone to God, to the Saviour he loved, and the Bible tells us that we shall see him again some day."

The lady seemed struck with what he said, and bade him good-bye kindly. The same evening, after she had inquired about his grandmother, she sent her money and a basket of provisions, with the delicacies that her health required. Think of the happiness of the poor woman, when she thus unexpectedly received what she so much needed.

The next Sunday, the young widow visited the Sunday school. While she was speaking to the teacher, she looked kindly towards Amon, who was soon called up to hear, to his great joy, that the lady had given the teacher enough money to buy him a Bible. The little boy could scarcely find words to thank her for her kindness. But as soon as he was

alone, he fell on his knees, and thanked God for having put it into her heart to do so much for him. Next day, he went joyfully with his kind teacher to buy the precious book.

Dear children, do you value, as much as Amon did, the privilege of having a Bible of your own? Do you remember that it is the word of truth, the word of the living God, which is given us to teach, to direct, to comfort, to strengthen, and to cheer us. Without the Bible, we could have no true happiness here, and no hope for hereafter. In the Bible we read of the Saviour who came to die for us sinners, and we are taught how to come to him, that we may obtain everlasting life. The Bible is the only lamp that can light our way in this world, darkened by sin. Let us love it and use it well.

"Precious Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword,
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I need no more."

NOBODY'S OWN.

VII.—CHARLEY'S HOP-PICKING COMES TO AN UNEXPECTED END.

One afternoon in the following week Mr. Hammond was going round his hop-garden, and looking on at the hop-pickers, when he came to Mrs. Smith, who was alone at her bin.

NOBODY'S OWN.

"I do not see your little companion, Mrs. Smith, he is not playing truant, is he?"

"No, Sir; Charley has been very poorly ever since the morning; he has a dreadful bad headache, and looks heavy and scared like; so I gave him a little tea, and wrapped him up warm."

"Where is he then?"

He was lying under the hedge, the poor widow said, and if her master would be kind enough to look at him she would feel obliged, for poor Nobody's Own seemed to her to be really ill.

Of course Mr. Hammond would look at the boy, and he went directly with the poor woman to the place where she had laid him. He had not made a fuss about nothing—that was plain, for his face was fevered and flushed, his eyes were heavy, and he groaned feebly, while he kept on saying, "Oh, my head, my head!"

"What is to be done with the poor little fellow?" asked Mr. Hammond, stooping down, and taking Charley by the hand.

Mrs. Smith did not very well know, only she thought it would be no harm if the doctor were to see him. "He may have got a fever."

"He has a fever, I am afraid," said Mr. Hammond in a low tone, so as not to be overheard by any besides the poor widow.

"And it may be catching, you know, Sir," continued Mrs. Smith, in an equally guarded tone.

"Do you mind staying by him till I return with the doctor?" asked Mr. Hammond, adding that he would pay her for the trouble and loss of time. The

poor widow did not need this inducement, however; she sat down by Charley's side, and tried to comfort him; but his pain was evidently increasing, for he moaned more sadly than before, and closed his eyes, which could no longer endure the light. It was a great relief to Mrs. Smith when her employer returned with the doctor.

"You must not let anybody come near the boy," said this gentleman, when he had examined his tongue, and skin, and eyes, and felt his pulse.

"Ah! I was afraid," Mrs. Smith began; but the doctor did not listen very patiently.

"Where has the boy been sleeping lately?" he asked.

"In my barn," replied Mr. Hammond.

"He must not sleep there again," said the doctor; "and I will not be answerable now for any mischief that may already have been done. How could you —I mean it is very unfortunate. The poor fellow has some friends with him, I suppose."

"I am sorry to say he has no friends, either here or anywhere else I am afraid. He says he is Nobody's Own," replied Mr. Hammond.

"Nobody's Own indeed! He will be somebody's own soon, I should not wonder, if we do not take care," said the doctor; and by this I suppose he meant that poor Charley was dangerously ill. And having said this, he drew Mr. Hammond aside. They spoke together very long and earnestly: then they returned to where the boy was lying; and the widow saw that her employer was much agitated.

"He must not be allowed to perish for want of care and attention," he said,

"Of course not, Sir; but the question is what to do with him,—where to take him. If you send him to the parish workhouse,—you know what sort of place that is,—the disease will spread through the house, and then ——."

"No, no," said Mr. Hammond; "he must be carried to my own house; and we must do the best we can for him there."

"You must not do anything of the kind, Sir," said the doctor. "You have a house full of young people and servants; and if they should take the disorder you would never forgive me, nor yourself either."

"I should never forgive myself if I were to allow this poor boy to die," said Mr. Hammond.

Mrs. Smith heard this conversation, and she looked so anxiously and inquiringly towards the gentlemen that Mr. Hammond observed it:—"I understand you, Mrs. Smith," said he; "but I am afraid you can do nothing to help us here."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, for being so bold," said the widow; "but may I ask what you think ails the poor little fellow?"

"Can you keep a secret, Mrs. Smith?" asked the doctor.

"If there is any occasion, Sir, I can," she replied.

"Well, I think you can; and there is occasion; so I may as well tell you at once that the boy seems sickening for the small-pox," said the doctor, looking round first to make sure he could not be overheard. "And another thing is," he continued, "we don't know what to do with him."

"Poor little fellow!" murmured the widow; and then she added, firmly,—"I'll take him in, Sir."

"You, Mrs. Smith!" cried her employer: "You do not mean that you will take him home with you?"

"Yes, she did mean this; she was a solitary woman," she said; "and she had a spare room in her cottage, and was willing to take charge of the sick boy."

"But think again;—if this should turn out to be what we fear, think of the danger."

"Somebody must risk that danger, Sir," said the widow; "and I am willing to do it. And perhaps there would not be any to me; for I believe I was inoculated with the ——.

"You need not mention the word," said the doctor, hastily. "They say that leaves have ears; and we may be mistaken, you know."

"Well, Sir,—any way, if you will trust the boy with me, I will nurse him as well as I can," she said.

"Really," rejoined the doctor; "I am sure we cannot do better than accept this offer. Mrs. Smith's cottage stands by itself; and we can trust her discretion."

"If it must be so, it must," said Mr. Hammond: "and I will take care that Mrs. Smith shall have all the help I can give; but I do not like it. The poor boy is in my employ, and it seems selfish in me to ——."

"It is better that he should be in my cottage than in your house, Sir," said Mrs. Smith; "and, if you

please, gentlemen, we had better take him there at once."

I shall not repeat any more of this conversation: it is enough to say that Nobody's Own was, that same hour, taken to the widow's cottage, and laid on a comfortable bed, while Mrs. Smith devoted herself to the duty she had undertaken.

Poor little Nobody's Own! He was scarcely conscious how he got there; and before many hours had passed away, he knew still less of all that was going on around him. But there was a confused and strange feeling in his mind that he had got into a new kind of world—a world in which somebody, instead of nobody, cared for him.

LEANING ON JESUS.

A PIECE of ivy lay on the ground. It looked very helpless as the wind blew it hither and thither, for it seemed to have no strength in itself to withstand the gusts that sported with it, bending and twisting its slender stem. One more blast swept along the path in which it lay, and this time carried it shivering to the foot of a tree, leaving it there beneath the shelter of its huge trunk.

The weak ivy, as if it had found a firm friend at last, began to climb the tree. Then it grew and flourished, threw itself around the trunk, and wound itself about the branches. Nothing could harm it now; no blast could tear it from its strong hold.

A boy had just left his couch of suffering, on which

he had passed many weary days and nights. He attempted to walk, but his knees trembled, his strength failed, and he fell; but ere he reached the ground, a strong arm encircled him, and he was raised to his feet; and now, supported by his father, he could walk without weariness, for his weakness was lost in the strength that upheld him.

A little girl lay near death. She had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before, her step had been as light, and her heart as joyous and gay as any of her companions; but now her body was racked with pain, the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to go into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her papa, as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," said she, smiling, "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let it go."

"Are you afraid, dear child?" asked her minister at another time.

"No, I cannot fear while Jesus supports me," she replied quickly. "But are you not weary with bearing pain?" She said, "I am leaning on Jesus, and don't mind the pain."

And so this one of Christ's lambs went to the fold above, leaning on the good Shepherd who "gathers the lambs in his arms."

We too must all die. Shall we each be found leaning on Jesus, so that we shall not mind pain or fear death?

As the ivy cleaves about the tree, and as the weak cleave to the strong for support, so let us cleave to Jesus, trust in him, and lean upon him.

SUSIE BELL;

OR, THE DAILY LIFE OF CHILDHOOD.—V

"Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord."—Hosea vi. 3.

SUSIE was delighted to be by the side of Mrs. Acton; and the cheerful, winning manners of that lady soon made Lucy glad she had found them. But now came up the old, familiar temptation:—how could she speak freely before Lucy? Is this backwardness, this shyness, all wrong? Is it being ashamed of Jesus? Why does it embarrass almost every one, young or old? What will remove it? The grace of God in the heart, and resolute, persevering practice in the life—nothing else; nor either of these without the other.

"Oh, I have so wanted to see you," she said, "to thank you for what you told me! I felt so discouraged before, I did not know how or what to do."

"Do you find it very easy now to feel and do at all times just right?"

"Oh, no, indeed, ma'am. My heart sometimes seems to hold back as if I did not—and yet I *do* want to obey God; and then I look to Jesus as you told me, and as soon as I begin to do whatever thing it is that I ought to do, then it grows easy."

Susie was going on to tell her friend some of her

SUSIE BELL.—*See p.* 213.

efforts to control her temper and be useful to her mother, when she suddenly stopped. She felt something within which seemed to say, "You have done very well for a little girl in your circumstances." She knew this was pride, and she dared not say another word about her own doings.

"And how did you get on with your troubles?" inquired her friend.

Instead of a direct answer, Susie asked in a sad tone, "Mrs. Acton, how can I do the best I know, and take the comfort of hoping that I am honouring Christ even just a little, and yet not feel one bit proud of it? It seems to me I am wrong somewhere all the time, either in my actions or in my heart; and would it not be safer for me just to live hid away as much as I can, and so keep more humble?"

"No, Susie, no," she firmly replied. "Satan is ever ready with his temptations. See that your heart does not receive and fall in with them. Can anything be better calculated to humble you than this discovery of pride in your heart? If you act upon such a plan as you just mentioned, you will soon be proud of your harmlessness,—as proud that you are doing nobody any harm as you will be of doing a great deal of good; for in that case you will not seek or obtain the aid of the Holy Spirit to overcome your pride. He does not help idle people. 'He that will not work, neither shall he eat,' is even more true in spiritual than in temporal things. To fight against and conquer all these sins in our own hearts is what is called the Christian warfare."

"I did not know that before," said Susie. "I

thought *that* was to go about the world preaching, just as Paul did, and to be missionaries, and be persecuted and die, like the martyrs. Oh, I am *so* ignorant! I am afraid I never shall know enough to be a Christian that will be good for anything."

Yes, you will, my dear, if you will go on as you have begun, or, rather, as God has begun to work in you. Try always to do right; pray for forgiveness and help; go to your Bible for instruction, and depend wholly on Jesus for your salvation, and upon the Holy Spirit for your sanctification: then you will go onward and upward, and arrive safe in heaven at last.

But you will find it a great deal easier to avoid outward than inward sins, because our good name and the customs and opinions of the world around us act as powerful restraints upon our outward conduct."

"But does not the eye of God look right into our hearts?" asked Susie.

"Yes, my dear, certainly; and so long as you remember this, it will be your best safeguard. And as to your ignorance, who would expect a child, who has been only a few months in the school of Christ, to know already all the lessons that are to be learned there? This is why he has said to his followers, 'Feed my lambs.' 'Teach them the lessons you have learned of me.' This is why I try to teach you.'

"Oh, I am *so* glad!" said Susie. And by this time they had reached the top of the hill.

Mrs. Acton had done quite her part in changing

places with Lucy in pushing the child in the perambulator; and she now went into Mr. Drake's to make her call, while the girls, after resting a while under the trees, picked wild flowers for the baby, and then had their run down a hill.

Mrs. Bell gave them some biscuits, fed the baby, and by the time Mrs. Acton came out they were ready to accompany her up the opposite hill. These ascents were not steep; and, as Mrs. A. helped her little friends push their perambulator up the long slope, she made herself very agreeable as well as useful; and Lucy Merwin thought she should like Christian people a great deal better if they were all like Mrs. Acton.

When arrived at the top of the slope, they sat down to rest on the rock under a large oak tree. Here Lucy was to turn in the road and go to her own home. Mrs. Acton talked a while very pleasantly to her, and arranged that she should come some day with Susie and make her a visit. She said she had many curious things, and many books with which she could interest and instruct children; and, what was more, she was willing to spend time in doing it, if she could in this way be of use to them. Lucy picked some more flowers for the baby; and giving him and Susie a good-bye kiss, she went on her way with more thoughts about becoming a Christian than she ever had before.

The school children were now in sight; but Susie hastened to ask one more question, which had quite puzzled her.

"Did you not tell me, Mrs. Acton," she said, "that

I must try to let others see that I loved Jesus, or that I was governed by him? But does not the Bible say that we must go into our closets and shut our doors, so as not to be seen?"

"People older than you, Susie, often make a mistake in this matter, and they keep their religion so secret that nobody knows they have any, and oftentimes probably they have not. We are told that 'when we pray' we are to go alone, that is, for our personal communion with God. We are not to stop in the streets or in the midst of a crowd and pray aloud that we may be seen or heard of men, as the Pharisees did in our Saviour's day. We could not feel as we ought to feel, or pray as we need to pray, under such circumstances. We have so many wants of our own, so many sins to confess, that we need to go where we can feel alone on the earth with God. And when the duty of private prayer has been performed, and we again come out into the world to discharge our other duties, then there is another direction ready for us:—'Do not hide your light under a bushel; but let it so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'"

"Oh, how plain it all is!" said Susie. "How I wish I could have you all the while close by me to teach me such things!"

"That would do you more harm than good, my dear. If I should try to teach a child to walk alone while I always carried him in my arms, do you think he would learn much? And now let me repeat one thing more. Read your Bible a great

deal. In it God speaks to you. I do not mean reading a great many chapters at once: that is not so good a way. Nor is it your duty to spend so much time in this work as it is for your friend Jennie Bond. You have many other duties to perform which require much more of your time; and one duty never interferes with another. See to it, however, that you divide your spare time well. If you begin any chapter or book, read it through in course a little at a time, and stop and think as you read, whether it applies to you, and what you can learn from it. And always, before you begin, humbly and sincerely ask of God these three things:—to help you to understand his truth, to help you to love it, to help you to obey it. Your mother will allow you more time than she has done; I talked with her about you to-day; but you must be honest and faithful in improving it. And now good-bye."

By this time the children were running around the baby's perambulator, and then they all had their race down the long slope, Jemmy crowing as loudly as any of them, and Susie the happiest of the happy.

Lucy Merwin, long before she reached her home, had said over and over to herself, "I never thought before that religion was good for children. I thought it was well enough for old people, or perhaps for sick children who are to die young. But Susie Bell is certainly a pleasanter girl than she used to be, and a great deal happier, and of course a great deal better. Yes, such a religion must be a good thing for children. I wonder if I can ever have it? I will try to ask Susie."

THE OLD MAN IN THE FUR CLOAK.

Ah! he wants his warm fur cloak, I can assure you, for it is a cold and snowy region where the old man chiefly lives. Here in England we most of us like the snow; there is something pleasant the first morning we get up and find the dark, rather dingy-looking world we left the night before, turned into a bright and sparkling one by the fresh-fallen snow. Still we get tired of it after a little while, and want the green fields back again, though they do look dull and wintry.

But *there*, in the cold northern lands, the snow comes down in the autumn, and nobody thinks of its going away for weeks; it lies on the ground till spring. So if the old man who lives there had no fur cloak to keep him warm, he would be sadly off indeed. But God never puts even a dumb animal into a certain place until he has first provided certain things for his comfort, and in this case he has taken thought even for the great brown bear of northern Europe and America.

Just as kindly as your mother wraps you up in warm things and comforters to keep out the winter's cold, and then has ready nice light clothes when the weather gets hot; so the bear's fur gets thicker and thicker as the season grows colder and colder, and then as summer comes on it becomes light again, that he may not feel oppressed as he basks in the sunshine, or digs his great nose into the earth for the roots and berries which form his food.

The inhabitants of one of the countries where the

bear lives have a kind of superstitious feeling about him, and, instead of mentioning his name, they speak of him as "the old man in the fur cloak."

I dare say you have seen him at the Zoological Gardens climbing up his pole, or lying down in his iron cage. Some kinds of bears are led about the town with chains round their necks, as dancing bears, dancing being almost the last thing they look fit for. I am afraid people must be very cruel to them before they learn their lesson. You have thought them heavy, clumsy-looking creatures, with not a pleasant expression about their faces, not much *mind* in them either; but I want to tell you how "the old man in the fur cloak" once went to school, though I can hardly say he was much the wiser for it. At any rate he showed himself to have a good memory, and that is more than *all* have who go to school.

In the wild uncultivated regions of North America, where the villages are few, and miles upon miles of forest land stretch between them, a little boy, wandering in the woods one winter's day, found a young bear deserted by its mother, and half dead with cold and hunger. He took it home, and it soon revived under his care; he fed it, and tended it till it grew quite fond of him. It was rather a rough pet, certainly; and when they had games together, it was a strange playfellow, but it never once offered to hurt the boy, and at last it took upon itself to follow him to school. The master, though rather astonished, kindly gave the unwonted visitor entrance, and forgave the other scholars for wandering looks and ill-

THE OLD MAN IN THE FUR CLOAK.

said lessons. And so the bear came again behind its master the next day, and the day after, and every day all through the winter. It would lie quiety before the fire at full length till lessons were over, then it would receive a goodly share of the children's biscuits and sweets, and after that attend its master home. But the snow melted at last, the spring came, and with it the bear's own nature got the better of its domestic habits; it went off to the woods one sunny morning, and returned no more.

Years passed away, the race of scholars had grown up to manhood, and a new generation filled their places on the school-room forms. Winter had come once more, the ground was thickly covered with snow; people said (as they are apt to say) it was the coldest weather they had ever known, and our friend the bear thought so too. One morning a boy entering the village school left the door open behind him, and before he could return to shut it a huge bear walked in. A general hubbub ensued among the children, but the bear, on the contrary, seemed quite at home, he walked round and smelt the scholars' bags hanging against the wall, poked his nose into the schoolmaster's desk, and finally laid himself quietly down before the fire. But neither master nor scholars liked their company; the poor bear was driven out, a hue and cry was raised in the village, and it was shortly pursued, overtaken, and killed. *Then* for the first time it was recognised, by certain marks on its body, to be the same bear which so regularly attended school years before.

I think they must have been very sorry when they

found it out; but they thought he was savage, and could not tell he had been trained to better manners. It is clear "the old man in the fur cloak" had *this* very good point in his character, he did not forget past kindnesses.

Perhaps other animals may have as good a memory as our friend the bear, so let us be careful never to tease, nor irritate, nor ill-treat them. I should not like to feel (should you?) that even a dumb creature owed me a grudge, or remembered some cruel thing I had done to it.

Have you ever noticed how often the Bible has told us to be kind to animals? Sometimes it tells us so outright, as in the verse—"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." At other times it tells us indirectly, as when God says—"All the beasts of the forest are *mine*." We would not injure the property of a fellow-creature, and shall we then dare to hurt that which God expressly says is his? I am afraid you sometimes forget this plain command. Would it not be right for you to remember that to be kind to animals is a child's special work, and might be one of a child's ways of pleasing God?

M. K. M.

QUESTIONS ON GOSPEL HISTORY—VII.

MATT. iii. 1.

JOHN the Baptist preached repentance—who afterwards preached it?—Mark i. 14, 15; Acts ii. 38.

Have the preachers of the gospel ever since urged the same duty?

Are men easily persuaded to repent?

What did the rich man in hell think would persuade his brethren to repent?—Luke xvi. 30.

What answer did he receive from Abraham?

What emotions are excited in heaven at the repentance of a sinner?

Can a man repent unless he is convinced that he is a sinner?

Should you feel convinced that you have sinned against God?

What did John mean by saying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord?"

What did he mean by "make his paths straight?"

What important truth do you learn from verses 10, 11, 12?

THE PEACOCK SPREADING HIS TAIL

It was in the foldyard of a farmhouse that I saw a peacock spreading his tail as I approached him. "Silly bird!" said I, pausing awhile to admire the beautiful green, purple, and gold plumage that glittered brightly in the sun. No sooner had the words escaped my lips, than I began to think whether I was not doing the bird an injustice; and in order to decide the point properly, proceeded to speak for the peacock as well as for myself in carrying on the following conversation:—

"Are you not very vain, peacock, in thus showing off your gaudy feathers, just to get a moment's admiration? Are you not very vain?"

"Perhaps I am; but what can you expect from a

silly bird? Are there no other vain creatures in the world beside peacocks?"

"Very many; but their vanity by no means justifies yours."

"Granted; but as you are rather sharp upon me, let me ask you how you happen to know that a peacock is vain? That which would be vanity in a human being may perhaps in a bird deserve a kinder name."

"All very fine, Mr. Peacock; but what other motive than vanity can you have for displaying your gaudy plumes?"

"If my plumes are gaudy, blame Him who made them, and not me."

"You are right, peacock, and I am wrong; I crave your pardon for my injustice. But go on."

"How do you know, when peacocks spread their tails, that their object is not to give you pleasure?"

"I never thought of such a thing!"

"Think of it now, then; it will be but kind of you to do so. These tails of ours are not only beautiful, but useful. When a dog pursues us, he is often affrighted when we spread them, and suddenly assume a size so much greater than our own; and then, if he tries to seize us, he gets a mouthful of feathers. That plumage which protects us, and affords you pleasure as well as ourselves, ought not to be a means of calling forth from any one ill-natured remarks."

I felt that the bird had the best of it, and for a time remained silent; but when the sun shone on his glowing green and gold plumage, then more

beautiful than ever, I gazed with admiring eyes, and could not help thinking and saying aloud—"As with the lilies, so it is with the peacocks; 'Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.'"

While thus the Lord of all profusely flings
A grace and beauty on his meaner things,
To bird and beast act thou a kindly part,
And praise thy Maker with a glowing heart.

A BIBLE IN A LOG COTTAGE.

It was a dark and stormy night. The missionary's horse was tired, and he was wet and weary. For some time he had looked in vain for a cheering light in the lonely woods. At length he saw a faint glimmer through the trees. It came from a small log cottage. It did not promise much, but the missionary was glad of any shelter. But when he had fastened his horse, and gone into the cabin, he thought he had never seen so wretched a place. It was cold and dirty, and almost without furniture of any sort. In a corner of the room was a ragged bed, on which lay a pale little girl. The missionary pitied her, and drew near to the bed. He saw that the little girl's face was pale, and her hands thin. She was very ill, and a great sufferer; yet the poor little thing was not impatient. She smiled with a smile that showed peace was in her heart, while her body was suffering with disease. From under her pillow peeped a little book. It was the New Testament. Some agent from the Bible Society had

dropped it in that desolate place. The missionary asked the little girl, "Can you read this book?" "Yes, Sir." "Can you understand it?" "A great deal of it, Sir. I see there how Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And when I think of that, I am happy. And in the dark night, when I lie here, and cannot sleep for pain, I think of my Saviour and heaven, and he seems to be saying, 'Suffer that little child to come up to me, and forbid her not.' I am soon going to be with him for ever." Thus that gift brought peace to the heart of the poor little sick girl—that peace which Jesus promised to his disciples when he said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."—John xiv. 27.—*Bible Society Record.*

THE SKYLARK'S PREACHING.

Not o'er a breezy English hill,
The little lark was singing;
Not o'er its moorlands lone and still,
Or golden corn upspringing,
But far away across the sea,
Upon a wild Australian lea.

Not rising up, heaven's heights to win,
Scarce seen but only heard;
No! shut by cruel cage-bars in,
A weary, captive bird.

Weary, yet loud and clear and strong
He poured his happy English song.

How came he there? A widow old,
With bent and aged head,
Had followed those who sought for gold
To seek her daily bread.
Her skylark and her Bible blest,
The only treasures she possessed.

She braved the seas, a hovel rude
She reared with toil and pain,
And the skylark cheered her solitude
With his own familiar strain.
Lone was she? nay, for crowds drew near
Of hard, rough men that strain to hear.

They offered goods, they offered gold,
The widow's heart was true;
"I will not sell him though I'm old,
And poor and needy too,
But you may come on sabbath days,
'Twill do you good, that song of praise."

Alas! they had no house of prayer,
The exile's lot was dark;
So, week by week, they gathered there
To listen to the lark.
He sang of England's daisied sod,
Of home, of childhood, and of God.

And holier, gentler thoughts awoke
In hearts long seared and dry,
And the skylark's sabbath preaching spoke
Like a message from on high.

And better men, the week along,
Were the diggers for that Lord's day song.

Oh, if God thus to the fowls of the air
  Hath given a work to do,
Oh, little lark, how shall *we* dare
  To be to *ours* untrue?
Unconscious, thou wert faithful; so,
Conscious, may we *as* faithful grow!

To wait for some great thing no need;
  God owns the small, the weak;
And our daily life, if lived indeed,
  For God and heaven may speak.
And he can make our common ways
Breathe forth like thee a song of praise.

M K. M.

THE GENTLEMAN WHO LIVED IN A TREE.

THE GENTLEMAN WHO LIVED IN A TREE.

This gentleman is not at all like the grave, solid, heavy-looking individual of whom we last spoke (the bear); on the contrary, he is a restless, frisky gentleman, here, there, and everywhere, of most active habits and untiring energy. His head seems brimful of plans and purposes, and he gives himself no rest till he has carried them out. I am afraid they are all for his own benefit, and of no good to anybody else. Well, he has his own living to get, and we do not blame him for doing it in earnest. It is all well as far as it goes, and anything is better than laziness.

With all this activity he is very shy and of a suspicious temper. I have often wished to get near enough to have a little talk with him; but, no, he is off like a shot the moment he sees me, and, as his heels are swifter than mine, I have never yet been able to overtake him.

He has a fancy that everybody wants to rob him, or kill him, or make him prisoner; so he has taken to living in a tree, and thinks he shall be safer there. He has been used to climbing trees ever since he was quite little, so it is easy work to him, and not a bit of trouble. He has built a house in the tree, too, all by himself, as he could not find anybody else to do it to his mind. A very cosy house it is, I can assure you; the walls are thick, for he likes the cold kept out; there are no chinks nor crevices, for he is very particular about draughts, and the workmanship is good all throughout—nothing slurred over,

nor done in slovenly fashion. The builder acted upon that excellent principle, "If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." He had no workmen under him; he was architect, carpenter, bricklayer, painter—all in one; inside and outside it was all his own doing, and right well he did it.

But the house when finished was rather hot for the summer, it was so air-tight; so the gentleman set to work and built himself a second one, cooler and more airy; so (luxurious gentleman that he is) he has two abodes, like a town house and a country house. One is a nice summer parlour, where he can lie at his ease and feel the breeze blowing gently in, and watch the flickering of the leaves through the little slits which he has left for windows. The other a snug winter home, where he can listen to the storm raging, and never feel it, except that perhaps the house may shake a little when it is very rough.

He has no need to know much about wind and weather, for he has taken care to store up a large provision of the things he is likely to want, so he is not obliged to go out; and he is so constituted that though he takes a quantity of exercise all the summer, in winter he keeps quite well, though he does little else but eat and sleep.

Well, I know you have found me out before this; you have recognised your old friend the *Squirrel*, the pretty little animal you sometimes catch a glimpse of amongst the branches, or sometimes see more at your leisure in one of the round open cages which people suppose he likes best when he is a prisoner.

Here is a short fable about him to conclude with.

A mountain and a squirrel once had a quarrel. How it happened that the *great* and the *small* came near enough to quarrel I do not know, but the fable says they did. They came to words, and at last the mountain lost all patience, and called the squirrel a pert, conceited young fellow. The squirrel felt himself getting very hot; but (admirable squirrel!) he waited till he had cooled down, and then he remarked—"Well, if I am not so large as *you*, neither are you as small as *I*. Storm and sunshine make up a year, and small things and great things make up the world. It is quite true I cannot carry forests on my back as you can; but then you can't crack nuts, can you?"

The squirrel was quite right, for little things and little people can do some work which great things and grown-up people cannot do.

The mountain had *its* place in the world, the squirrel had *his*; and however small or humble you may be, you have yours. M. E. M.

THE WEXFORD STONE.

"COME here, Arthur, and let me tell you of the Wexford Stone, which weighs about thirty tons, or sixty-seven thousand two hundred pounds."

"The Wexford Stone! What do you mean, uncle?"

"There is a stone on the sea coast, in the county of Wexford, in the province of Leinster, in Ireland."

"Oh! then it is an Irish stone, is it?"

"No, as the story goes, it is an Italian stone, for it came from Italy."

"From Italy! How could anybody take such a big stone as that from Italy to Ireland?"

"That is the very thing I was about to tell you; but while you ask me so many questions we cannot get on at all with our story."

"Please to go on then, and tell me all about it, and I will be as quiet as you please."

"Now then you shall have the whole account just as I heard it myself, some years ago, at a public meeting in Exeter Hall. It was related thus, by the Rev. Josiah Wilson:—'Many ages since, so the story goes, a saint was coming from Italy to convert the Irish, but after setting sail and crossing the ocean for three days, he found out that he had left behind him a parcel of clothes and his prayer book, so he requested the captain to turn back again.'"

"And did the captain do as he asked him?"

"Oh yes, he turned back again; but they had not gone far, so they say, before they met the great stone, that I spoke of, floating on the top of the water, with the saint's prayer book and clothes on the top of it."

"Floating on the water! I never heard of such a thing. A stone weighing thirty tons float on the water. I cannot believe it, uncle."

"I am not surprised at that, but the Irish Roman Catholics, who tell the tale, do believe it. They say that the captain got his ship behind the stone, and followed it as it floated along, till it conducted him to Wexford. There the stone landed, there it stood on the sea shore, and there it stands now."

"But you do not really believe it, do you?

"I believe that the stone must weigh thirty tons, and that it is now standing on the coast of Wexford, in the province of Leinster, but as to its ever having sailed on the sea from Italy, with the saint's clothes and prayer book upon it, I do not believe one single word."

"I thought not! And how the Irish can believe I cannot make it out."

"All Irish people do not believe it, but many of them who are very ignorant are ready to believe almost anything, especially if they think their priests believe it too. I have something else, however, to say about the great stone."

"Oh! let me hear it then, though it can hardly be so wonderful as what you have told me."

"At the bottom part of the stone there is a hole, not very large, but yet big enough for a person to creep through; well, do you know the poor, ignorant people believe that the stone works miracles, and that if they can only once creep through the hole all their sins will be left behind them."

"Why that is harder to believe than the other. Do the people really believe that?"

"Indeed they do, and hundreds and hundreds come to the place to creep through the hole of the stone, that they may thus get rid of their sins, while a priest stands by and allows them to do this in ignorance. Now do you not think it high time that these poor, ignorant people should be taught better things? Is it not high time that the word of God should be known among them and the gospel of Jesus Christ."

"It is, uncle; but I did not think any people in this part of the world were so ignorant as to believe that creeping through a hole of a great stone would take away their sins."

"I dare say not. You have been taught from God's holy word the truth, that if we would have our sins forgiven, we must go, not to great stones nor to men, but to Jesus Christ, 'who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree.'—1 Peter ii. 24. 'Who gave himself for our sins.'—Gal. i. 4. 'In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.'—Eph. i. 7. What have we to do with floating stones, and saints' prayer books, and creeping through holes, who have a fountain open for all uncleanness, even Jesus Christ; 'for the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'—1 John i. 7. We know that our Redeemer 'is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.'—Heb. vii. 25. 'Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.'—Acts iv. 12. Away then with great stones, and all other things that are stumbling blocks to hinder sinners from going to a Saviour."

"But why do not the priests tell the people better?"

"Why not indeed, Arthur? But that is a question, and rather a puzzling one I should think, which must be left for the priests themselves to answer."

"But how do you know that there is such a great

NOBODY'S OWN.

stone, and that it is really true that the people go in great numbers to creep under it."

"Nay, on that point I have no doubt at all; for, at the public meeting, the which I mentioned, where thousands of people were present, I heard the worthy Irish minister of the gospel say that he had seen, with his own eyes, the poor people creeping under the stone, while a Roman Catholic priest was standing by giving his sanction to the proceeding."

"Well then the stone ought to be taken away, or the hole stopped up directly."

"There would be, I fear, but little use in that; for, if you take away one stumbling stone from ignorance and superstition they will soon set up another. When the word of God and the gospel of Jesus Christ are spread among them, and the people through Divine grace are made wise unto salvation, you will have no more creeping through holes to get rid of sins, and few people will trouble their heads any longer about the Wexford Stone."

NOBODY'S OWN.

VIII.—NOBODY'S OWN HAS KINDNESS SHOWN TO HIM BY STRANGERS.

NOBODY'S OWN—but I shall not call him by this name any more, for it is no longer suitable; so I must begin afresh.

Charley, without another name, was very ill indeed. He became rapidly worse after his removal to Mrs. Smith's cottage; and in a few hours it was beyond doubt that he had the small-pox.

It was never known how he became infected with this sickness; but it was the doctor's opinion that he brought it with him from London, or "picked it up," as he said, on his way down. However this might be, I may say here that it did not make its appearance among the other hop-pickers after Charley was removed. This was a great wonder to Mr. Hammond, and a cause for much thankfulness.

Yes, the little fellow was very ill; and for more than a week his recovery was scarcely expected. It was sad to see him in such pain as he endured, and his countenance so swollen and altered with disease. He was very restless, too; and often, when so delirious that he did not know where he was or what he said, he seemed to fancy himself tormented by ugly things which he said were swarming on his bed, and mocking him with horrid looks. At these times he declared that he would not lie there any longer for anybody, and that he would get up and run away back to London again, where he should be safe.

The poor widow, therefore, had a painful and difficult task in nursing the wayward boy, but she did not regret having undertaken it. And when, after more than a week of very anxious watching, almost day and night, the little fellow began to amend, and to express his lively gratitude to his good nurse as soon as his consciousness returned, she felt more than recompensed for all her trouble and fatigue and care.

Very nearly the first thing Charley asked for when

he was only just strong enough to sit up in bed, was to be allowed to look at the picture-book he had seen on that Sunday afternoon of which we have spoken; and accordingly his good nurse put it into his hands.

"Them's the ugly things," said the boy, as he turned over the pages till he stopped at one particular engraving.

"What ugly things are you speaking about, Charley?"

He pointed to the picture; it was a representation of Christian passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Those children who have read the "Pilgrim's Progress" will remember most likely that Christian is said to have been much affrighted there with "hobgoblins and satyrs, and dragons of the pit." And in the picture which attracted Charley's attention were seen a number of strange figures like nothing that any one ever saw on earth, flitting about and crawling on the ground, very close to poor Christian.

"Them's the ugly things that crowded about the bed, and a-top of me," said the boy, shuddering at the remembrance. It was plain from this that the picture had made a great impression on his mind on first looking at it, and that his memory returned to it in his illness.

His nurse told him that it was only his disordered fancy; but Charley was at first hard to be persuaded that he had not been persecuted in that way. "I saw them as plain as anything," he said; but presently he admitted that he might be mistaken: he was, no doubt, if Mrs. Smith said he was.

The pious woman began then further to tell Charley, as far as she was able, what the picture really represented. She read a few pages of the book to him, and explained that good people, even those who love God, are sometimes troubled with temptations and evil thoughts and suggestions, as they travel onwards in their spiritual journey; and that often, in the prospect of death, their fears are very great, but that God is able to deliver them from both temptations and fears, and to lead them safely to his heavenly kingdom.

"I must read to you what a good man once set down about this," she continued, as she exchanged the book she had been holding in her hand for the Bible. And then she turned to the twenty-third Psalm, and read to Charley what is written there, ending with: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Charley listened attentively, but he seemed to understand not much of what he heard; poor boy, his mind was very dark. All these things were so new to him, and so very, very strange. He was willing to believe that it was all right in some way, because Mrs. Smith told him about it, and he was ready to take for granted all that she said; but he could not understand it.

At another time, when he was yet a little further recovered, Charley began to talk again about the book out of which his kind friend had read to him that Sunday afternoon, and also about what he had

heard Mr. Hammond read on the Sunday morning. It was plain that these things had made an impression on his mind, and that during the most painful part of his illness they had returned to it unbidden again and again. And this discovery encouraged Mrs. Smith to tell the poor boy more about the great love of God in sending his dear Son into the world to die for sinful men, and to recount the history of the Lord Jesus Christ from his birth at Bethlehem to his death on Calvary; and then to tell how Christ rose again from the dead and ascended to heaven, to carry on his great work of love and mercy there; and to send down the Holy Spirit to bring sinners to himself, and to sanctify the souls of all who believe in Jesus.

And the good and earnest teacher never failed—and oh, how lovingly!—to tell Charley that it was just such as he that Jesus came into the world to save and to bless; that his condescension and compassion were so great that little children were encouraged to go to him; and that his gracious promise to them, as to all, is "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

There were times when these instructions seemed to make a strong impression on the little fellow's mind; and his great ignorance certainly began to give way as the simple knowledge of Bible truths entered into his mind. The pious widow was thus encouraged to go on, by little and little every day, as the little invalid was able to bear conversation without weariness. But at the same time she very well knew that all her teaching, or her attempts to

teach, would be in vain without God's blessing; and I have no doubt that, with many tears of anxious solicitude for the little homeless and almost friendless boy, she prayed that God, by his Holy Spirit, would fasten instruction upon Charley's soul.

I shall shortly have to tell that God was pleased to hear and answer these prayers; but I must now for a little while turn to another part of my story. Before I finish this chapter, however, it is right I should say that Mr. Hammond did not neglect the sick boy. Every day through his illness he called to ask how he was getting on, and never without staying a few minutes to speak a few kind words to him as well as to the widow, and also to kneel down to utter a few earnest petitions to God on behalf of the sufferer. And he did not neglect his promise to supply Mrs. Smith with all that was necessary for the poor boy in the way of nourishing food, which it was out of her power to provide. None of this could be done by the farmer without a sacrifice, for at that busy time of hop-picking every moment was of value to him; but he did it cheerfully, because the love of Christ was in his heart.

It was Mr. Hammond, also, who engaged to pay the doctor for his services, though he might perhaps have thrown this burden upon the parish. But he would not do this because the poor boy had been taken ill while in his service. It need scarcely be added that the just and honourable Christian farmer took care to make up to the poor widow, as far as money could do this, for the loss of her hop-picking earnings.

CORN-FIELDS.

When on the breath of Autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating like an idle thought
The fair white thistle-down;

Oh then, what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvest hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new-shorn,
And see all round on sunlit slopes
The piled-up stacks of corn;
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore.

I feel the day—I see the field,
The quivering of the leaves,
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending unto their sickles' stroke,
And Boaz looking on;
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again, I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight,
God's living gift of love unto
The kind, good Shunamite;
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ago
Were full of corn, I see;

And the dear Saviour take his way
'Mid ripe ears on the sabbath-day.

O golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem!
The reaper-folk, the piled up sheaves,
To me are like a dream:
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there.

MARY HOWITT.

SUSIE BELL;

OR, THE DAILY LIFE OF CHILDHOOD.—VI.

"Leave off contention before it be meddled wit'."
Prov. xvii. 14.

ONE afternoon, near the close of the week, Susie saw the children coming home from school in a high dispute. Dick and Willie were angry with each other, and Kitty was trying to act as a self-constituted judge between them, and thus made herself offensive to both. Mrs. Bell was gloomy and out of sorts that day, and Susie ran to meet the children at the gate, to try to settle the quarrel without disturbing her.

"Stop! stop!" she playfully said, as she held down the gate-latch: "no quarrels here. Tell me all about your troubles, and see if I cannot settle them."

Of course all three began to talk at once, and Dick sprang over the fence, crying—"I won't have you to settle it; you always side with Willie. I will tell mother."

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried Susie, holding him back by the arm and neck. "Mother does not feel well to-day, and does not want to hear all this racket."

"So much the better," said the boy: "I can talk the loudest." And he struggled to get loose.

"But Johnny is sick," added Susie. This checked them all till she had time to say—"No, not sick, exactly, but burnt."

"Burnt! How? where? how much? asked every eager voice.

"He crept up to the stove and burnt his fingers so that two of them were blistered. Poor little fellow! how he *did* cry! But he has gone to sleep now, and do not let us wake him. Come, now, we will sit down right here and settle our difficulty by ourselves. You boys can be witnesses, and Kitty can be judge."

"I won't have Kit for judge; she don't know enough," cried both the boys.

"Then I do not see but I must be both judge and jury myself; so now each tell what is the matter." The case proved to be a very common one in the child-world. Dick was avaricious and loved to possess property. Willie was greedy, and loved good eating. Dick had a nice apple given him, which he sold to Willie for an old knife. Willie ate the apple, and then repented of his bargain and wanted the knife again. Susie tried to show Dick that he ought not to take advantage of the silly greediness of his younger brother; while she tried to show Willie that he ought to keep his promises. But neither would

yield, and both grew clamorous again—when Susie interposed with,

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,"

The next line was lost in the din—

"Let bears and lions growl and fight."

"I tell you I did not stop to hear you say hymns," cried Dick; "so finish your court quick, or I'll go to mother."

Susie saw that, although texts and hymns were always good, they were not always timely. So she instantly said, "Well, well, I will." She, however, bethought herself of a compromise, which was soon effected; and the boys went to the wood-shed to cut sticks, and Kitty to her play-house under the plum tree, while Susie stole softly to the low window, to see if the baby still slept.

"What is the matter, mother? Is he worse?" she whispered, as she leaned in and saw tears on her mother's face.

"No; he is well enough. But I have heard all that you and the children have been saying; and I could not help thinking, Susie, what a help you are to me, and how much trouble you try to save me, and what a good example you set before the other children." And, putting her arm over her daughter's neck, she kissed her so affectionately that Susie was perfectly confounded. Mrs. Bell was naturally stern and coarse; her narrow mind was taken up with her daily cares; and she very seldom caressed any of her children, except the one who was the baby for the time being; and this outburst was so unexpected to Susie that she could only say—"Oh, mother,

don't talk about it; I do mean to help you all I can; I know I ought to, for the Bible says, 'Honour thy father and thy mother;' so it is doing no more than I ought to do, you know."

"Well, you do honour us, and honour God too; I know it, and I ought to own it."

Susie could wait to hear no more. She slipped away, and had a good cry of joy. "Oh, how I do thank God that he will let children honour him in such little things as they have a chance to do! I wonder if mother will keep on feeling so, or if I shall."

But was Susie Bell now perfect? Did she now never do, or say, or feel wrong? If you were to ask her this question, she would tell you she often sinned and came short of glorifying God. And for your benefit she would let me tell you of a certain time when she was led by little and little to fall into a great deal of trouble. It was not by telling a falsehood, or stealing, or any other such open sin, which she and everybody know to be so wrong that they are not often tempted to commit it. It was one of those little, common, every-day affairs which occur to every child, and which children are apt to think are very small sins, unless, indeed, they never think of them as sins at all. But it is in the very beginning that we must watch against and overcome the evil, or it will soon grow to have giant strength.

But I will tell you about Susie's fault. It was only a few days after the happy time described in the last chapter. She was sitting up rather late one night, reading a very interesting Sunday-school book,

when her father told her she must go to bed, for he wanted her to be up and help get breakfast much earlier than usual the next morning, as he must go away by the early train. Susie wanted to read till she had finished that chapter only. "Well, read that chapter, and then go," he replied, as he went to his own room, where he was soon fast asleep.

When Susie reached the end of the chapter, the story had grown more interesting, and she could not leave it till she had just looked along a little way into the next chapter. But the next chapter did not satisfy, nor the next; and at length, fearing her father would hear her where she was, she took her book and her light to her own room, taking care to make noise enough on the way that her mother at least would hear her and think she had gone to bed.

With this attempt at deception, and resolving to spring up in the morning the moment she was called, she read on and on, till the clock struck twelve, long before she had finished the last page. Then she hurried into bed without an attempt to pray; for, of course, she did not feel a wish to pray then, and so she excused herself by thinking that she must go to bed now because it was so very late, and she would be called so early.

Alas! how easily do our wicked hearts deceive themselves, "deceitful above all things!" And our hearts are our very selves. We are too apt to get a sort of vague idea that "our hearts" are some troublesome things within us which bring us into difficulty without our consent, and that if it were not for our hearts we should do much better. This, when

written out, looks like a very foolish mistake; but do you not sometimes find it trying to make excuses for you? The Bible not only says the heart is deceitful, but it adds, "Who can know it?" It will take you a long time, as it did Susie, to learn all its devices, and to realize that the sins of our hearts are what make us guilty.

But where is Susie? Excited by the story, she lay a long time building air-castles, and thinking of the wonderful things she would have done and said if she had been in the place of the heroine of the story, and could have beautiful presents and hear the flattering words that would be spoken about her goodness and her beauty, till another hour had passed. And then she slept so soundly that her mother's voice in the morning only roused her enough to answer, "Yes, mother, in a minute." But the minutes fled apace, until there came another and a louder call. This time she started up confused, but dropped back again, "just to get her eyes open;" but they did not fairly open till her mother stood by her bedside, saying, angrily—

"Susie, why are you not up?" Then she flew about in earnest. But all the time she was ashamed of herself, provoked with her mother, stung by her conscience, dissatisfied with that condition in life which made it necessary for her to labour while so many others could lie in bed as long as they pleased; and she went down-stairs cross, and of course without asking God's forgiveness for the past, or his strength to assist her in her duties through the day. Of course, too, she was cold to her father, silent and

sour to her mother, and indifferent, if not unkind, to the little ones. Mr. Bell was in too much haste, and was off too early to notice it much; but Susie saw the look of wonder on Kitty's face, and it annoyed her. She grew more and more unhappy, but not yet penitent.

When the noisy little ones were ready for school, she gave them their dinner-basket, saying, snappishly, as she pushed them through the door, "Here, take it, and be off with you, so that we can have some peace in the house."

AVOID BAD COMPANY.

1. Do not keep company with any but those whose principles and conduct you know to be good.

2. Look to God for help, and pray that he may keep you from temptation.

3. Often read and give heed to what the wise man says about the danger of evil company:—"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. My son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path; for their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood. Enter not thou in the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away. Lest thou mourn at the last and say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof; and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me!"

SWEET LILIES.

THE lily is classed with the rose for elegance and beauty. Its name is derived from an old Celtic word, *li* (whence the French *lis*), meaning "whiteness." The common white lily has been cultivated in England from time immemorial; it is very hardy, and few plants are more readily increased and preserved.

There are various other kinds of lilies, as the lily

of the valley, the superb lily, the martagon, or Turk's-cap, the water-lily, and the Guernsey lily.

In the East the lily is regarded as a sacred flower. The most esteemed is the pure white. It is supposed that this flower came from Persia, whose chief city was called *Shushan*, which is the Hebrew name of this flower, and which means "light," or "splendour."

In eastern lands lilies grow in great profusion. not only in the gardens, but in the fields and by the wayside. Travellers speak in glowing terms of the beauty they add to the scenery, and of the sweet odour with which they fill the air; especially of that kind called in Scripture the lily of the valley. This plant is not the pretty humble plant known to us by that name, but the larger lily found in our gardens, and which in Palestine grows in its wild state.

Our Saviour graciously speaks of himself as "The lily of the valleys," Sol. Song ii. 1. And, in the next verse, the church is compared to a "lily among thorns."

Mr. Salt, when travelling in the East with a party of friends, met with a new and fine species of lily: it bore from ten to twelve blossoms on each stem; the colour was white, prettily marked with bright purple down the middle. The scent was very sweet. The whole party stood and admired the numbers of this flower spread over the landscape, and as they looked they were forcibly reminded of the words of our Lord: "Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not: and yet I say unto you, that

Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—Luke xii. 27.

Lilies! when the Saviour's calm, benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty; when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,
Eternal, universal as the sky;
Then in the bosom of your purity
A voice he set, as in a temple shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by
Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine;
And though too oft its low, celestial sound
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drown'd,
And the loud steps of vain, unlist'ning haste,
Yet the great lesson hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hush'd hour,
Than yours, meek lilies, chosen thus, and graced.

MRS. HEMANS.

From "Beauties and Wonders of Vegetable Life;" with numerous illustrations, published by the Religious Tract Society.

QUESTIONS ON GOSPEL HISTORY.—VIII.

MATTHEW iv. 1—11.

By what names is the devil called in Scripture?

Is it allowable to place ourselves in danger unnecessarily because God can preserve us?

Does Satan usually suit his temptations to the characters of those whom he tempts?

What does he do with those who have long resisted his numerous and cunning temptations?

What preserves the Christian from his malice and rage?

Have we any excuse for ever yielding to temptation?

How far will God suffer his children to be tempted? 1 Cor. x. 13.

What should we do when Satan tempts us?—James iv. 7.

What promise is made to those who endure temptation?—James i, 12.

Ought you not to be very cautious lest he should tempt you to sin?

THE TWO PEACHES.

Some evenings ago I went to the house where my young friend Lydia lives. She is eight years old. I sat for some time with this little girl and her parents. Her little brother Oliver was out in the garden drawing about his cart. The mother brought in some peaches, a few of which were large red-cheeked ones—the rest were small ordinary peaches. The father handed me one of the best, gave one to the mother, and then one to his little daughter. He then took one of the smaller ones, and gave it to Lydia, and told her to go and give it to her brother. He was four years old. Lydia went out and was gone about ten minutes, and then came in.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father.

Lydia blushed, turned away, and did not answer.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father again, a little more sharply.

"No, father, said she, 'I did not give him *that*."

"What did you do with it?" he asked.

"I ate it," said Lydia.

"What, did you not give your brother any," asked the father.

"Yes, I did, father," said she; "I gave him mine."

"Why did you not give him the one I told you to give?" asked the father.

"Because, father," said Lydia, "I thought he would like mine better."

"But you ought not to disobey me," said he.

"I did not mean to disobey you, father," and her bosom began to heave.

"But you did, my daughter," said he.

"I thought you would not be angry with me, father," said Lydia, "if I did give brother the biggest peach," and the tears began to fall down her cheeks.

"But I wanted you to have the biggest," said the father; "you are older than he is."

"I should like you to give the best things to brother," said the little girl.

"Why?" asked the father.

"Because," answered the generous, unselfish sister. "I love him so—I always feel glad when he gets the best things."

"You are right, my dear child, said the father," as he fondly folded her in his arms. "You are right, and you may be certain your father can never be angry with you for wishing to give up the best of everything to your little brother. He is a dear child, and I am glad you love him so. Do you think he loves you as well as you do him?"

"Yes, father," said Lydia, "I think he does; for when I offered him the largest peach he would not take it, and wanted me to keep it; and it was a good while before I could get him to take it."

A MORAVIAN CHILD'S HYMN.

Jesus' little lamb am I,
On his goodness I rely;
He, my gentle Shepherd, leads me,
In his pastures green he feeds me,
For he loves me, knows me well,
And my little name can tell.

Underneath his gracious staff,
I go in and out, and have
Pasture sweet around me lying,
Still my hungry soul supplying.
When I thirst, my feet he brings
Where the living water springs.

Should a lambkin then, like me,
Ever sad and thankless be?
When these pleasant days are ended,
On my Shepherd's bosom tended,
I shall go to perfect bliss—
Amen!—no joy can equal this!

This hymn is a great favourite with the German children.

It was written by Louisa Henrietta Von Hayn, who was for many years the principal of the Moravian Girls' School at Herrnhut, in Germany. Her own pious childhood, and great love for children, fitted her to be a most useful Christian teacher. So deep and tender in her young days was her sense of the love of Christ, that she would often retire to some secret place to weep.

When she was nearly twenty years old, in 1744,

she left her father's house, and betook herself to the nearest Moravian settlement. She thenceforth devoted herself to the interests of that pious body. She passed from one post to another, having for her special charge the instruction and care of the young. She died in 1782, after a life of great piety and usefulness.

WATCH AND PRAY.

ART thou young? and wouldst thou live
In peace that God alone can give,
Conquering every worldly lust?
Watch, and pray, and seek, and trust.

Art thou old? and wouldst thou die
A servant of the Lord on high?
Wouldst thou reign among the just,
Watch and pray and seek and trust.

Old and young, and rich and poor,
Sinner! death is at the door!
All are hastening to the dust,
Watch and pray, and seek and trust.

OLD HUMPHREY.

LORD, TEACH ME.

Lord, teach a little child to love
Thy sacred word of truth,
And send thy Spirit from above
To teach me in my youth.

Give me to read its hist'ries o'er,
And learn thy way to know:
The steps thy saints have marked before,
In them with care to go.

Teach me my lost estate to know,
My Saviour, too, to see,
Who died and suffered all his woe
To save a child like me.

Oh may I read of him with joy,
And learn to love him too;
And may I all my powers employ
His blessed will to do.

SEAWEEDS AND SHELLS.

Come to the winding ocean shore,
With steps so light and free,
Come forth and gather, little ones,
The bright things of the sea.
Come where the wild waves fling their spoil,
Where roll the billows back,
To spread before your wondering eyes
Strange creatures in its track.

Perchance you hear your elders speak
Of gold, and gold's delight,
But fairer smiles the treasure-house
Of nature to your sight.
The sea's wild plants, we call them weeds,
And shells of every hue,
While never take they wings and flee,
As other riches do.

Oh, children, I would have you love
Not only flower and shell,
But all the beauty and the grace
Which in this fair world dwell.

For a rich mine of gladness then,
Down deep in each young breast,
Through all the cares of coming life
Secure and still shall rest.

Earth may grow dark, my little ones,
Though now 'tis bright indeed;
And, oh! 'tis well to store up now
Light for the time of need.

Then nature's voice shall speak to you
As it hath done to me,
And bid you trust in nature's God,
Your God and guide to be.

M. K. M.

THE TRUANT.

THE TRUANT.

WHO is this rosy-cheeked little boy creeping along at a snail's pace? He sighs heavily and looks so very sad, one might fancy he had lost some dear friend. But, no, he is only going to school on a fine September morning, when the blackberries are ripe.

This is Tommy Peak, who lives with his grandmother in that little brown cottage. Only a few minutes ago he had coaxingly asked her to give him a holiday that he might go with Charlie Barton to gather blackberries. But when his grandmother said, "Tommy, my child, you must go to school now, you can gather blackberries in the evening, if you love Granny much you will show your love by doing what she bids you," Tommy put on a frown, and made his bright little face look as black as possible. He then took his school bag sullenly, and set off without the usual good-bye.

As Tommy moved slowly away, his grandmother stood at the door and watched him until a turn in the road hid him from sight. She then went in to make everything still tidier in her already tidy kitchen. But while her hands were busy with household work her heart was full of loving thoughts about her grandson. He, being an orphan, had lived with her ever since he was a baby, and her chief desire was to see him grow up wise, and good, and useful. But though she loved him most warmly, she loved him too well to indulge him in all his whims. And every day she prayed that God

would renew his will and make him an obedient child. Nor did she doubt that her prayers would be answered, even though Tommy might seem to forget her advice and make her sad by some boyish act of disobedience. Just as Tommy was getting near the school-house, Charlie Barton, who had been lingering about in hopes of meeting him, came up and tapped him on the shoulder with "Why, Tommy, did you bring your school bag?"

"Because she says I must go to school and not to the glen with you," answered Tommy, in a tone which seemed to say that he had been very hardly used.

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Charlie; "who likes to go to school such a morning as this, when the blackberries are dropping off the bushes? I can tell you old Mr. Crooks may call the roll twice to-day before Charlie Barton answers, 'Here, sir.' You may as well come with me."

"Gran said I must go to school," Tommy whispered feebly.

"And I say you must come with me, you know you promised," urged Charlie; "there, run and hide your bag behind the oak tree in our field, it will be safe enough till we return." Tommy knew he was doing wrong, yet he did it.

Away went the two boys through green lanes, until they came to the glen where the finest blackberries in all that part of the country grew. Hands and lips were soon purple from the rich juice, and a basket which Charlie had brought was getting quite full. By this time conscience had ceased to torment

Tommy, and, for the moment, he was almost wild with delight. For there is a passing pleasure in sin; and therein lies its power. Pleasure soon to be exchanged for pain. Sin surely brings sorrow.

"I say, Tom," shouted Charlie, "climb up here; did you ever see such beauties? just look at this bunch." Tommy did as he was desired, but in stretching forward to grasp a cluster more tempting than usual, he slipped and fell. He came down unhurt into a great bed of nettles, but in the fall his jacket was torn from collar to waist, and the basket he had carried was emptied of its precious contents. Partly from fright and partly from the stinging of the nettles on his hands and face, Tommy began to cry. Charlie was angry at the loss of the blackberries, and probably would have given him a hearty scolding, but that he saw some one coming up the glen whom he did not wish to meet, and thought it more prudent to run off in another direction.

This was no other than Tommy's grandmother, who had been visiting a sick neighbour, and was walking leisurely homeward under the shade of her large cotton umbrella. Old Mrs. Peak thought she heard a child crying, so she looked round and listened. What was her grief to find it was her own little grandson! The empty basket, stained lips, torn jacket, and blistered hands told the whole story.

Grandmother was too wise to ask many questions just then, too kind to give many reproofs. But lifting Tommy from the ground where he sat, she

took off the torn jacket, and holding him firmly by the hand led him to the village school.

The master sat in an armchair before his high desk, and looked surprised at Tommy's late arrival and singular appearance. However, he listened patiently to the story which Mrs. Peak told him. Tommy, ashamed to look up, leaned against the side of the master's desk, with one poor little nettled hand behind his back and the other resting on a form, while the great warm tears rolled over his cheeks, and dropped silently on his white shirt sleeve.

"I am sorry for what has happened," said the schoolmaster. "It is a mean thing to play truant. It is stealing time. It is acting a lie. I am sorry Tommy has done wrong. And I am sorry he has lost a great treat by his absence from school this morning. The squire has just been here and invited the boys to a tea-party in the glen to-morrow afternoon. I cannot ask Charlie Barton or Tommy to come with us. You may now go to your desk, and I will speak to you alone after school."

What passed between the master and his scholar we cannot say, but Tommy never played truant again, and is now the comfort and support of his good grandmother's old age.

EMILY'S WISH.

"I wish, I wish, I *wish!*" cried a little girl. "I wish so much. I wish I had curly hair; I wish

I had a pony; I wish I had as much money as I wanted. I wish—I wish! Now, what would *you* wish for first, Emily, just supposing wishes could come to pass?" turning to her cousin, who sat quietly sewing patchwork: "think, now; suppose wishes could come to pass, what would yours be?"

Emily turned up her serious face, and said, "A clean heart." Oh, what a wish was that! "A clean heart"—a heart renewed by the Holy Spirit—a friendly, obedient, grateful heart—a heart fearing God, full of tenderness, meekness, and love. What a precious wish was Emily's! and the best of it all is, that while curly hair, or ponies, or money, or any of this class of wishes may be quite beyond your grasp, Emily's wish, which is ten thousand times more valuable, *is* within your reach: *you* may have it, Emily can have it, and all children who truly wish for it may become the happy possessors of a "clean heart." Our gracious Lord can alone bestow this gift; and he does it if we trust in him and seek his mercy. "*Ask*, and ye shall receive." How encouraging is this! Will not Emily take courage, and try to get her wish? Are there not many, many other little girls who *feel* the same wish, though perhaps they never expressed it? Let it be your chief wish, and not your wish only, but your chief, first desire, above all things else, to obtain it. Let your sincere, humble, and earnest prayer be, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN,

ON THE ERECTION OF A NEW SCHOOLROOM.

Look down with favour, Lord, this day.
On all assembled here,
While at thy feet our gifts we lay.
To help these walls to rear.

With joyful hearts and willing hands
These offerings we devote,
And pray that, while this building stands.
It may thy praise promote.

Here may the young be early taught
Their Maker's name to fear;
Here may the rising race be brought
Their Saviour's voice to hear.

Here may the little ones be led
To sit at Jesus' feet,
And youthful minds with truth be fed,
And find instruction sweet.

The day of small and feeble things
The Lord doth not despise:
Then let our offerings, King of kings,
Be pleasing in thine eyes.

Essex. J. B.

THE CAT-BIRD.

"WHAT sort of a looking bird is he, father?" asked Lily, about the cat-bird of which her father had been speaking. "Is he pretty?"

"Not a very pretty bird," said her father, "but one of the most affectionate of all the birds, and very courageous; and although he makes that singular mewing note like a cat, from which he is named, he has mellow, rich tones, and sometimes imitates, very

sweetly, the pleasant songs of other birds. When anything disturbs him he shows the greatest agony of suffering, and really awakens our sympathy by his distress.

"It is a bold bird, and fights the snake with much courage, and drives it away. The female will cling to her nest even after it has been removed to another tree, and will peck at the hand that attempts to touch her young. She makes a large nest of twigs, briers, and withered leaves, lined with roots, and in it she lays four to six plain, glossy, greenish-blue eggs, from which she hatches her little brood; and if anything comes to disturb them, her cries call all her neighbours around her.

"There is something very remarkable in the instinct of the cat-bird, which enables it to know when the note of distress is real. A mimic sorrow it pays no heed to; but God has given it such an acute sympathy that it is never deceived with regard to its neighbour's cry."

"Is it not wonderful, mother?" said Lily.

"It will follow a strange person through the woods, too, so great is its curiosity," said Mrs. Nichols.

"Will it? Then I'm going to the woods to see," said James. "Come, Lily. Of all the birds we have heard about yet, I think this the best." But remember, it is not to be found in our English woods; it is a native of North America.

SUSIE BELL;

OR, THE DAILY LIFE OF CHILDHOOD.—VII.

"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."—1 Cor. x. 31.

ALAS for poor Susie! In this state of mind there was no peace for her. She had let the old traitor—ill temper—into her heart, in addition to her disobedience; and they were mixing a bitter cup for her. As she turned from the door she had so rudely closed upon the children, she caught a look from her mother which said, as plainly as words could say it, "Ha! ha! poor child, I thought your religion would be short-lived."

Susie gazed at her for a moment, and then dropped into a chair, feeling too guilty to look up. But the tempter saw she began to be alarmed at herself, and he was ready to furnish her with excuses; and the old spirit of self-justification rose up in her heart.

"I was so sleepy, mother," she began, "and I am sleepy yet: it is too hard to have to get up so early."

"Yes, very hard for folks that do not go to bed till after midnight."

"But that book was so interesting I could not bear to stop till I had read it through. I don't believe I could have gone to sleep any sooner if I had left it without knowing how it would end."

"Oh, very well! I suppose it is all right for you now; but I have no great opinion of schools or books that teach children to disobey their parents, or get up cross in the morning."

This was enough. Susie saw where she stood, and what she had been doing. She burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh, mother! it is not the school or the book; it is me! I am all wrong. I did wrong last night, and I have grown worse and worse ever since. Oh! will you please to forgive me? I will try not to be so wicked again." And then, wrapping her whole head in her pinafore, she sobbed to herself, "I wonder if God ever can forgive me again!"

Mrs. Bell was a good deal softened by Susie's evident penitence. She knew well enough that once she would have behaved much worse without being sorry at all; and she now saw a greater change in the child than ever before. So she quite kindly replied, "Yes, I forgive you now that you are sorry; but I think you had better go to your work."

Each was glad to be rid of the presence of the other; and the moment Susie reached her room she threw herself upon her knees, most fully and humbly confessed all her sin, and implored forgiveness through the merits and for the sake of Jesus Christ. Oh, how precious He now seemed to her as the "way" through which she might once more come to her heavenly Father and ask for his pardoning love!

Now, perhaps my young readers may say we are making a great ado about a very little thing. But be assured that the smaller the fault the better it is for Satan's purpose, for the less likely you are to see the evil into which he is trying to lead you. People do not always know what are the difficulties which are in the way of Christian children, and which keep them from "growing in grace," and

becoming as "perfect in Christ" as they should seek to be.

Susie knew she had done wrong, too, and had set the children a bad example. It cost her a struggle to humble herself before them, when they were so often surly to her. But their faults, she knew, were no excuse for her own. She must act as well as profess the Christian spirit; and she determined to make amends so far as she could for her ill temper towards them. Accordingly, when they returned from school she was sitting with the baby on the door-step, looking very cheerful.

"Ha!" said Dick, as he came up, "rather better-natured than you were in the morning, I guess."

"Oh, Dick," she answered, seizing his hand, "I am very sorry that I was so cross this morning. I did wrong. Will you not all forgive me?"

"Oh, do not cry, Susie," said little Kitty; and she kissed away the tears. Dick whistled to drown his thoughts, and Willie clamoured for his supper.

The summer passed; and, when winter came, Susie could again be spared to attend school. This brought her into daily intercourse with her old playmates, and gave her a more wide opportunity to honour her Saviour by letting them see how much religion had improved her character. Yet it was a time of trial to this young disciple. She felt all the aversion natural to a diffident girl in the prospect of being made the subject of remark; for, with all her former faults of character, she had none of that silly vanity which leads many girls to

love to have people talk about them—a fault which they never succeed in hiding from anybody but themselves.

There were some who she knew would watch her conduct, and be ready to ascribe all her faults to her religion, forgetful how full of failings they had always thought her to be before her change. And among those of them who had been lately brought to love the Saviour she found a very great difference. Some appeared open and decided; while others were silent and desponding, as if they did not know on whose side they stood.

"How can you always be so happy, Susie?" said Jennie Bond, when they had been in school a few weeks.

"How can I help it?" replied Susie, with a smile. "It seems to me as if Christians ought to feel happy, or else they cannot feel grateful."

"But I feel so doubtful all the time whether I am a Christian at all. It seems to me if I was, I should be happier than I am now."

"Oh, Jennie! you would not turn back and leave the Saviour, would you?"

"No, not that; but I do not find so much happiness in religion as I did at first."

"Perhaps," said Susie, "it is selfish in us to be thinking so much about our own enjoyment. It seems to me we ought to be thinking how we can honour and obey God, and let him send the enjoyment when he pleases. I do not believe he will make us wait long. But I do not know enough yet to teach you half as well as your parents can."

"They never say anything to me about it," said Jennie; "and I cannot begin with them."

Susie was astonished. She did not suppose that parents who professed to be Christians ever lived in that way; and she began to think that, after all, she was no worse off than other children, and even perhaps not so bad, for she had nobody to look to for help at home, and so she looked directly to God.

But, when school closed at night, she thought she saw another reason for Jennie's despondency,—though this was probably a consequence of the other. Two of the boys were talking together, and, among their jokes and gibes, they used a great deal of profane language. Jennie was standing very near, and laughed heartily at their fun, without taking any notice of their profane words. Susie was too far from them to be heard without speaking at the top of her voice; and the next minute the boys had passed out of the school-house. As soon as she could see Jennie alone, on their way home, she asked her why she did not reprove those boys, instead of laughing with them, as if she was pleased with their bad language.

"Oh," replied Jennie, "they would only laugh at me, and say I set myself up for a saint."

"And what if they did? I'm sure that would not make you feel as much as to hear the Saviour's name used in the way they used it."

"I cannot bear to be laughed at, I never could; and, besides, it would do no good. They always talk just so: I cannot stop their fun, neither can you."

"And what if we cannot? It is not our duty to

stop them, but only to try, and keep trying, and wait patiently for God to stop them. It is not our duty to do anything but what we can do; and we certainly can try."

"I cannot talk to other people about religion as you can, Susan—I never know what to say; and then, too, I am always afraid they will ask me questions which I cannot answer: and so it is of no use to try."

"But, Jennie," said Susie, sadly, "if you go on in this way you will always be doubting and unhappy; Mrs. Acton says so."

"Oh, you are always quoting Mrs. Acton. But you know she is one of those perfect women that is not afraid to speak to anybody. And then she is forty years old, and has a great deal of influence. When I am as old as she is, I shall not be afraid to speak."

"Yes, she is a great deal more than forty; but she told me that till she was forty she went on just as you do now, and was always in darkness, and never knew what happiness was till she learned to overcome all her backwardness and 'speak for God' whenever anything seemed to call for it; and she has warned me so many times not to neglect this or any other duty. She says, if we begin to do what is right just as soon as we have a chance to begin, God will certainly help us."

"But I tell you, Susie, I do not know how. If I try ever so hard, I shall not say anything that I ought. Besides, for my part, I do not believe religion all depends upon talking to people."

"Oh, no, indeed! But it seems to me that if we

keep from speaking against sin when it comes before us, and sin in our schoolmates, too, we shall not take much comfort in praying at night, we shall feel too guilty of neglect; and, if we keep on neglecting it, we shall not dare, by-and-by, to ask him to forgive us. Do you not think so?"

"I do not know. Father always has family prayers at night; and, as I have to sleep in the same room with aunt Sarah and the two children, I have no chance to pray by myself."

"Oh, Jennie! and can you live so? I do not wonder you have no enjoyment. Why cannot you go to your own room alone a little while in the evening? Do not live so another day. Do begin to-night."

"But they will all find out very soon what I go for."

"That is no matter; and, indeed, it will be so much the better. Mrs. Acton says, one reason why the world think Christians are no better than other people is because we are so afraid somebody will see us acting, and hear us speaking, like Christians. We keep our light hid for fear it *will* be seen."

Here the roads parted; and here, too, the path of these two girls parted: the one went forward and up, the other backward and down.

NOBODY'S OWN.

IX.—BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

"If you please, these are not my clothes," said poor Charley.

"Yes they are, Charley. Master sent them for you. Your old ragged things are put quite away. We had to burn them, for fear of mischief when you got about again. You would not wish for any one else to have taken the disease from your old clothes, should you?"

"No, I don't want any one else to have it; but——" and Charley was so very much puzzled that he stopped short in what he was saying, and began to hold up one garment after another to the light. He could not hide the tears which came to his eyes.

It was more than a month after the commencement of hop-picking, and the season was now over. The hop-gardens were deserted and bare, and the tall poles which had supported the hop-plants were standing in stacks against the wall. The hop-pickers who had come from afar had returned to their homes, so that, of them all, only little Charley remained behind.

His illness had lasted long; but he was now slowly regaining strength, and had asked Mrs. Smith to allow him, not only to sit up in a comfortable chair, wrapped in a blanket, but to put on his clothes. She had therefore brought a bundle into the little bedroom, and at once opened it before him, for him to look at.

No wonder Charley was astonished. Instead of the ragged garments in which he had made his first appearance in Mr. Hammond's homestead, was a suit of stout new fustian, with bright yellow buttons, and warmly lined; three new shirts, and as many

pairs of stockings; a pair of good shoes for his feet, and a new cap for his head.

"They are yours," repeated Mrs. Smith, after enjoying for a moment the boy's surprise. "Mr. Hammond bought them for you. He said if you had not been taken ill you would have earned as much money as would have bought all these; and as it was not your fault that you were ill, and as we had to burn your old clothes, why—he thought it was only right, you know."

Charley did not reply. He seemed troubled in his mind.

"Don't you like your new clothes, Charley?" asked the widow, rather disappointed, if the truth were known, that the little fellow did not break out at once into a burst of gladness.

"Yes," the boy murmured softly; "I should think I do." And there was no doubt that he did. He put the new clothes on, however, with a little of his nurse's help, and then said he should like to walk out of doors, if he might.

It was a bright, warm day for that time of year, which was October, and Mrs. Smith thought it would perhaps do him good. "But do not go out of my little garden," she said.

"Not a little way on the road?" Charley asked.

"You had better not, I think—do you not know why?"

No, he did not, he said. Only, if his nurse thought him not strong enough, he was sure he could walk further than she fancied.

That was not the reason, she said; and then,

after a moment's consideration, she took down a little looking-glass, and told Charley to look at his reflection in it.

Was ever such a change in so short a time as poor Charley saw in himself then? He started back in alarm. "I know that isn't me!" he said; for though you may suppose that the little fellow had never indulged in the luxury of dressing before a glass, he had often caught glimpses of his reflection from the looking-glasses in London shop windows, and well he might be astonished at his altered appearance. The very form of his countenance was changed; as he believed, and his hair was cut short when he was in the worst of his fever, and not yet grown again; all this and more Charley saw for the first time, and he understood why his kind nurse did not wish him to be seen by any one on the road. And when convinced of this, he sat down and said, very despondingly, "It is regular spoiled, I am anyhow."

"You will not be always like this, Charley," said the widow, in a soothing tone; "as you get quite well and strong your natural colour will return, and you yourself will be accustomed to the change. But till then, you see, it will be better not to expose yourself too much to others. And, Charley, if your face is a little altered for the worse, as you may think, and your heart should be changed for the better, don't you think it will be all right then? For, Charley, my poor boy, it is only man that looks at the outward appearance: God looks at the heart."

But still Charley did not speak. It was not

sullenness that kept him silent, nor ingratitude, nor disappointment, nor grief. The truth is, so many strange things had happened to him since he left London, and so much which he did not understand was going on not only around but within him, that he scarcely felt himself to be the same uncared-for, untaught boy he had all his life known himself to be. It was this which kept him silent, and caused him to wonder in his heart what other strange things would next befall him. His mind was in confusion, and it was not all at once that he could disentangle his thoughts and feelings.

* * * * * * *

About a week after Charley had taken his first walk out of doors since his illness, he was sitting with his kind nurse in her cottage. It was in the dusk of evening, and having been reading and talking to Charley for some little time, Mrs. Smith now sat quietly watching his countenance in the fading light, for she thought he had been, and still was, greatly moved that evening. The first to break this silence was the boy himself, who said, very abruptly, "These will not be of much use to me when I get there again."

"What do you mean, Charley?" asked his friend.

"These clothes," said he, looking down upon himself.

"When you get where, Charley?"

"When I get back to London. Why I shall soon be robbed of them, and——," somehow, he could not get on—the words would not come.

"But what has put into your head that you are to

get back to London? Are you so tired of living with me?" said Mrs. Smith.

Tired of living with *her!* Charley's looks expressed more astonishment at the question than can well be put into words.

"And why are you in such a dreadful hurry to get back to London?" she asked again.

Charley sobbed out that he was not in a hurry to get back at all; but, of course, he would have to turn out now that he was well enough, and where was he to go but to London? it was the only place he knew anything about.

"And what shall you do, and where shall you go, when you get there?" Mrs. Smith asked still further.

Charley did not know. He should have to go back to one of his old lodging-houses, he supposed, "and—and be just Nobody's Own again," he added, in a subdued tone.

"Charley, would you like to be Somebody's Own?"

"Yes; indeed he would, if he could."

"Would you rather go back to London, or would you be satisfied with staying here?"

The boy looked up eagerly. "I would never go back to London if I could help it," said he, sorrowfully.

"Would you like to stay with me always, Charley?" continued the poor widow, with glistening eyes.

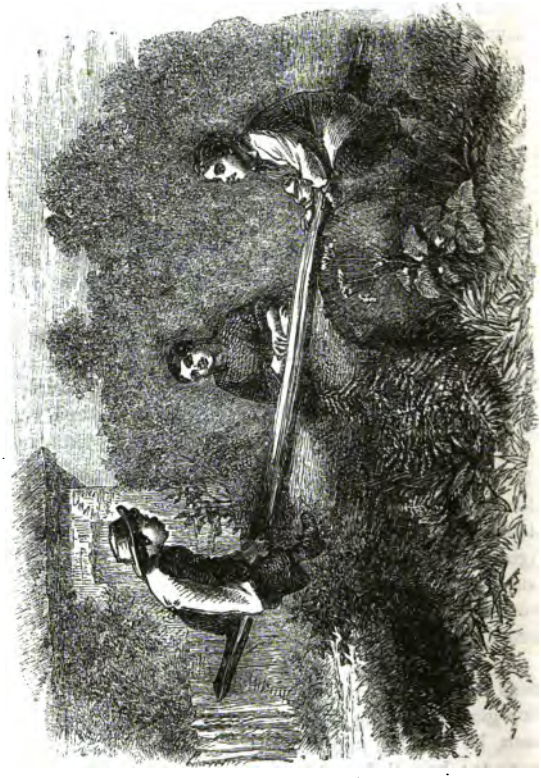
"If you please don't," pleaded the little fellow; "you are only making game of me," and he looked very sorrowful."

"But I am not making game of you, Charley. I want you to stop here with me. You would be a comfort to me; and—and I cannot bear to think of your going back to that naughty London you have told me so much about. Stay with me, Charley—do!"

It needed no more. In another moment the boy was leaning on his nurse's arm sobbing—sobbing—but they were glad tears which he shed there. He was Nobody's Own no longer.

There is only a little more to tell, and that little may be told in a few words. A text is to be found in the Bible which says, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days," Eccles. xi. 1. The meaning of this is, that true-hearted and unselfish kindness is almost certain of some kind of return. And so the Lord Jesus Christ tells us that with what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again—"good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over," Luke vi. 38. Especially when Christians, out of the love they have for their Lord and Master, strive to do good to the souls as well as the bodies of their ignorant and distressed fellow-creatures, we are quite sure that they will not lose their reward, though sometimes the good seed they sow may seem to remain long in the ground.

Mrs. Smith never had reason to regret the kindness she had shown to the poor little outcast of the hop-garden. Long afterwards, when Charley was a man, he was the support as well as the comfort of her age; he called her his mother, and she loved him as her son. This was happiness to her; but, better



THE SEE-SAW.

even than this, the seed of heavenly truth which she had planted in his soul sprang up, by the Divine blessing, to bring forth fruit unto everlasting life. And those who in after years knew Charles Smith (for by this name he soon came to be called), as an intelligent, active, loving, Christian man, would scarcely have conceived, until assured of the fact, that the early years of his boyhood were passed in scenes of vice and wretchedness in a large city—when he was NOBODY'S OWN.

THE SEE-SAW;

OR, MAKE YOUR OWN PLEASURES.

THERE was a large and pleasant nursery, fitted up with everything likely to make a little boy or girl happy. On one side were shelves stored with books of such various kinds that they would suit every humour you might happen to be in; stories and tales, histories and travels, books for Sunday and books for Monday. Underneath, on a large table, were a pile of picture-books; and, more attractive still, three beautiful ships, with sails, and rigging, and little cannon all complete, as if they were real vessels, and so constructed that you could take them for a make-believe sail along the passage, when you could not put them on the pond out of doors. On the other side of the room was a rocking-horse, and in the middle were two ropes, fastened by hooks to the ceiling, by means of which you might swing,

or twist yourself about into some of the strange attitudes which little children delight in.

But the owner of all these pleasant things did not seem any the better for them; on the contrary, he was standing at the window, pressing his nose against the pane as if he was not thinking about them at all. A long yawn made Nurse look up from her work. "Why don't you get something to do, Master Henry?" she asked.

"I can't," replied the child, "for there is nothing for me to do."

"Well, did I ever hear the like of that!" cried Nurse. "Why there's the swing, and the ships, and the rocking-horse, besides heaps of puzzles in the cupboard."

"I don't want them," said Master Henry; "I'm tired of them all, I want to go out."

"Very likely, sir, in this drizzling rain; spoil your clothes, and catch your death of cold into the bargain. Other young gentlemen would be satisfied at home with all these playthings."

"I don't care about other young gentlemen; I know *I* can never do anything I want to do."

"Oh, Master Henry, for shame; when there's everything got for you, and everything done for you, and you ought to be the happiest little boy alive."

We do not wonder that Nurse should be shocked, but she was wrong there, for there was no *ought* in the case. Nobody ever *is* or can be happy, although he may have everything to make him so, unless his own mind is in a state to be pleased and to be made happy. Henry was a spoiled child—his mind in

consequence was restless and discontented; and when we have those feelings *within* us, they put everything wrong *outside* us. It is quite impossible, then, for outward circumstances to please us—it is like having a mist before our eyes, so that we cannot see the sunshine and the pleasant things of life.

Just outside the garden wall of the house where Henry lived, a different scene was going on. Some large trees had been cut down, and were lying by the roadside; some carpenters had left a plank there too, and as Tim and Bob, the gardener's boys, came home from the village school, the prospect it held out of a see-saw was much too inviting to be resisted. So the plank was hoisted over one of the fallen trunks in a minute, and in another minute the two boys were going up and down on it to their hearts' content.

"I say, Tim, ain't it famous?"

"Glorious!" shouted Tim, in reply, as his turn came to go up; and their sister, who had come out of the cottage to look on, clapped her hands in company. True it looked as if it would rain, but the prospect of it did not spoil their fun a bit.

Yet these children were very poor, their clothes were coarse and threadbare, and they did not always get quite enough to eat: how was it they could be so happy?

I will tell you. It was because they had contented spirits, and because they were *making their own pleasures*. Children who contrive their own plays are generally happier than those who have everything ready-made to their hands, because—and it is

the same with men and women too—what we find out for ourselves always gives us more pleasure than what is done for us by others.

Have you not often noticed how some people go about getting something pleasant out of everything; while others, do what we will for them, never seem satisfied? There is no doubt that God gives this happy disposition to some more than others naturally, but all may attain to some degree of it by trying, and with his gracious help. It is often very hard work for grown-up people to learn it, but to you it is easy; and the habit once gained, you will find life all the brighter for being able to turn small things to account, and make, as it were, sunshine for yourselves.

Our blessed Saviour says, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth;" and one meaning of the words is, that great possessions can never of themselves give us happiness. Our *real, true* life we carry with us in our own hearts. We must have peace there, peace with God, peace with ourselves—this is life. Then if we have outward blessings we shall enjoy them indeed; but if not, God can and will make *a little* enough for our happiness. Now take one more look at Tim and Bob's see-saw, and then go and try to make your own pleasures out of the common things of life

M. K. M.

QUESTIONS ON GOSPEL HISTORY—IX.

MATT. IV. 12—25.

How long was this prophecy spoken before it was fulfilled?

Did all who followed Christ in this way believe on him?

Do not many now profess to follow Christ, who in their hearts deny him?

What part of the Bible tells of the distribution of the twelve tribes?

Where was the lot of the tribe of Levi?

Jesus preached repentance—when will it be too late to repent?

What was the use of the Jewish synagogues?

Did the Jews offer sacrifices, and burn incense in them?

What was the service which they performed in them?

What were the peculiar benefits derived from the establishment of synagogues?

Had they any printed books then?

How were the truths of the Bible then circulated among the people?

What was meant by being fishers of men?

What does the conduct of the two brethren teach us?

What proof have you in this lesson that Jesus Christ is God?

What should we do for the sick and needy?

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

SEE! the swallows are getting together in the air and flying round and round. I guess what they are all about. Winter is coming, and so they are going to fly to a warmer country. But how do they know the way? That is a puzzling question. Stay a moment! I have found it out now! The good God who made them teaches them to fly across the sea, and therefore they cannot miss the way. Yes! that is it. No wonder that God is so good to the poor birds, for it says in his holy book that "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works."—Psalm cxlv. 9.

THE COCKCHAFER.

I CAUGHT a merry cockchafer
Upon an old oak tree,
And while I took a peep at him
He seemed to peep at me.

But did I pierce him with a pin?
Was I so much to blame?
Oh no, for that had been a sin,
A sin and burning shame!

I only held him in my hand
While crawling very slow,
And looked upon his russet coat,
And then I let him go.

God made us both, and we were friends,
  And oh how pleased was I
To see him stretch his russet wings
  And o'er the hedges fly!

HARVEST HOME.

Trusting in the patient earth
  For the coming need,
Went the hopeful sower forth,
  Bearing precious seed.

Precious seed and full of hope,
  Scattered far and wide,
O'er the plain, along the slope,
  And by the river side.

Softened by the early rain,
  Quickened by the sun,
Every little planted grain
  Peeped forth one by one.

Nourished by the rain and dew,
  And the genial light,
Blade by blade it upward grew,
  Growing day and night.

Duly to the harvest white,
  Goldenly it glows,
As with grateful heart, and light,
  Forth the reaper goes.

Brightly as the sickle swings,
Flashing in the sun,
Merrily the reaper sings,
While the moments run.

Onward as the strong man goes
Fall the golden heads,
Till the grain, in beauteous rows,
All the field o'erspreads.

Now, upon the groaning wain,
Pile your treasures high,
Thankful for the gentle rain,
And the sunlit sky.

Grateful for the bounteous earth,
Trusting all to come,
Now with hymns of cheerful mirth
Bring the harvest home.

WITHERED LEAVES.

WITHERED LEAVES.

THERE were plenty of withered leaves that bright October morning, as two little girls, Sarah and Hannah Green, ran home from school at twelve o'clock. Plenty in the lane in which the school-house stood, the lane which was so sweet with primroses in the spring, with honeysuckle and wild roses in the summer; but was now strewn over with yellow leaves, and brown leaves, and red leaves, not all of one shade, as *we* should have painted them, but of endless variety. Yes, the traces of the hand of God were there, even on those dead leaves in that country lane.

Plenty too there were in the wood through which the children's path lay, and as they kicked them on one side they liked to hear the rustling sound their feet made amongst them. They liked it (everybody *does* like it), but they did not know why. Neither, I suppose, did they know why they were in the habit of stopping and sitting down on the stile at the end of the wood; perhaps it was because from this spot there was a peep of landscape: blue, hazy, undefined, melting away into the distance; perhaps because you could just there see the village and the church through the trees; perhaps, after all, it was only to take breath, but they did it always, and so they did it to-day.

These little girls were not sisters but cousins, living close together, and as they were about the same age, and were also in the same class, both of week-day and Sunday-school, you very seldom saw

one without the other. So here they sat upon the stile together, one looking into the wood behind, the other forward into the field, as was their custom, while showers of leaves fell down upon them as the breeze passed by.

"I am so sorry the summer is over," said Sarah at last, with a sigh; "I wonder why the leaves cannot keep on always, as the laurel leaves do in our garden."

"Oh, but then you know," replied Hannah, who was a thoughtful child, "everything would have to be altered; because if they always kept on, of course they could not come out fresh in the spring, indeed there could be no spring at all, could there? and I don't think we should have any anemones in April, for they always seem to spring right up out of the dead leaves."

"Oh, I'm very sure dead leaves can't be of any use," exclaimed Sarah, "all shrivelled and dried up as they are; why they are dead, and there's an end of them."

"I don't know," said Hannah, doubtfully; "I suppose everything is of use, only we may not know it; at least so Miss Evans says."

"Oh, well then we will ask her;" and Sarah sprang down from the stile, Hannah following her, and they had a race which should get home first.

Miss Evans was these children's Sunday-school teacher, supposed by them to know everything; and as to stories, who ever had such a store, and who ever told them so well? Miss Evans's heart was in her work, so that all through the week her

constant thought was, "How can I best impress this truth on my dear children's hearts;" or, "How can I best win them and train them for Jesus?" And all through the week the first waking thought of her ten little scholars was, "How near is it to Sunday?" I do not mean to say they were all equally good, for some were too fond of dress, and seemed to be thinking more of their fine clothes than of what their teacher was saying. Others were fond of talking instead of listening, and one or two were such fidgets they disturbed all the rest. But at any rate they all loved their teacher, and did remember something of what she said to them.

After the reading was over on a Sunday afternoon, Miss Evans would encourage the children to talk of anything that interested them, and then she would end by telling them some interesting story. On the following Sunday to the day of which we were speaking Miss Evans asked them as usual if she could help them in any difficulty, or whether there were any texts they wanted explained.

As none of the others spoke, Hannah Green plucked up her courage and said, "Not a text, teacher; but please will you tell me if dead leaves are of any use? do the anemones in the spring grow out of them?"

"You have chosen a very suitable autumn subject, Hannah," replied her teacher, "and you know I am always pleased to see you take an interest in the objects of nature. Just now the withered leaves are so thrust upon our notice, it is right to inquire a little about them. You are not quite right about

the anemones, however, because if you had pulled up one you would have found that, though they do seem to grow out of the dead leaves, their roots are really down in the soil very far below. But still, I hardly know whether without these dead leaves we should have any flowers at all. Listen, while I try to explain it to you; the plants and trees are always drawing up nourishment out of the soil in which they grow; but, if the soil were always to go on giving them its goodness, and getting no food itself, it would soon become dry and poor, and there would be no juices left in it for the roots to suck up. But the dead leaves have got just *that* in them which would make the soil rich again; they fall down, the autumn rains come upon them, and bear down their juices into the earth, and so the dried up ground becomes a fountain of life again, and this year's withered leaves go to make the sweetness and the brightness of next year's flowers."

"Then, teacher," said Hannah, thoughtfully, "though we call them dead, there is work for them still!"

"Quite right, Hannah, and when you throw them about with your feet as you run through the wood to-morrow you must think of this. It is very interesting to see how everything which God has made performs its part and fulfils its purpose, the mean things as well as the great ones. What can appear more worthless than a heap of withered leaves? Yet they are made to play an important part in the workings of nature. Here is a lesson for *us*, dear children: you and I may be unnoticed

and uncared for, but we may be quite sure there is something for us to do for God. How can you say you are too small, when even a withered leaf has a work to do? And I think when God strewed them all about us he intended to make them like texts, from which we should each one preach a sermon to our own hearts. Our lives fade like the leaves, and every time we walk over them we should breathe the prayer, 'So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' This is another way in which they may be useful."

"Please, teacher," said Lucy, the smallest child in the class, "don't you know any story about withered leaves?"

The others smiled and looked at each other; they thought now Miss Evans *would* be puzzled!

But she only smiled too, and then replied, "I think I do, Lucy, and one which will finish up our few minutes very suitably; so listen.

"A large country village had been much neglected, and a distant hamlet belonging to it was seldom or ever visited by a minister. The people spent their time at the public houses, and lived without God in the world; with very little comfort in this life, and no hope for another. At last some Christian people hired a room, and there on Sundays, and often on week nights, the Bible was read, and the gospel was preached. It was good news indeed to the poor neglected ones; they said they had never heard the like of this before; and it was blessed to the souls of many of them. The little room soon could not contain half who pressed into it. 'Let us build

ourselves a church,' said these poor but earnest people, and with hearty good will they set about it. Friends helped them; God prospered the work; and the church was soon begun.

"Among the listeners in the room had been one aged man, to whose heart the message came; he learned there was a better home, and now, with all his might, he began to prepare for it. All his life he had lived to himself, now he wanted to live to his glory who had died for him on the cross. Above all things he wished to do something for the house of God, that others might hear those truths which had brought peace to his own soul. But he was very poor; he had only a trifle from the parish: what could he do?

"It was autumn, as it is now; the walls of God's house were up, but there was no roof on yet; day by day the October winds scattered the yellow leaves all over the inside of the building, and day by day the old man went and cleared them away, picking them up in his hat with feeble, tottering steps, but a loving heart.

"Poor old man! it must have been a touching sight to have seen him, himself like a faded leaf, at his simple self-chosen labour of love. Perhaps *you* may smile at his humble service, but you may be sure the Lord accepted it for the sake of the love which prompted it. And he did something more than this; he laid by twopence, at the cost of much self-denial, to put in the plate the day the church should be opened. The day came, indeed, but the old man did not need an earthly temple any

THE STRICKEN-DOWN BUTTERFLY.

more; God had sent for him to worship for ever in heaven.

"Dear children, take this lesson home with you from the old man's story and from the withered leaves; don't wait till you can do great things, but try and do something. Do the small things as they come, and God will soon show you greater ones. The withered leaves do *their* work, may you have grace given you to do *yours!*"

M. K. M.

THE STRICKEN-DOWN BUTTERFLY.

One of the earliest acts of cruelty on the part of childhood is that of running after a butterfly, knocking it down with a hat or cap, and tearing or injuring its wings by rude handling.

At the turning of a lane I came suddenly upon a little boy and girl who had just knocked down a butterfly. The moment they saw me they stood still, as though they were half ashamed of what they had done. I walked up to the spot, and began to talk to the shivering insect as it lay on the grass by the wayside.

"Poor trembling creature!" said I, "what makes you lie there as if you were in pain? What, cannot you speak? Then I must speak for you, and this little boy and girl shall hear what we have to say to each other."

The children first looked at me and then at the butterfly. "Oh," thinks I, "I shall find the way

by-and-bye to your hearts." So I went on speaking thus, just as if the little insect at my feet had been talking with me.

"Tell me, poor trembler, how you came here? Whose butterfly are you?"

"I belong to him to whom all things belong. To him who made heaven and earth, and you, and that little boy and girl."

"Then you are one of God's little butterflies, are you?"

"Yes, and he in his goodness made me very beautiful. He gave me wings to fly with, and covered them with fine feathers of different colours, as you see."

"Then why do you lie here quivering? Why do you not get up and fly about and be happy?"

"I was flying about in the sunshine, as happy as I could be, when two persons ran after me. At first I did not think that they meant to do me any mischief; but all at once, when I was about to settle on a flower, and just before you came up, they savagely knocked me down."

"And where are these cruel people?"

"There they are! That little boy and girl."

"This little boy and girl! What had you done then to provoke them?"

"Nothing at all. They would not have done it if I had been able to defend myself. They were stronger than I, and there was no one to protect me."

"How cowardly and how cruel! But I am stronger than they are, shall I serve them as they have served you? Shall I knock them down?"

"No, no! Please not to hurt a hair of their heads. I am sure the little girl would not have run after me if her brother had not done so, and I do not believe that he would have behaved so cruelly if he had not seen other boys act in the same manner; but, oh! they know not the misery I endure. My legs are broken, my wings are torn, and I shall never fly about again in the sunshine. I feel that I am dying. Do tell them never again to act so cruel a part to one of God's little butterflies."

Here the poor insect, after trying to get up on its feet, quivered for a few moments, and then fell down on its side quite dead. The little boy had a cheek as red as a rose, and his sister looked as pale as a lily. I spoke not another word, but as I came away the little girl sobbed aloud, and her brother was trying in vain to bring to life again the stricken-down butterfly.

If young people could only once see a butterfly through a microscope, and examine the myriads of fine feathers which cover its wings; if they were only once to observe its delicate structure, so as clearly to understand how much damage even the touch of a light finger must do to so frail an insect, they would surely act more kindly than they do, and give up butterfly hunting for ever.

Butterflies are sometimes very numerous. The captain of a ship tells us that once when in South America he saw such a flight of these insects driven along by the northwest wind, that the sailors cried out, "It is snowing butterflies." The space they occupied, flying close together as snow flakes, was

thought to be two hundred yards in height, a mile in width, and several miles in length.*

Butterflies have been happily likened to flying flowers, and grateful should we be that such beautiful creatures adorn the world we inhabit. As God has been good to us, so ought we to be kind to his creatures. Not only should we love one another, but take a pleasure also in the lower creatures—

"And look around with kindly eyes
On beasts and birds and butterflies."

SUSIE BELL;

OR, THE DAILY LIFE OF CHILDHOOD.—VIII.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence."—PROV. iv. 23.

WE left Jennie Bond at the corner; and truly she seemed at that time to have turned a corner and taken the wrong path. Susie's efforts seemed to be lost upon her. She grew more and more remiss in the Christian life. Little excuses kept her from the sanctuary and the Sunday-school, and she often omitted secret prayer for days together; at times her conscience would not let her rest; and then she

* The traveller Lander also describes a sight in Africa. As he was lying under the shade of a palm, with his African servants, he beheld immense numbers of large butterflies flying above him. They were of the most brilliant tint. He says that the wings of some were of a shining green colour, sprinkled and edged with gold; others were sky-blue and silver; others purple and gold; and many were like dark silk velvet, trimmed with fine lace.

would try to begin over again, and think she would perform *some* duties, if she did not *all;* but in a few months she was back in the old place. She avoided Susie, and no one else knew much about her. But she had no real enjoyment either in the world or in religion, and was of no use to any one. God alone knows the heart; and he alone can bring her out of this dark pit—this destroying snare.

There were others of Susie's schoolmates from whose heart-history we may learn many useful lessons; and, before we go home with her, we will speak of one of them.

Julia Dale's besetting sin was not a hasty temper, like Susie Bell's, nor a cold, slothful spirit, like Jennie Bond's. It was a wild thoughtlessness, which made her an attractive companion, but an inconstant friend. All warmth for a time in whatever she undertook, she was of course thoroughly in earnest and excited about religion at particular seasons; but she soon grew proud of what she considered her superior Christian attainments; and, instead of seeing that, from her natural temper, she needed more watchfulness over her own heart than many other girls did, she grew careless,—depended upon her outward conduct, that would make more show before the world, and neglected to "keep her heart with all diligence." The consequence was, that she was thoughtless and vain, and was taking very little care to live or appear in any way different from her former self. Indeed, she tried to persuade herself that it would look like hypocrisy to do so.

Julia was also very much flattered, and equally

injured, by the partiality of the two reckless boys whom we have mentioned, and often, unconsciously to herself, but very visibly to others, showed a decided fondness for their society. They were noted in the school for their good scholarship, their (so called) wit, and their powers of mimicry; and, priding themselves upon these qualities, they felt at liberty to say and do very much what they pleased. These boys often said they liked Julia Dale because she kept her religion to herself and did not trouble them with it. But if they used the Bible to help out a joke when Susie Bell was near, she would always begin with her "Oh, boys, don't; it is so wrong!" If she would only speak cross, they said, or look sour or melancholy, they could get on with it. But she always seemed so grieved about it, and was so kind to everybody and everything, that they really had no heart to hurt her feelings; and they owned that they respected her and really thought ten times more highly of her than of Julia.

Julia saw how her example was working ill to others in the school, and the contrast between herself and Susie rose up to reproach her with her own guilty departure from the Christian path. She had a hard struggle to break the chains, but she became deeply penitent for her folly and sin, and once more returned to her first love. But the bitterness of the cup she had tasted always remained with her as a warning never to think more highly of herself than she ought to think, and never to trust to her own strength, or neglect to keep a close watch over her wandering heart.

"Oh," said she to Susie one day, "to think of the bad example I set before those boys, and before all the school, makes me ashamed to look them in the face! And then the battle I had to break away from them, and be a Christian before them: oh, I would not have to fight it over again for all the world. If God had not helped me, I never should have done it."

Did Susie Bell find no kindred spirits in the school with whom she could take sweet counsel? Yes, there were several such,—some with more, and others with less of Christian knowledge and constant devotion to the service of Christ. They had faults like other young people, but they watched against them, and they tried to avoid all the wrong and do all the right which they knew how to do. Though there was some danger of thinking themselves better than others, and of having a self-righteous spirit; yet even in this respect they were kept in a humble and meek temper of mind through the grace of the Spirit.

Mrs. Acton's advice was of very great service to them at this time, and also the advice of their parents,—for some of these girls had parents who were wise and kind guides.

Many were the pleasant talks these young persons enjoyed together that winter. In these conferences Susie was glad to sit as a learner. "Father read us such or such a good story last night: would you not like to hear it?" or, "explained this or that chapter in the Bible to us; and I can tell you now what it means;" or, "Mother told us a pleasant tale this

morning," was the preface to many a useful lesson imparted from the blessed storehouse of home instruction to those of the little circle who possessed no such treasure.

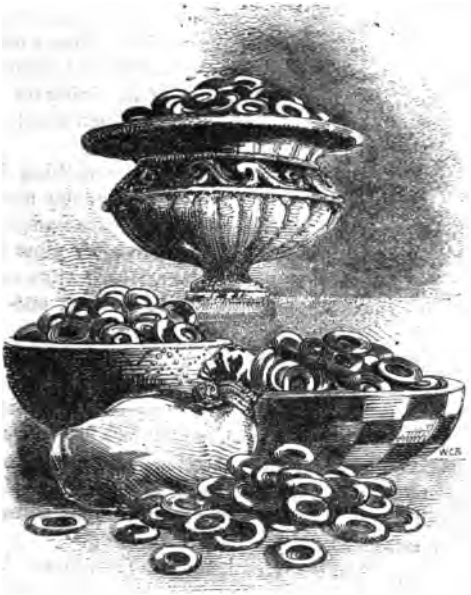
Among these was little Lucy Merwin, whom we left long ago going home and thinking seriously about becoming a Christian like Susie Bell. She and Susie had been much together, for their path to the schoolhouse was the same for a part of the way,—that is, from the four corners at the top of the hill; and here they often met in the morning and parted at night. Susie and Lucy had many gossips on their road, while the two boys played at snowball. Kitty was too young to go so far in winter, and therefore it was her business to play with Johnny at home; and this arrangement left Susie more at leisure to enjoy the walk with Lucy; and, by the blessing of God on the example and efforts of her little friends, the half-winter term had not passed away before Lucy too was found among the happy number who had given their young hearts to Jesus.

Nor was the quiet, consistent example of these Christian children lost upon the boys of the school. Some of them laughed at and derided them, but the girls usually bore all their taunts with silent patience. They made no display of their piety, but quietly kept on their way as if they heard none of their revilings. It was only when they became angry and quarrelsome that they sought to reprove them. This was a source of wonder to the rude boys, and it had a good effect. And thus, without

doing a single thing which could not be done by any child, these little girls were honouring their Saviour, and enjoying the constant assurance of his love to them.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT MONEY.

Do you understand of what use money is? Perhaps not. We often understand the use of a thing better



WHAT KIND OF MONEY IS THIS? CERTAINLY NOT RINGS.

when it is taken from us than we do while we possess it. Suppose, all at once, that money should be done away with. How odd it would be to see a gardener, laden with cabbages and turnips, running from one baker's shop to another to change his vegetables for a loaf of bread! A butcher, with a leg of mutton in one hand and a sheep's head in the other, hastening from one tailor's shop to another to exchange his meat for a new jacket! A grocer, carrying his tea, sugar, and spices, from shoemaker to shoemaker, to exchange his grocery for a pair of shoes; and a chandler, loaded with candles, calling at different draper's shops, with the hope of obtaining for his long-eights and short-sixes cloth for a new waistcoat, or a shawl for his wife!

All this would be very odd, but something like this would take place if there were no money among us. To get what we wanted we must give something which we possessed. The watchmaker must sell his watches for food and raiment; the butcher must pay his doctor's bill with beef and mutton; and the linen-draper with calico and cotton.

This would be a very awkward way of doing business, but with money we can do things in an easier way. Everyone knows that money will enable him to buy what he wants, therefore, he willingly parts with what he has to sell for money. When he has got this he can either spend it directly, or lay it by till he wants it. You see now what a useful thing money is.

Money is often mentioned in Scripture. The earliest notice is Genesis xxiii. 16, where Abraham

paid a sum of four hundred shekels of silver to Ephron, "money current with the merchant." It is not supposed that this was coined money, but only that weight in silver; for the ancient method of receiving or paying money was by weighing the pieces of metal, as is now usual in China and in some other countries. Burmah has no coinage. Silver passes in pieces of all sizes, and the amount is regularly weighed out. The first kind of money was not in the shape of round, solid pieces of gold, silver, and copper. In Egypt they used *ring* money, made of metal, which was strung together, or kept stored in bowls, bags, and jars.

There is no certainty of any coinage of money among the Jews till long after the return from Babylon. The penny paid to the labourers, Matt. xx. 9, for their day's wages, was a Greek silver coin, worth about sevenpence, which would then purchase more food than two or three times that sum now would buy.

There are many texts of Scripture in which money is referred to. Among them there is one to be laid up in our hearts. Listen—"The love of money is the root of all evil," 1 Tim. vi. 10. May we know how to use this talent, and not abuse it! We are God's stewards, and shall have to account for all that we possess, whether we have much or little of this world's wealth. Sad will it be for us if we have used our money sinfully, wastefully, or selfishly.

QUESTIONS ON GOSPEL HISTORY.—X.

LUKE VI. 6—19.

WHAT evidence have you in this lesson that Christ is God?

How did the Pharisees keep the sabbath?

Why should Christ's questions in verse 9 trouble them?

What sort of work does Jesus teach us may be done on the sabbath?

What does his example teach us with regard to prayer?.

What are the benefits of secret prayer?

What should we learn from our Lord's praying much before he set apart the apostles?

The Pharisees were very careful about Christ's actions on the sabbath—what does their conduct teach us?

Why do wicked people now watch the conduct of Christians?

What effect should Christ's knowledge of every thought have upon you?

Christ chose twelve apostles—what has he told his ministers to do? Mark xvi. 15, 16.

How and where did he send his apostles first? Matt. x. 5, 6.

THE GARDENER.

WHAT an odd man our John is! I went to him in the garden about an hour ago, and found him earthing up the celery in the deep trenches, where it grows, and clearing away the weeds from the

winter cabbages, lettuce and spinach. "What are you doing to-day, John?" said I. "What you ought to be doing, Master Edward, every day in the year," said he, "if I may be so bold as to say so. I am hoeing, raking, pulling away and destroying the weeds, as well as removing litter of every kind. What I am doing to the garden, you, seeking help from above, should be doing to your heart. We all of us want the weeds hoed, raked, pulled up and destroyed, and the litter taken away from our hearts quite as much as from our gardens." John is an odd man, but I think he is right after all.

A SENSITIVE PLANT.

One of the most curious little plants which grows is the "sensitive plant." Did you ever see one? One kind has little long stems, with small leaves growing out on both sides, and it bears modest pink flowers. Plants of this order are found in different parts of the world.

What makes it curious is, that it seems to *feel*. If it is touched the leaves shut up, and it lies down or starts aside; therefore it is called the "sensitive plant." It cannot bear to be handled. It acts as much as to say, "You hurt me. I shrink from your rude touch." It is a delicate plant, and God gave it this shrinking nature.

If you keep touching it, however, it loses for a time this power, and does not seem to heed what is done to it.

Now do you know that in the garden of your

heart God has put a little sensitive plant? You do not know it by that name, but you will when I tell you it is *conscience*. If properly cultivated it will shrink from the very touch of evil. It will say, and say *immediately*, "Be off! quit me! I do not wish to have anything to do with you; you will only injure." Such a conscience, you see, is a great blessing to anybody. A boy or girl who has that, and minds it, will go in the right way.

There is danger, however, of conscience losing its sensitiveness. If you should come in contact with evil too often, that is, if you allow yourself to see or hear what is wrong, or to go at all with bad companions, or put yourself in the way of temptation, conscience will become insensible; it will get into the habit of not feeling, not caring, which is very dangerous, because then a young person may go very far astray, almost without knowing it.

Take good care, then, of this precious plant. God put it in your bosom to warn you of the very approach of sin. Do not tamper with it. Keep it tender, and you will have reason to bless God for its faithful cautions.

THE WISE COUNSELLOR.

An Eastern Prince demanded to know, from two of his wisest counsellors, how he might make his people most happy, and allowed them two months to prepare their reply. At the required time the two wise men stood before their master, the one bending beneath a great roll of papyrus leaves, containing

two hundred written rules, the other walking empty-handed.

The reading of the two hundred rules sadly wearied the prince, who then called upon the other counsellor to produce his reply, which was given in two words "Love God."

"How!" said the prince. "Did I not require to know how I might render my people happy, and thou only directest me to love God?"

"True," replied the wise man, "but thou canst not love God without loving thy people also."

THE PARTRIDGE.

THE partridge is familiar to most of you on the table, but if you will watch it with me in its native haunts, you will find the occupation, I hope, quite as interesting as eating it. It is a summer evening, cool and sweet, after a hot and burning day; the whole air is fragrant with the scent of new-mown hay, though the field at the end of your garden is still uncut; the birds have given up singing (for it is July), except the blackbird and thrush, who never let *their* throats get out of tune all the year round; but even these have sung their evening song and flown away to roost, so that all is silent now in the fast falling twilight. No, not quite silent—the cry of a bird sounds across the meadow; it is the mother partridge calling her brood together to nestle under her wings for the night. You hear it again; it is nearer now, and lo! just at the edge of the uncut grass you see the fourteen or sixteen little partridge chicks obeying

THE PARTRIDGE.

the summons, like good children, and following their parent to some safe snug spot, where she means to shelter them till the morning light. The call is harsh, yet it has a pleasant sound to those who associate it with such summer evening scenes; it seems to tell of the dew coming down upon the thirsty flowers, and of twilight peace descending on a world of weariness and toil. It always reminds me, too, of that beautiful text, "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust," Psalm xci. 4. It is so very kind of God to liken his care of us to the tenderness of a mother-bird spreading her wings over her little ones. Is there any sweeter image than this in the Bible? Could we have believed it if God had not said so? No, surely no!

The partridge is no creature of the wilderness and the waste; its special home is the cultivated field. Many a wild bird retreats from the face of man as he drains the marshes and encloses the moors; but it is a certain fact, that as corn-fields and clover-fields increase, partridges increase too. Its length is about twelve inches; and its plumage, at a distance, seems a dull sombre brown, but when we look closer we see it is delicately tinted with different shades, blending beautifully into each other, and on the breast of the male bird is a crescent-shaped mark of deep chestnut, which is very curious.

The partridge, like other birds of the same family, spends its life upon the ground; its feet and claws are formed for the ground, and not for perching on a tree. When you disturb it in the stubble-field on

an autumn morning, it takes wing with that loud whirring sound which is so peculiar to it, but it is only to settle on the ground again a little further from you. In the month of May it lays its fourteen, sixteen, or even eighteen, deep cream-coloured eggs, in a simple nest, or in none at all, amid the springing meadow grass, or the clover, or the young corn. It is not always very discreet in the choice of situation, being often close to a path or frequented place; yet the colour of the bird so nearly resembles the ground that it needs a very practised eye to discover it. The grass grows fast and thick, and so far all is well, for the partridge, on her eggs, is securely hidden in its cool green depths. Sometimes the young are hatched before the grass is cut, and then the careful mother is able to lead them to a place of safety; but often the mower comes while she is still sitting, and then how will she escape? for she will not leave her eggs unless driven from them. The scythe sweeps on, mowing down golden buttercups and fragrant meadow-sweet, and often, alas! before the mower is aware, the poor partridge's head shares the same fate. Sometimes there is time to prepare, and then, strange to say, the birds have been known to move their eggs, as well as themselves, out of danger's way.

A gentleman was once watching his men ploughing up a piece of fallow land, when he saw a partridge glide off her nest close to one of the horse's feet. There were twenty-one eggs in the nest, and the next time the plough returned, both nest and eggs must surely be buried by it in the soil. The gentleman was very sorry, but there seemed no help for it.

What was his surprise when he came back to the spot to find nothing but an empty nest—the eggs had vanished as if by magic. He searched the field, and at last found the partridge sitting under the hedge upon her eggs as quietly as if nothing had happened, and nineteen out of the twenty-one eggs were afterwards hatched. How they contrived to move the precious goods, and in the short space of about twenty minutes, remains a mystery.

After the eggs are hatched, few birds are more tenderly anxious for their young than the partridge. If a stranger approach before they are able to shift for themselves, she will make believe to be hurt, and will flutter and limp along just in front of him to attract his attention, uttering meanwhile a peculiar warning note, which the little chicks interpret rightly to mean, "Get into a safe place as fast as you can." When she thinks they have had time enough to hide themselves, she will take to her wings, and the apparently wounded bird is seen no more.

The whole family continue together in loving unity, sleeping together at night in a peculiar fashion, that is in a circle, their tails meeting in the middle, and their heads turned outwards, so that one keeps guard towards every quarter from which danger might arise.

The sportsman's gun makes sad havoc in these family circles, and few are left to see another year; it is a marvel that any escape; but the long autumn and winter pass, the first of February comes at last, and the poor partridge which has survived its perils may take breath once more. Almost directly it

chooses its mate, and may now for many months lead its own quiet life, free and unmolested, among the springing meadow grass or the whispering corn.

PULL OFF YOUR COAT;

OR, BE IN RIGHT EARNEST.

"PULL off your coat," said Andrew Fowler to a Scotchman who was at work in his garden with his coat on. "Pull off your coat, Donald, and be in right earnest, for you look now as if you were pretending to labour. It seldom or never answers to do a thing by halves. Set about it in a right spirit, and throw your heart into it, and then a hard task becomes easy. When I was a young man—many a sunny summer and cloudy winter has passed over me since then, as you may see by my gray hairs—when I was a young man I fell into your error, and thought it mattered but little how I did this, and that, and the other; but I know better now. A willing mind works wonders. Off with your coat, Donald, that people may see that you are not playing at gardening."

Andrew Fowler, having said this, went forward, without waiting to see whether Donald took his advice, or went on working as before.

"Pull off your coat," said Andrew Fowler to an Irishman, who was mixing up mortar and carrying bricks for some men who were building a wall. "Pull off your coat, Murphy, that your arms may be at liberty; for a man is not likely to do a day's work buttoned up as you are. There is a right way

and a wrong way of doing things: you have chosen the latter; and it makes me think that you are not in a humour for labour. Off with your coat, Murphy; be in earnest, and it will lighten your labour."

Without waiting for Murphy to reply, Andrew Fowler walked up the hill, thinking within himself that if both young and old were more in earnest in the discharge of their duty, how much it would add to their own comfort, and the good of all around them.

There are in the world hundreds besides Donald and Murphy who go through the day in an idle, dreamy sort of a way, as though it hardly mattered whether their duties were done or not. Now he that sets to work with a hearty good will never finds time hanging heavy on him; his spirit is light, his difficulties disappear, and he makes rapid progress. Whether it be in gardening, carrying bricks, or in working hard in any other way, a labouring man that means to do his duty, and to do it well, should pull off his coat, and be in right earnest.

Who has not seen a blacksmith at work, preparing to shoe a horse, for which he knew he should be paid? How heartily has he pulled at his bellows, how lustily has he hammered away at his anvil, with what dispatch has he fastened on the shoe, and rasped off the rugged ends of the nails! The man was in earnest, his heart was in his work, and his labour was light to him.

It is a great mistake in any one to be slothful and sluggish when he ought to be wakeful and active, or to be but half in earnest when his undertaking

requires all his energy. The slow walker lengthens the time of his journey; the half-worker gets but half-wages; and the archer who draws his arrow only half-way to its head is not at all likely to hit his mark.

How can a boy expect to learn his book, or to instruct another in any branch of knowledge, without diligent study? How can an apprentice hope to acquire his business, or to make his way when out of his time, or to thrive as a master, if he only half attends to his business? In these things there should be no heavy heels, idle hands, sleepy heads, or backward hearts. Attention, life, soul, and energy are necessary. As the labourer should pull off his coat, and be in earnest, so should every one be alive and attentive to his pursuits.

When Andrew Fowler came back from his walk he was pleased to see Murphy in his shirt sleeves, carrying his bricks, and mixing up his mortar in a much freer way than he did before. It was the same, too, with Donald, who with his coat off appeared to have doubled his diligence in working at his garden. Andrew failed not to give them a word of encouragement, and to tell them again, as labouring men, that "Pull off your coat, and be in right earnest," was one of the best pieces of advice he could give them.

But though Andrew Fowler applied his remark only to hard labour, he might have applied it to almost everything that is worth having in the world. What is there beneath the stars which men value that they can hope to possess without being in

earnest in its pursuit? Wealth, wisdom, and reputation are not easily attained.

And is there no earnestness required in holy things? Is it so light an affair to get to the mansions of eternal glory that we need not trouble ourselves about the matter? To suppose so would be to fall into a dreadful error. We must watch and pray; we must strive to enter in at the strait gate; we must ask earnestly, that we may receive; seek diligently, that we may find; and knock urgently, that the gate of heaven may be opened to us. Every faculty we possess should be set on the object before us. If it be true, as it is, that we are lost sinners, it behoves us to lose not an hour in seeking for mercy; if it be true, as it is, that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour, we should apply to him with all our hearts and souls. "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him" Dan. ix. 9. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. i. 15.

When Andrew Fowler was seated at night in his old armchair, he pondered, according to his custom, on the events of the day, and wrote down this remark in his diary: "As this day I have been a means of making Donald and Murphy more 'diligent in business,' let me try, with Divine aid, if I cannot render them more 'fervent in spirit.' As I have hastened them onwards in things temporal, let me try to quicken them also in things that are eternal."—*From Old Humphrey's Tales for all Times.*

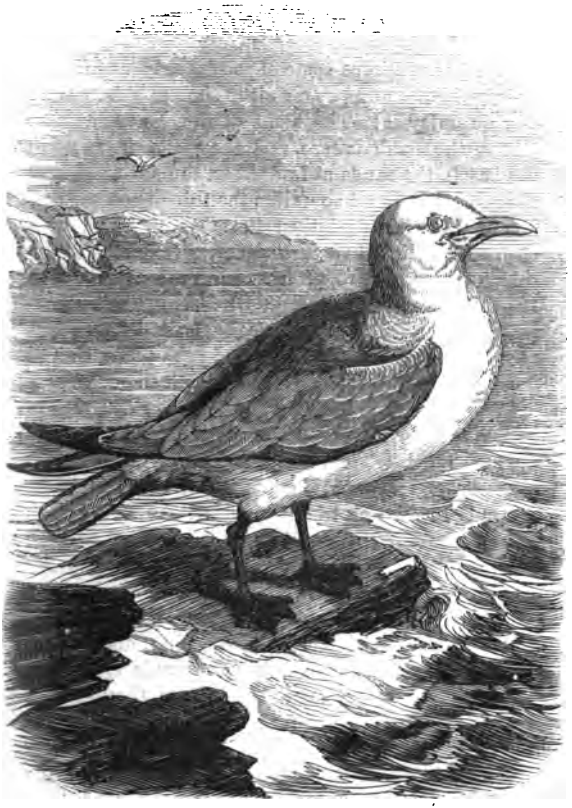
THE HARPS OF HEAVEN.

"MOTHER, we must prepare to go,
You say, to live on high;
And life is given that we may grow
Quite ready for the sky.
But, mother, there are harpers there,
And the harp I cannot play;
Oh tell me true! what should I do
Were I to die to-day?"

The mother smiled, "Nay, nay, my child,
A harder task is given;
It is your *heart* that you must tune
To make you fit for heaven.
Its strings are loose, its sounds are harsh,
It needs both toil and prayer,
Ere each sweet note is meet to float
Through the many mansions there.

"Obedience, lowliness of mind,
Gentleness, meekness, love,
Shall fit your heart to bear its part
In the songs of praise above.
This is the music God loves on earth,
Though feeble and faint its tone:
And these are the strings of the golden harps
They play before the throne."

M. K. M.



THE SEA-GULL.

THE SEA-GULL.

ONCE a year perhaps some of you leave your town or country homes and pay a visit to the sea-side. How you do enjoy it! The sight of the blue, swelling waves, the fresh breeze, and the white foam upon the beach, the sands at low water, the sea-weed and the shells; it is all so unlike the things you see and have at home. And then those great birds, with their long white wings, how different they look to the robins and sparrows of the country hedges! You ask what they are called. "Oh! sea-gulls," somebody answers, and your curiosity is satisfied. But there is so much to interest you in sea-birds, that it will be as well to inquire a little about them.

The story of the lives they lead is very different to that of the land birds—the ocean is their home, and God has fitted them for the place they occupy. Instead of fruit and insects, their food is fish; instead of wavering wings, we see them sweep with strong flight over the billows; instead of making snug and cosy nests for their little ones, they lay their eggs mostly on the bare ground or on the hard dry ledge of some pointed rock. But then the young sea-birds need neither care nor coddling; and though their parents fish for them, they are able to take to the water almost at once. It is true they cannot fly at once; how then can they be got down from the high cliff where they were hatched to the sea so far below? Well, somehow or other, the old birds persuade them to mount on their backs, and then they carry them carefully down to the water.

Instead, too, of the sweet songs which we love so much in the woodlands, sea-birds utter a loud, harsh clang or cry. Yet we love this, too, in its way. Do we want happy, rejoicing music on this solemn, lonely shore, with the rugged piles of rocks all around us, and the frowning cliffs above us, and the white waves dashing up in roaring thunder at our feet? Does not the sea-gull's wild scream blend better with these than songs of lark or nightingale?

You have probably only seen one here and there, in rough weather two or three together, flapping their snowy wings slowly and measuredly a little way above the water. This is on our ordinary coasts; but if I could take you to the wild, rocky islands of the Orkney Islands, or even to the rough coasts of Cornwall and Devon, you would see them by hundreds. In the early part of the summer such spots present a most interesting sight. Thousands whirl around as close together as a swarm of bees, or like flakes of snow falling on a winter's day. If you look up you would see nothing but heads along the ledges of the rocks, tier above tier, closely packed together with no room between. These are the females sitting, and each ledge of rock is occupied by a different kind of bird, like families inhabiting different stories of a house, and living to themselves independent of each other. Most kinds lay but a single egg; there is just room for that in width, and it is watched over by the mother bird as tenderly as does the robin or the chaffinch. Some other species lay their eggs and hatch their young upon the bare ground; or, like the puffin, burrow *in*

the ground or take possession of a rabbit's hole. A pitched battle always takes place between the rabbit and the puffin, in which the latter generally comes off victorious.

In some islands the number of eggs upon the bare ground is so great there is hardly room to walk between. To collect them off those high, steep cliffs is a most difficult and perilous work. The poor people of the Scotch islands subsist largely on both eggs and birds, and they risk their lives, and often lose them, in the attempt to reach them. Sometimes they let themselves down by ropes from the top; sometimes they climb up from below; either way is equally dangerous. How thankful we should feel that we can earn our daily bread without such risk to life and limb!

Though there are many kinds of sea-birds, there are only two or three species of gulls, properly so called, commonly seen on our shores. One of the most frequent is the kittiwake gull, which is also one of the smallest. Its plumage is a delicate French grey, shading off into pure white, the wings only being tipped with black. Its cry sounds something like "kittiwake," and hence its name; but other people have thought it much more like the words "Get away, get away!" So that if you were to approach the cliffs where it had laid its eggs, hundreds of throats would cry to you, "Get away, get away!" and inform you, in a very decided manner, that your presence was not agreeable.

All the gulls live upon fish, and when you see them hovering about over the sea they are watching

for their dinner. Some sea-birds feed on the small shrimps, crabs, and shell-fish to be found at low water; and though they will fly inland quite out of sight of the sea, they will return with the utmost regularity to the shore as often as the tide ebbs.

One species called the knot lives on the minute sand hoppers which are thrown up by the waves, and it runs along the beach close to the waves to catch them, and does not mind getting its feet wet in the pursuit. *Knot* is only another word for *Canute*, and it is supposed to owe its name to the olden Danish king, who, for the rebuke of his courtiers, had his chair placed on the sands, and commanded the waves not to approach his royal feet.

The sea-gull cares nothing for storm and tempest it can fly in the face of the roughest wind, and dart down to fetch its prey from the surface of the wildest wave. There are few more striking images of repose than the calm and measured flight of the sea-gull, with the hurricane around it and the billows running mountains high beneath it. The God who sends the tempest does not forget to give his creature power to resist it.

May He grant you such trust in him that when, in after years, "the waves of this troublesome world are round you, you too may be calm and peaceful, feeling sure that though the waters rage and swell, the promise shall be true, "They shall not come nigh unto thee."—Psalm xxxii. 6.

M. K. M.

QUESTIONS ON GOSPEL HISTORY.—XI.

LUKE VII. 1—17.

DID the centurion belong to the children of Israel?

Christ found greater faith in him than he found among the Jews—had he found any faith among them?

Who exhibited strong faith when they saw Jesus as a child?

Who did, when they saw him in manhood, before he performed miracles openly?

What idea should you have of the centurion's faith, if it was greater than these?

How can men exercise faith now?

What is meant by the expression "rich in faith"?

What promise is there for the prayer of faith in James v. 15?

Do you suppose there are any Christians who now pray in faith?

What evidences have you in the first ten verses of this lesson that Christ is God?

The centurion was humble—what is said of him that humbleth himself in Luke xiv. 11?

What is said of the poor in spirit in Matt. v. 3?

What evidence have you in the last part of this lesson that Christ is God?

Jesus had compassion on the afflicted widow—will he ever appear in wrath against any?

GOING TO BED.

Down upon my pillow warm
I now lay my little head,
And the rain, and wind, and storm,
Cannot come too nigh my bed.

Many little children poor
Have not anywhere to go;
And sad hardships they endure,
Such as I did never know.

Dear mamma, I'll thank you oft
For this comfortable bed,
And this pretty pillow soft,
Where I rest my weary head.

And I'll lift my heart in prayer
To the God that dwells above;
Thank him for his watchful care,
And for all his tender love.

BOBO AND THE YELLOW PAPERS.

Have you ever seen a Chinese woman? If not, we can only now say that they dress in a way that seems very strange to us; and that from their earliest years their feet are cramped to a small size, so that when they are twenty or thirty years of age their feet are not much larger than those of a child of six or seven years old.

But I wish now to write to you about Bobo, a poor

Chinese woman. Her neighbours all thought her very holy. Why was this? Because she loved God so much? Oh no. She had never heard of the true God, but she was thought to have laid up a great store of merit. She had a large pile of yellow papers, which were worth more than gold to her.

To procure them she had taken many weary journeys to distant temples. Her little feet had often been blistered in walking up the stony hill-sides; but she did not mind that, for she thought this was the way to secure happiness in the other world.

What were these papers? They were *kwaendiah*, or papers of merit. Each one had upon it the picture of an idol, with a few Chinese letters; and over each letter Bobo had prayed a great many times.

Do you think she prayed as you do? No. She made no requests, she confessed no sins. She simply repeated over and over again the name of her god, saying, "*O me do Veh! O me do Veh!*"

For years she had been thus employed, and she felt that she had prayed almost enough to blot out all her sins. If you asked her a question, very likely she would scarcely take time to answer you, but go on in a singsong tone with her "*O me do Veh!*" and no matter what she was doing, all day long and often a good part of the night still these were her words.

At length missionaries came and preached Jesus in her little village, and they left behind them a young Chinaman who had learned to love God. This young man put up a sign at the door of the house where he lived, with the words, "The place of Jesus Christ's worship;" and every night he talked to those who came in to hear about the Saviour.

Old Bobo came with others to hear about this new religion, and she said, "This is good; I never heard anything like this before." She came again and again, and was deeply interested. For a long while she thought it hard to part with what had cost her so much toil; but finally she saw how foolish and sinful it was to trust in her own ways for salvation. So one day she brought all these papers to the missionary. They had cost her a large sum of money.

These *kwaendiah*, or papers of merit, made up quite a heap; over these she had prayed, in the belief that if burnt at her death they would turn into money for her use in the other world.

Her neighbours thought it a great waste, and laughed at her for her folly. Indeed, they would like to have had the papers themselves, for having been already prayed over, they thought that they would save their happy owner from a great deal of labour and anxiety.

Perhaps you do not know that when Chinese women feel that they have not time to pray for themselves, they often pay some one to do it for them. I knew one old woman who made her living by praying for other people.

Old Bobo was thankful that she had learned the truth about the Saviour before it was too late; and instead of the doleful song of "*O me do Veh!*" you might hear her strange, quivering voice in the sweeter song, "I have a Saviour in the promised land." Even at her advanced age she learned how to read, and after a few years died happy in Jesus.

How much more favoured are we than these poor Chinese women! We know very well that we need to toil for no papers of merit to take away our sins, for "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Do you believe in him as *your* Saviour?

HOW FANNY WILLIAMS OVERCAME A HASTY TEMPER.

It was a fine Sunday afternoon early in the autumn, and the boys and girls were just coming out of the school that stood in the main street of the village. Fanny Williams and her younger brother and sister walked on towards home, unnoticed by the groups of children who stood laughing and chatting together, or ran shouting noisily along the road. She had been but a few weeks to the Sunday-school, and was almost a stranger in the village, having lately come from London with her parents to live in a cottage at the entrance of the grounds belonging to the house where her father was gardener.

It was quite a mile from the school to her home, and Fanny is hastening on to avoid the fast-gathering darkness, for she knew that her mother would be looking anxiously for the little ones.

Fanny had a happy home, and a kind father and mother. She was nearly twelve years old, and the next child to her was Jessie, who was not quite nine. Then came Tom, about three years younger. At home were little Willie, who could just run about, and quite a baby sister, born since they came to this new home in the country.

Fanny was a good-tempered active girl, very useful to her mother, and a kind sister to the younger children. Still, at times she was like many other girls, too ready to give a cross look or an angry word, to think all her home duties were troubles,

and wish she could just please herself, and not be obliged to mind her father and mother. But Fanny had in her heart what some children have not—the earnest wish to do what was right in God's sight, to grow more like the Saviour whom she loved, and keep before her his example of patience and gentleness.

Sitting quietly in her class at school listening to the kind voice of her teacher, it seemed so easy and so pleasant to be good, to be one of God's own children; and then, perhaps, even when her heart was full of the wish, nothing seemed to go right at home. The little ones were cross and fretful, and too often would come the impatient, hasty words, grieved for as soon as uttered; and poor Fanny would say to herself, "It is no use, I never can be good when everything goes against me;" and so, feeling discouraged and unhappy, it seemed sometimes as if she would try no more to be gentle and forgiving.

This Sunday afternoon, as Fanny walked homeward, she was resolving in her mind to begin afresh. She was conscious that in the past week she had failed very often, and now she determined the coming days should be better; she would pray to God for more help, and watch more closely every word and thought.

The lady who taught Fanny's class in the Sunday school had been speaking that afternoon of the vexations and troubles that come every day in all our lives, even to boys and girls at school or at home. She showed how hard sometimes even the best Christians find it to be patient and gentle when

these trials rise up, finding even little troubles not so easy to bear aright.

"It is," said the teacher, "because we do not ask God's help so much in these little things, these daily trials, as when great and unexpected troubles come upon us. We think these everyday things are too small, too slight to bring to God; we fancy we can conquer them by ourselves; and this is our mistake, and why so often we act in our homes, and amongst those we love, in a manner so grievous in God's sight, and so unlike Christ whom we wish to serve."

As Fanny listened she felt as if these words were meant specially for her. Why, on that very Sunday morning she had risen early, and asked God's help and blessing to go with her through the day; yet, as soon as she came downstairs she had been irritable and cross. First, the fire would not light, and she was so long over that, that breakfast was late and hurried over; and then, to make it worse, little Willie had upset his bread and milk over Fanny just as she was dressed in her clean frock ready to start to school. And then how angry she felt, and how crossly she had spoken, and at length set off in haste with Jessie and Tom, leaving her mother with a sad, grieved look upon her face because of the unkind, hasty words that had been spoken amongst the children.

As Fanny walked briskly down the street and along the lanes with Jessie and Tom, she said to herself, "I will begin again this very evening; I'll help mother get the little ones to bed, and be very gentle with them, and perhaps I can read quietly to

father out of this new book from the library that teacher gave me, and it shall be such a pleasant evening."

But her thoughts were interrupted by a loud crash. Tom had begged to carry his own and his sister's Bibles and hymn-books. For a short time he had been careful, but now they were scattered about in the damp road. "Oh you naughty boy!" began Fanny—but she stopped there; in a moment all her good resolutions were remembered, she looked at poor little Tom's troubled face, and instead of giving him the shake she had intended she wiped the tears away that were coming into his dark eyes, and said, "Never mind, Tom; I know it was an accident. I'll wipe the books, so that they shall not take any harm, and next time you must be more careful."

"Oh, Fanny, I am so very sorry," said the little fellow, touched by her kind voice and words; "indeed I was taking care, but somehow I forgot about the books just that minute, and so down they went;" and then he helped his sisters to pick up the books, and found they were not hurt.

And now they were in sight of their home, and presently they saw their father looking for them over the gate; and all going in together they found Willie already in his chair at the table, and their mother with the baby on her lap, ready to begin tea. As they sat round the table they looked indeed a happy, merry little group. There was so much to tell father and mother about the school; how much Fanny liked her teacher; what a nice little girl sat next to Jessie in her class; and how one of the boys

had offered to sell Tom a splendid knife for sixpence, which he meant to save all his halfpence to buy some other day, for he knew it was not right to buy and sell on a Sunday.

After tea Fanny washed the cups and saucers, putting them neatly in the cupboard, while her mother undressed baby and Willie; and then the elder children sat quietly down to read the books they had got from the Sunday-school library. Later in the evening, when Jessie and Tom had gone to bed, Fanny had the pleasure she had wished for of a quiet time to read to her father and mother. Thus Sunday evening passed quickly and pleasantly away, and as Fanny laid down to rest her heart was light, and her thoughts full of love to every one, and she felt as if she could never be angry or impatient any more.

But Monday morning came. The rain was pouring heavily down when Fanny opened her eyes; it seemed so cold and disagreeable to have to get out of bed and light the fire, and boil the kettle, and get father's breakfast. "Ah!" she thought, "how nice to be Miss Alice up at the great house; she can stay in bed as long as she likes, and then dress herself in such beautiful things, and come down to find breakfast all ready for her, and such nice things to eat. Now, if I were a lady, how easy I should find it to be always contented and pleasant; why I should think no one could help being so when everything is so comfortable, and there is no work to do."

Fanny always admired this "Miss Alice," who sometimes walked down to the cottage with Mrs.

Leigh, her mamma, or rode through the village on her little pony, with her cousin Arthur by her side, and a footman behind her her long fair curls flying in the breeze, making quite a lovely picture in the eyes of the gardener's children.

Had Fanny known it, Miss Alice Leigh had often been ready to envy her the little brothers and sisters she had, and to think how nice it must be to have some playfellows, and not be an only child, and obliged to walk out with her governess or maid, instead of running in and out at all times like the children at the cottage. And so Fanny Williams lay in bed thinking of all sorts of things she could not have, and could not do, and putting off what she knew was her duty, to get up and set about her morning's business.

"It cannot matter if I am a few minutes late," she thought; and she was just going to turn round and have another sleep, when she heard her father going downstairs. So at last she got out of bed and hurried on her clothes; but it was too late; her father had got his own breakfast, and was already off to his work. "Oh, how selfish and idle I have been!" thought Fanny, "lying in bed and grumbling to myself, instead of being down to make father comfortable; then I have begun badly again."

But she thought if she had made a bad beginning she need not therefore go wrong all day; she therefore set to work and swept the kitchen, and prepared the breakfast, and even then had some minutes left to help with the younger ones.

Willie was inclined to be fretful; he did not want

his face washed, or his hair brushed; but this morning Fanny was patient, and found that a little coaxing and talking helped wonderfully; and so she got him dressed without one cry from him, or a sharp word from herself.

After breakfast Tom and Jessie went off to school, taking their dinner with them. Fanny could not be spared to go to school, for there was so much to be done to help at home. Willie was quite her little charge, and sometimes she nursed the baby; and there was dinner to see about, and every week to help her mother with the washing. Then in the afternoons there was sometimes work to be done for Mrs. Leigh—for Fanny could sew very neatly—or something to make or mend for herself or the other children, so that she never had time to be idle. Indeed, sometimes it seemed rather hard to work, instead of reading a book or walking out with other girls; but as she grew older she felt glad that her mother had taught her so well to cook and work and wash, for it made her a useful woman.

And so the days went on, Sundays and week-days. We are glad to tell you that Fanny did not forget her resolve, although she often—yes, very often—failed in it. It seemed to herself as if with all her efforts she did not get much further, and did not become much more patient, more loving, more like a disciple of the Saviour. But those who knew her could see how day by day the impatient words lessened, and the cross looks became more rare. Her parents said that Fanny grew daily more useful to them, and was their greatest comfort. Her

brothers and sisters loved her more and more, because she was so kind and watching; and, imitating her, they became themselves more gentle and loving, so that you would scarcely find a happier family.

Thus it will be with us all, old or young, if in our hearts there is real love to God, and the earnest desire to please him. Though we may fail and be greatly discouraged, it will not always be so; even the mere effort to do right will bring us nearer to it, and we shall become more like Him whom we should serve, and whose help will be given to each one who constantly and trustingly seeks it.

LITTLE HENRY.

Little Henry was the son of poor parents, living in a quiet country village. At the time when he, their first little boy, was born, they had no house of their own, for there was not one to be had in the village; so they lived with Henry's grandfather and grandmother. The grandparents loved the little one very tenderly; he was as a sunbeam sent to cheer their declining years; and when, after awhile, the father and mother had a cottage to themselves, little Henry was left in his old home to be brought up by his grandparent.

Mrs. S.—— was very fond of children, and it was her delight to train them to obey and to speak the truth. She kept a small school, and as soon as Henry was old enough he used to learn with the

other scholars. He was a quick child, and soon learned to read nicely, and would join his grandparents when they read the Bible in the evening.

Grandmother used to have sweets, and oranges, and cakes in her window for sale; and when Henry had been a good boy, he was sure to find a sweet of some kind, at bedtime, placed under a certain little yellow china lion, which stood on the mantel-shelf. It used to be a great pleasure to peep and find out what it was; but if his heart told him he had been naughty he would not go near the little lion, but would pass sorrowfully to bed, without once looking at it. From his earliest days his love of truth was much noticed. When asked about anything that he had done wrong, he would say, "Yes, I did do it. Perhaps you will whip me, but I *must* tell you the truth."

His short life was very bright and happy; he never knew the sorrows of poverty, which so often enter many cottage homes. Brought up under the care of so kind a grandmother, he escaped many of the troubles which befall other children in large families.

Henry was very fond of singing, and quickly caught up the hymns and chants he heard, and when he went with his grandfather to fetch the milk in the morning and evening, he would often be singing all the way, and would sometimes say, "Do you like that, grandfather? Have you had enough, or shall I sing some more?"

In the beginning of February, Henry began to feel poorly, and one day, after dinner, he said.

"Grandma', I do feel so bad, take me on your knee and tell me about Jesus."

Mrs. S—— repeated that blessed verse, which speaks to the heart of every child, telling of the Saviour's tender love to little ones. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and then she went on to speak of the Lord Jesus, and of the beautiful home he has prepared in heaven for those who love and believe in him. When his grandmother stopped, Henry begged her to go on, saying, "I do love Jesus; cannot you go on and tell me more about him?" After a time, he said, "Grandma', will Jesus take me to heaven if I pray to him?"

"Yes, my darling, that he will; if you look to him, he will forgive all your sins."

That evening the poor little sufferer became worse, and did not know his own father and mother; still the best idea in his poor wandering mind was prayer, and many times did he repeat the short form of prayer which he had been used to say when he was in health.

After a few days he partly regained his senses, and he became more clear in his mind towards the close of his illness, and very touching were many of his words during those short moments of reason.

One day he said, "Grandma', I am going home."

"Where do you mean by home, my dear? Is it to your father's home down the village?"

"No, to heaven!" was his reply.

Two days before his death, he was asked, "Henry, do you think you are going to heaven?"

"Yes, grandma', and won't you come there too?"

During his illness, he often tried to sing his two favourite hymns—

> "Jesus, who lived above the sky,
> Came down to be a man and die," &c.;

and

> "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," &c.

Very earnestly, and often night and day, was his little voice raised in prayer to his Father in heaven. One day, he said, "God took care of Daniel and shut the lions' mouths, because he prayed to him. Will he take care of me if I pray?"

And was Henry's prayer heard? Surely it was. That loving Saviour, who so tenderly welcomed the little ones when he was on earth, heard the cry of this suffering child, and his sins were, we have no doubt, forgiven, for the sake of that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin. He will be one of that happy number of whom he often sang while he was yet on earth—

> "Around the throne of God in heaven
> Thousands of children stand;
> Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
> A holy, happy band."

His gentle patience was most touching throughout his very trying and painful illness. Those who saw him can never forget his constant efforts to do as he was bid, and keep the little hands down. When he was insensible they were always tearing his poor

head and face, but when he knew what he was doing, he would force them down quite under the bedclothes; and this, we may be sure, required no small effort in one so young. It showed the value of the habit of *strict obedience*, in which he had been so carefully trained.

His illness did not last long, only one fortnight, and then his happy spirit was released from its sufferings. A few hours before his death, a beautiful smile settled on his countenance; he could not speak then to tell of his happiness, but may we not feel sure that his Saviour was with him, and the holy angels, God's ministering spirits, were around, waiting to take the little sufferer home. Afterwards, when all was over and his eyes closed in death, that sweet smile remained as he lay on his little bed, strewn with the pretty, early flowers of spring, reminding us that he was but asleep in Jesus, that he was only gone before where no pain, nor sorrow, nor sin could ever reach him.

Henry was followed to his grave by all the Sunday scholars, among whom he had sat in the house of God only three short weeks before his death. Many tearful faces were there, and let us hope that some of their young hearts were really touched, and that they were led to pray and seek their Saviour; for God's promise is sure, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

And you, dear children, into whose hands this short account may fall, will you not also seek God now in your early days? You know not how soon the call may come for any of you. Little Henry

was only eight years old, and he was as merry and healthy as any of you, and yet you have seen how quickly he was called away. Learn from him to be earnest in your prayers, not only to "say" them, but to carry your own real wants to God, feeling as this little boy did, that the God who helped Daniel will also help you. Henry was by no means without faults; he had his naughty passions and sinful tempers, but he strove to overcome them, and this is what we ask you to do.

THE LAND OF BASHAN.

BASHAN is a district in the Holy Land on the east side of the river Jordan. "A high hill as the hill of Bashan" (Psa. lxviii. 15) seems to have been almost a proverb. This hill belonged to the half tribe of Manasseh, and is 5,700 feet high, with a lofty graceful cone. The land was famous in old time for "the oaks of Bashan" and "the strong bulls of Bashan," Isa. ii. 3; Psa. xxii. 12. It is a lofty ridge; its northern part is formed of rugged and round-topped hills, where villages are thickly set; but its southern hills are the most noted. They are high and very fruitful; great oaks and the richest pasture testify that still much remains of ancient strength in these mountains. Its forests and its pastures have been spoken of by every traveller. Dr. Porter gives a glimpse of the scenery. "The highest peaks of Bashan were before us, wooded to their summits. On each side were terraced slopes, broken here and there by a dark cliff or rugged brake, and sprinkled

VIEW IN THE LAND OF BASHAN.

with oaks; in the bottom of the dell below, a tiny stream leaped joyously from rock to rock, while luxuriant evergreens embraced each other over its murmuring waters. Diving into the dell, by a path that would try the nerves of a mountain-goat, we crossed the streamlet and wound up a rocky bank among giant oaks and thick underwood." He adds, that he everywhere saw the remains of old terraces along every slope, up every bank, from the deep glen, where the oleander-tree bends over the streamlet, to the highest peak on which the clouds of heaven sleep. Hyenas and foxes abound, and the eagle is never far off.

SUSIE BELL;

OR, THE DAILY LIFE OF CHILDHOOD.—IX.

"In your patience possess ye your souls."—LUKE xxi. 19.

IN order to finish without interruption the story of school-days, we left Susie Bell, a long time ago, parting sadly with Jennie Bond on their way home from school. Jennie lived so near the school-house that she usually went home at noon; and thus, except in very stormy days, she joined in none of the little chats in which the other girls took so much pleasure; and at night she often hurried home: so that, after that parting, Susie saw less of her than ever before. That night, after leaving her, Susie also hurried on; for she had lingered much longer than usual, and the boys had reached home some time before her. This, we must recollect, was in

the early part of winter. Here a new trial of her fortitude awaited her.

"Why did you not come on when we did?" shouted Dick, as she entered the door. "The baby worries all the time; we cannot keep him still a minute; and mother has scolded ever so much about your being so late, and she has had so much to do she has not begun to get supper yet, and we are half starved."

The fire had nearly gone out in the stove, the room was very cold, and little Johnny was sitting on the floor, surrounded by playthings of all sizes and descriptions, from a stick of wood with a hat on down to a string of horn buttons. As soon as he saw Susie, he burst into a new cry.

"Yes, darling," said Susie, as she threw off her cloak and hood and eagerly snatched him from the floor,—"yes, Susie will take poor Johnny: she won't stop to warm her own fingers one minute."

But, before she could possibly reach the child, Willie was clamouring for this thing, and Dick for the other; and, to crown all, in came poor Kitty with a bleeding finger, which must be washed and done up, and complaining that Susie ought to have been at home long ago.

"Well, well," said Susie, in a pleasant tone, "we must make the best of it." And with a kind word to Kitty, and despatching Dick for a rag and Willy for a string, and telling a little story to Kitty while she did up her wounded finger, quiet was soon restored, and Susie started with the child in her arms to go to the kitchen and receive, as she supposed, a severe

reproof. Fortunately for her, however, the door between the two rooms had been partly open, and her father and mother, who were both there, had heard all that had passed.

"Wife," said the husband, "what a girl our Susie is! I don't believe there is another such in town. How she has changed from what she used to be!"

"There was room enough for change," muttered the mother, who, though she could not now find it even in her hard heart to reproach Susie, was yet too obstinate to give up all her ill will.

"There is plenty of room for that in all of us, I reckon," drily answered the father, just as Susie entered the room, saying, earnestly, "Oh, mother, I am so sorry I stopped so long to talk with Jennie Bond! She almost always gets away from the school-house before I get Dickey's and Willie's caps and wraps tied on, and I do not see her scarcely a minute now-a-days; and I was careless, and did not think how late it was. I will try not to trouble you so again. I can finish doing that job for you now while you are getting supper, if you will please to give it me."

"But my top! I tell you I want my top now," shouted Willie.

"Oh, yes—your top. That will not take me a minute." And by the time Mrs. Bell had arranged the fire, good temper and Christian forbearance had cured a host of troubles.

"Susie," said her father to her as she was passing him on her way to supper (and he drew her, baby and all, into his lap—a new place of late years for

Susie), "Susie, what has become of your old temper?"

She was fairly startled at the abruptness of the question; but she soon answered, meekly, "I hope, father, that God is taking it away."

"But what makes you take so much pains *now* to cure it?"

"Why, father, you know it is sinful to get angry: it offends God, and it would grieve the Saviour, who has done so much for me."

"And it used to offend me too; but you did not care for that: so it would seem you love something else better than you do your parents."

"I do love Jesus; but, dear father, I love you and mother also a great deal better than I used to do."

Mr. Bell was silent. There yet remained a hard heart in that sturdy bosom which no child's loving words—nothing but the power and grace of God—could ever subdue. But he went to the table, and soon after to his bed, with thoughts in that heart which had never found a lodgment there before.

BE HUMBLE AND WISE.

THERE are many easy things in the world and many hard things, but one of the easiest is to be high-minded and wilful, and one of the very hardest is to be humble and meek.

Roger Brookes was a hardworking, humble-minded man, who feared God and loved his Bible. He had two children, Mary and Martin, and the time came

for them to go out to service. Mary being the elder of the two went first, and just before she left the cottage, Roger spoke to her thus:—

"Be humble and be wise, Mary, for none of us have anything to be proud of. I knew one Kitty Roberts, who had the best place of service that was to be had, but she was too high-minded to keep it. She could not bear to be set right when she was wrong, nor to be told what she did not know; so she lost one place after another, till, instead of having the best, she had the worst place of service in the village. Be humble and be wise."

Mary had the good sense to attend to the good advice of her father. She was humble, teachable, and willing, and her mistress soon liked her as well as she liked her mistress. Mary Brookes was the joy of her father's heart.

It was now Martin's turn to leave the cottage, and Roger Brookes did not fail to give him a word of kind counsel in the same way in which he offered it to his sister Mary.

"Be humble and be wise," Martin, said he, "for God's word says, 'Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall' (Prov. xvi. 18). I knew one Edward Baker, who had an excellent place, and he might have had it now had he not been foolish and high-minded. Nothing would satisfy him but he must show his master a bit of his spirit, and so he got put out of the house at a moment's warning with these words sounding in his ears, 'I want a man, and not a master.' Be humble and be wise, Martin."

Martin entered on his place and for a few months went on well, but after that he became lifted up in his own opinion. For a time his master bore with him, but finding him get worse and worse he ordered him about his business, saying that he need not trouble himself to apply to him for a character, for that he should not give him one. Martin Brookes was the grief of his father's heart.

Try hard, young reader, to overcome the high-mindedness of Martin Brookes, and to gain the humility of his sister Mary. The one will hold you up, the other will pull you down. The one will bring you peace, the other will plunge you into trouble. The one will make you the joy of your parents, the other will lead you to be a grief to their hearts.

Mary Brookes never lost the advantage of her humility, for the longer she lived with her mistress the higher she rose in her respect. Martin Brookes never recovered the ground he had lost by his high-mindedness, for his master would not give him a character. Thus hard-working, humble-minded Roger found in one of his children a source of joy, and in the other a continual cause of sorrow. Make up your mind, reader,

> "Let come what will of good or ill,
> Let joy or sorrow rise,
> With all your heart choose this best part,
> Be humble and be wise."

A TRUE SAYING.

THERE is nothing so easy but it becomes hard when it is done with an unwilling mind. Do you mark that! If the saying be true, then it must be a very silly thing to be put out of temper by trifles. He who without cause burdens his own back is not more foolish than he that indulges an unwilling mind.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to summer!
For summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
And scarlet breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast, O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly in the fall of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late.
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast, O Robin dear!
Save a crumb of bread for Robin, his little heart to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

HOW TO BUILD A BOWER.

In the quietest and shadiest corner of your father's garden somebody has perhaps made you a little retreat which you call by the different names of "the

arbour," "the summer-house," or "the bower." It is not a house to live in, but a place where you go for rest and amusement.

Very likely the entrance has some rock-work, or some large shells, or anything else of the kind

which you may fancy to put there. Inside it is so cool and shady; the mid-day sun cannot get in to scorch you, and if a shower comes on and you run into its shelter you scarcely feel a drop of it. You sit there when it is too hot to play upon the lawn, and when your little friends come to see you, why you are sure to take them to the arbour.

Would you like to know how such a cosy place is made? Let us watch two clever builders who are making a bower something of the same kind.

Just take one glance first at the builders themselves. They don't look at all in working trim, but are dressed in a suit of dark purple of the softest material and the richest and most glossy texture. I told you they were clever, and one way in which they show their cleverness is that they never soil their dress or make themselves in a mess. They are always in their Sunday best, and yet it never looks a bit the worse.

But now see how they manage. First of all they collect sticks, and of these they make a sort of platform, woven one into the other, till it looks something like a door-mat. This is for the floor; then they go away and bring back with them some very tall thin twigs, and they push the ends into this platform, working them firmly in and giving them somehow a slant inwards, so that the tops cross each other in the middle and form an arch, just like your arbour.

I want you now to notice how leisurely these builders work; there is no hurry about them; good workmen never are in a hurry; what we do hurriedly

and hastily, whether it is building houses or learning lessons, is sure to be slurred over and not done well. Our friends here know better; they think it worth while to build neatly and nicely, so they take plenty of time about it.

They turn over the sticks to see which will fit in best, and if one does not fit as it ought to do, they do not mind the trouble of taking it out and putting in another.

When the bower is finished, they must have something pretty at the entrance, the same as you have, it would not be complete without this; only for bright and shining ornaments yours will hardly compare with theirs. Here are shells too; but besides these, there are pieces of glass, bones, feathers, coloured paper, and look! even a tobacco-pipe and a lady's thimble! You put pretty things round your arbour for ornament, and it would seem that the bower birds of Australia, the builders of whom we are speaking, put them round theirs for the very same purpose.

And what do the bower birds want with the arbour after taking all this trouble about it? Why they use it as you do yours; they do not live in it; they do not rear their young in it, they build nests for this purpose the same as other birds do; but they use it apparently for amusement and for nothing else. Little parties of these birds are always to be found in the arbour; they chatter together, and chase each other in and out, and appear to take great delight in being there.

We build houses for amusement as well as those in which we live; is it not curious that a *bird* should

do just the same thing? Making a dwelling and then not dwelling in it, but using it only for pleasure as a luxury and not a necessity. This is, as far as we know, the only instance of such a thing. But perhaps when the people in Australia have watched the bower bird a little more, they may find out some useful purpose which its bower serves, or perhaps we may find out some other creature which does the same. It is such a good habit to *observe* well, and one pleasant thing in the study of natural history is, that by using their eyes anybody may discover some fresh and interesting fact.

We may never be able to watch the bower bird in its native Australian woods, yet if we observe the many familiar creatures around us in our daily paths we shall surely in these find something new, something that will repay us, something to teach us the love and wisdom of the Great Creator—their Creator and ours. But we are better off than they are. He is *their Creator*, but he is *our Father*. M. K. M.

SPEAKING TO GOD.

It is not an easy matter to get an opportunity of speaking to earthly kings. They have so many great concerns to attend to that they could not be troubled with the little wants of their young subjects.

A poor woman was in great distress; she had asked many people to help her, but it was all in vain; some did not listen to her, others pitied her in her sorrow, but could do no more. At last she thought she would ask the king to attend to her case; to be

sure he could help her, but the difficulty was to see him—that was impossible. She then resolved to write a letter to him, and plead her cause: she did so, and waited in great fear for an answer.

Soon a reply came; but how sad was the suppliant to find it was not the king who wrote it, but his secretary! Ah, then, perhaps her letter had failed to reach the king after all, or he would surely have helped her.

Now, although it is so difficult to present a petition to earthly monarchs, and interest them on our behalf, yet we may always go to the King of kings and tell him what we want.

We may go to God at *any time*, for he is always ready to listen to our prayers and attend to our wants; and there is no matter that concerns us that is too small to trouble God with. He cares for us, and loves us so much, that he *could* not turn from us when we cry to him.

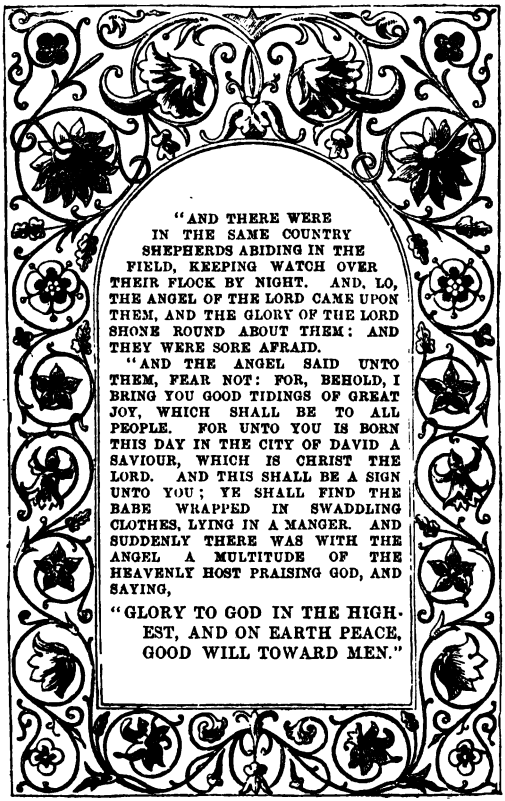
People who speak much to God in prayer should be very happy, because they know that no harm can come to them, no evil can happen to them while he is watching over them.

Let us learn to take all our cares and our wants to God, and trust in him as our wise and good and Almighty Friend.

"The Lord attends when children pray,
A whisper he can hear:
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear."

GOOD TIDINGS.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
  Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
  Yonder shines the infant light:
    Come and worship;
  Worship Christ, the new-born King.



"AND THERE WERE IN THE SAME COUNTRY SHEPHERDS ABIDING IN THE FIELD, KEEPING WATCH OVER THEIR FLOCK BY NIGHT. AND, LO, THE ANGEL OF THE LORD CAME UPON THEM, AND THE GLORY OF THE LORD SHONE ROUND ABOUT THEM: AND THEY WERE SORE AFRAID.

"AND THE ANGEL SAID UNTO THEM, FEAR NOT: FOR, BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY, WHICH SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE. FOR UNTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY IN THE CITY OF DAVID A SAVIOUR, WHICH IS CHRIST THE LORD. AND THIS SHALL BE A SIGN UNTO YOU; YE SHALL FIND THE BABE WRAPPED IN SWADDLING CLOTHES, LYING IN A MANGER. AND SUDDENLY THERE WAS WITH THE ANGEL A MULTITUDE OF THE HEAVENLY HOST PRAISING GOD, AND SAYING,

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

SUSIE BELL;

OR, THE DAILY LIFE OF CHILDHOOD.—X.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners."—1 Cor. xv. 33.

But what of Susie's influence upon the children? and what were their thoughts of her, and what the benefit of her example? Dick's opinion of Susie's efforts for his good may be gathered from a little incident which occurred a few days before the close of the winter school. As she came to the school-house one morning early, she found two little boys on the steps fighting each other. Two larger boys were looking on, one of whom was her brother Dick, and the other a rough lad belonging to a family which had lately come into the village, and who was cheering on the angry combatants to a more desperate battle.

"Why, Dick! what is all this about?" she cried. Dick was ashamed to be caught thus by his peace-loving sister, and he stole into the house, saying, carelessly, "Oh, nothing but fun."

By this time Susie had separated the two children, while John, the larger boy, was ordering her to "let them alone, and let them fight it out."

"No," she said, firmly, and looking him steadily in the eye; "*no*: it is against the rules of the school; and it is wrong, too; and still more wrong for large boys to make little ones fight." And she led the naughty boys who had been fighting into the house and talked them into good nature.

At noon John said, sneeringly, to Dick, "How I do pity you!"

"Pity *me!* What for, pray?"

"Because you have got one of those hypocrites for a sister!"

"Our Susie is no hypocrite!" retorted Dick.

"Yes, she is," said John; "they all are; and she torments the life out of you. I know how it goes."

"She does not do any such thing," protested Dick.

"Then what does she do with her religion, if she does not bother you with it?"

"Why, the truth is," said Dick, attempting to parry John's sneers with his own wit, "she keeps it pretty much all to doctor herself with, and only gives me a pill or two when I am downright angry and need it awfully; and then she sugars it over till it isn't bad to take."

"Well," said John, laughing, "I wish old uncle Peter that lives at our house had some of her sort of medicine, then; for he is always pretending to be wonderfully good himself, and then frets at us children for everything, and goes groaning about all the while as if he was in misery; and if we play or make a noise, he keeps telling us that we are wasting our precious time, and that when we are as old as he is we shall wish we had spent it better. And I thought they were all alike."

"Oh, there are not many of them like him: I guess he is partly crazy. Susie is not a bit like that: she plays with us, and does not care for the noise, if it is a good-natured noise."

"What *is* her religion, then?" inquired John.

Dick thought a minute, and then replied, "I believe it is doing just right, and so being happy herself, and

trying to help other people to do right and be happy too."

"I declare, I believe I should like that myself."

"Yes, yes; you would like it for other folks well enough; but when you come to try to live so yourself you will find it quite another thing, I tell you. It is not so easy as you think; for a fellow likes to have his own way, and not have to be always trying to please others. For my part, I take care of number one; and I guess you do too."

"Then what do you suppose makes her behave as she does?"

"She says it is because she loves God, and loves to please him. And I reckon it is that, for I do not see what else it can be; she used to be so cross and quarrelsome, but she does not act like the same girl now."

The school-bell rang, and the boys went to their places.

That day Susie had to go home from school before night, because her parents wished to be away on a visit. When the boys came home she and Kitty had the supper all ready for them, and had done all they could to help forward the little things they would have to do in the absence of their father. After the supper dishes were washed and put in their places, they all had a good time in quiet plays. And then Susie put Kitty and Willie into their beds, and said an evening hymn to them; and afterwards she sat down with Dick to read.

By-and-by she said, "Dick, I would not go with that John much; I am afraid he will make you think and act as he does."

Then she thought she very seldom had so good a time to talk seriously with her brother, and that she ought to improve it. At first the old feeling of shame began to come over her; she found herself trying to introduce the subject by degrees; but this, she saw, was only losing time, and so she came resolutely to the point at once, saying, "Now, Dick, let me ask you if you do not think it is quite time for you to become a Christian?"

Dick seemed rather glad to have the way opened and said, at once, "Yes, I suppose so—if I could. But I do not see that I can ever get to heaven; for I cannot be good half-a-day at a time. I have tried it ever so many times, and it does not last long enough for anybody to see it."

"But, Dick, you are beginning at the wrong end. It is not your good works that can take you to heaven."

"What!" said Dick, in amazement; "not be *good* and go to heaven? Can anybody go there without being good?"

"Not that either, exactly," replied Susie; "but I will try to tell you as well as I can. You know Jesus Christ died for our sins. He died that we might be forgiven for his sake. And therefore it is that a way is made for us to get to heaven, for it is not by our own works we can get there. We must be sorry that we have sinned against him; we must give ourselves to him, trust entirely in him, and love him so much that we shall do right *because* we love him, and love to do those things that please him, whether they are pleasant to ourselves or not."

"But how can I make myself love him?"

"You will never of yourself make your heart love him, or make your life good; but you can ask him to give you his holy Spirit, to renew your heart, and to lead you into a life of piety. You can pray to him to make you one of his dear children."

Dick grew very serious. Susie saw he was thinking, and she said nothing more.

After a while the tramp of the horse was heard. There was a warm, clean room all ready for the cold and weary travellers. Dick was up, and, for once, was willing to help his father unharness the horses in the cold and dark; and Susie took little Jemmy out of his wrappings, and had him undressed and laid in his place in the bed without waking him.

That night her prayers were more than ever fervent and hopeful for her brother; and all the other members of the family went to sleep, thinking in their hearts that "there never was so good a girl as our Susie," and that such a religion as hers was worth all it cost to obtain it.

CHARLIE'S LESSONS.

"Oh! mamma, how tiresome it is to be obliged to go to school every day!" said Charlie; "I wish I might stop at home as Emily does, and have no lessons to learn and no sums to do."

"But you would not like to grow up ignorant," said Mrs. Leslie, "and not know how to read or how to write. You would see a great many boys who would know how to do all these things, and then I

am sure you would be sorry and would feel ashamed too that you could not; don't you think you would?"

"Well, perhaps I might just at first, but I should soon get used to it, and then when I get a young man I shall want to go into business, and then all the lessons I have learned and all the other things I have done at school will be no use to me. What good would it be to me then to know how many emperors there were of Rome, or what sort of men they were, or how many kings reigned during the Saxon period and all about them?"

"You cannot learn too much, Charlie," said Mrs. Leslie, "and some day you will be glad you were sent to school to learn all about these things that now you think so useless. You will be sure to find all that you learn of some good to you when you get older."

"But, mamma, I seem to be learning just the wrong things now. What have I to do with people who lived hundreds of years ago? Why, this morning we were learning about a man who was very cruelly treated (about 500 years ago I think Mr. Brittain said it was), so that no one can possibly be alive now who knew him; and what good does it seem for us to be hearing and learning all about him so long after he has been dead? If he were alive now I should like to hear about him, although I should not like to hear of his being so shamefully treated and even burnt to death."

"Who is it you are talking about, Charlie?" asked Mrs. Leslie.

"A man named John Huss," replied Charlie;

"have you ever read about him or heard of him, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear child, I have read and thought too a great deal about him, and when I was a little girl I used to be very fond of hearing about him, as I think

CITY OF CONSTANCE.

most little children are, and I am sure you would be too, Charlie, if you knew more about him."

"Well, perhaps I should; but all I know about him now is, that he was burned to death, and I think that seemed very cruel, and of course I pity him."

"But don't you know why he was burned to death, Charlie?" said his mamma.

"Well, I don't think I do exactly," said Charlie: "had he done any wicked thing?"

"He had been doing no wicked thing," said Mrs.

HUSS BEFORE THE COUNCIL AT CONSTANCE.

Leslie; "he had been doing something that he thought was quite right to do, knowing at the same time that if he did it he must suffer great cruelty and perhaps death, but he was willing to risk that."

"Oh! do tell me, mamma, what it was, because I

can't believe that any man would do a thing that he thought he would be put to death for; I am sure I should not."

"Well, I will tell you. This good man, John Huss, had been studying a great many years at a university (you know a University is a school for young men), and he had been working very hard indeed, most likely learning Latin and logic, and a great many other things that perhaps you would scarcely understand if I were to tell you about them. He had thought about being a priest, and learning these things first was necessary before he could be made one; and although he did not become a priest, yet all this learning was of great use to him afterwards. After he had been at this university a long time, he found that though he had learned so much, there was something which he had to learn that was more important than all; for he found a Bible, and read there that Jesus Christ was the only Saviour, and that believing in him was the only way of salvation. And this was very different from some things he had been taught; but if he had not learned Latin he would not have been able to read the Bible, for at that time it had been translated in the Latin tongue, but not into Bohemian, the language of Huss's country."

"Then what did he do, mamma?"

"He then began to preach about Jesus Christ, but very few people would listen to him. They said he was a bad man, and they would not let him preach in any of the churches, so he used to preach in the streets and sometimes in the fields, and at last the

priests would not let him do that any longer, and they turned him out of the university, calling him evil names; and he was obliged to go back to the village where he lived when he was a little boy."

"But did not any of the people want to go there with him?" asked Charlie; "did not any of those who had heard him preach want to hear more about him?"

"Yes, Charlie, some of them did go with him, and among them was a good man named Jerome, about whom I daresay you will hear more some day. When it was known that John Huss was still preaching, the people were resolved to kill him, and they tried to get an opportunity of doing so. At last they succeeded, for one day when he was going to Germany he was seized and put in prison in the city of Constance. He was kept in a dark dungeon and chained so that he could not move, and at night he had a large iron ring fastened round his arm to the wall, so that he had no chance of getting away. There he remained for some time."

"But how cruel, mamma! And did he die in the dungeon, or did he promise the people that he would not preach any more if they would let him come out?"

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Leslie, "he would make no promise of that kind; for although he was put in prison for doing what was thought by the poor, ignorant people to be very wrong and wicked, God was not angry with him as the people were. But being put in prison, Charlie, was not all he had to bear."

"Was it not, mamma? What else did they do?"

"He was summoned to appear before the emperor of

Germany, who sat in great state, with his nobles and cardinals and bishops. John Huss was placed before them, and a band of soldiers stood around him. After his enemies had accused him, sentence was passed that he should be publicly burned, when lifting up his hands he said, 'O Lord God, I beseech thee, for thy mercy's sake, to pardon all my enemies; for thou knowest that I have been falsely accused, and unjustly condemned.' The soldiers and others then cried out against him; when he meekly replied, 'I place all my confidence and hope in God my Saviour.' Cruel men then took him to a spot where they made a large pile of faggots, put him on them, and burned him to death."

Huss cared less about losing his life in this way than he did of losing the truths that he had learned from the Bible. He felt he would rather give up his own life, dear as that must have been to him, than give up Jesus Christ. He knew from the Bible that he could only have his sins forgiven through him, and he wanted everyone else to know it too.

"He must have been a very good man," said Charlie; "I should like to hear all about him; tell me some more, mamma, will you?"

"I think you can read the rest for yourself, Charlie; I am glad to find you do like hearing about these men who lived so many years ago: I thought you would when you knew more about them. You see, Charlie, it is for the want of learning and knowing more that makes your lessons seem useless and dry to you; the more you know, the more interesting they will seem to you.

Charlie felt sure this was true, and began to think how little he did really know, and resolved in his own mind that he would do his best to learn more, that he might not, when he grew older, feel that he had wasted his life, but that he had made the most of the time that had been devoted to learning.

"Thank you, mamma," said Charlie, "for telling me so much about John Huss: I don't think I shall ever forget the story."

"I hope not," replied Mrs. Leslie, "but trust you will take more interest in all your studies, and remember that if it had not been for learning and reading we should none of us have heard of this good man who endured so much; and if he had not learned as he did when he was at the university, he might not have heard of that Saviour whom he preached and for whose sake he gave up his own life. That same Saviour is our Saviour, yours, Charlie, if you will believe in him and love him. You have read many times in your Bible how he loved little children and blessed them too, and will you not love him in return? Think of all he has done for you, of the death he died upon the cross for you; and all he asks you to do is to love and obey him."

THE OLD YEAR'S FAREWELL.

UPON THE LAST SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

I HAVE come, my young friends, to bid you a last farewell. As I am going to depart from you for ever, I hope you will take meekly a few words of

advice; and as they are the last, I hope that they will do you good. They come from an old friend who sincerely wishes your good, both here and hereafter.

I have now lived many days on the earth, and during the time I have been here have seen and noted all that has happened. At the first I brought a great book with me in which I have marked down all your actions and thoughts, and I am now going to take it up to the throne of God. All the evil you have said and done is written there; but the good that you have tried to do, with God's help, is likewise put down, and though, alas! it has been but very little, it is written in bright shining characters. It has pleased him to see the efforts that you have made to do his will.

God loves you much more than you can tell; he wishes to see you safe in heaven; he knows how weak you are, but he promises you the strength of his Holy Spirit, that you may overcome the devil and your own evil passions, and wishes you to become his own dear children.

Oh! do love him, and come to him as a kind and tender Father. Try to have *real* love to him; do not pray to him because you must, as a mere cold duty, but pray to him because you love to tell him of all your troubles and all your wants.

Recollect also that Jesus Christ is your Saviour. He too loves you more than you can think, else he would not have come to the earth in our nature to suffer and to die on the cross. He now intercedes for you, and wishes you to dwell with him for ever in glory.

Do then listen to me; these are the last words I shall ever speak to you, and oh, how sincerely I hope that you may take my last advice! You know that I have brought many blessings to you, and if you were to begin to count them, when would you come to an end? I have brought from heaven one gift, a golden gift. Fifty-two times I have offered it to you, but alas! how I do fear that you have despised it, and that those times have been but few when you have made the right and proper use of it! This golden gift is the sabbath; fifty-one are already gone, and this last which I give to you is upon the eve of expiring; but remember that though these fifty-one sabbaths past may have been spent only in vanity, and though these are all written down in my book as a witness against you, yet, if on this last sabbath one real and true prayer of faith and repentance is offered up from your heart for all your past sins and negligences on the holy sabbaths, and if you implore God's assistance to help you never to spend the future again in such vanity and folly, all your sins will be entirely blotted out for the sake of Jesus Christ, and through the merits of his precious blood.

Remember also that the judgment day is coming fast on, and that then you will have to appear before Christ to give an account of how you have used me and all the other years spent on this earth.

Now I must again bid you adieu. I shall never see you again till the last day; I shall then appear as a witness for or against you. Farewell, till that glorious but solemn period.

"THE HEAVENLY WAY."

"THE tract entitled 'The Heavenly Way,'" says Dr. Scudder, of Madras, "was given to a young man at one of the public markets. He read it; was convinced of the folly of idolatry; came to me for the purpose of obtaining a more full knowledge of the

Christian religion; received instruction; and became, as I hope, a true follower of the Redeemer. But this is not all the good which this tract has been the means of doing. Through it the little brother of this young man became connected with one of my

schools, and also attended church. After he had attended preaching for some time, he begged me to admit him to a profession of his faith. As he was quite young, not eleven years old, I hesitated to receive him. In this, perhaps, I did wrong. He never openly joined the church on earth. He, however, soon went to join the church in heaven. He was attacked with the cholera, and died. In India, when children are very ill, the father or mother take up a cocoa-nut, or a few plantains, and run to the temple, and say, 'Swammie (the name given to the idol), if you will cure my little boy I will give you this cocoa-nut, or these plantains.' The mother of this little boy saw that he was in great danger, and she told him that she wished to go and make offerings to one of her idols, in order that he might get well. But he begged of her not to go. 'I do not worship idols,' said he; 'I worship Christ, my Saviour. If he is pleased to spare me a little longer in the world, it will be well; if not, I shall go to him.' The last words which he uttered were, 'I am going to Christ the Lord,' and then he died. Through the means of the same tract, also, the young woman, who afterwards married the brother (the first-named receiver of the tract), was converted; and, to crown all, the hoary-headed father, after having bowed his knees for half a century before idols, was through its means brought to yield his heart to the Saviour.

"I WILL MAKE HIM ASHAMED OF HIMSELF."

Once on a time, in a certain village, four labouring men, who lived in a row of cottages, agreed to put in proper order the ditch that ran at a little distance in front of their dwellings. Each was to clear out the part that was before his own door.

Old Edward Moreton, who lived at the first cottage, had a son who set to work at once, and did his part; and Boughton and Slaney, the next two neighbours, were by no means behindhand in their duty, but John Reynolds, the youngest man of them all, who lived at the last cottage, gave himself no trouble about the matter.

Now this was very bad conduct on the part of Reynolds, for so long as his work remained untouched, what had been done by his neighbours stood for nothing, for in clearing out the ditch they had made it deeper, so that when the water came opposite Reynolds' cottage it could run no farther. Day after day rolled on, and Reynolds turned a deaf ear to the civil request of his neighbours to clear out the ditch. If he did give them an answer, it was to say that nobody should make him set to work until he had a mind.

It is in the power of any man to make himself very disagreeable to his neighbours; but he can hardly do this without, one way or another, bringing trouble on himself. Every one seeks a kind-hearted man, and every one runs away from a churlish one.

When it was seen that Reynolds would have his

own way, and that he would not clear out his part of the ditch, old Moreton, who was a wise and good-tempered man, took the management of the affair into his own hands. "If John Reynolds," said he, "does not begin his work before ten o'clock to-morrow morning, I will make him ashamed of himself."

In a very short time, not only Reynolds, but every cottager within half a mile of the place knew what old Moreton had said, and it made quite a commotion in the village. "He make me ashamed of myself!" said Reynolds, "I should like to know how? I neither care for him, nor any man, and I won't clear out the ditch till I like: I don't know that I shall do it at all."

All the cottagers knew old Edward Moreton to be a man of his word, and though they did not know what he intended to do, they felt quite sure that he would do something. By half-past nine in the morning a crowd of men, women, and children had assembled by the side of the ditch.

Everything remained quiet for some time, but exactly as the cuckoo-clock was striking ten in the cottage of Edward Moreton, the old man was seen to come from the door with a spade on his shoulder. "Here he comes!" was the cry, and the next minute Reynolds came out of his cottage also, and rushed up to old Moreton.

There was a striking difference between the passionate red face of John Reynolds and the calm forbearing countenance of old Edward Moreton. "Here you are at last," said Reynolds, "and now

let us see how you mean to make me ashamed of myself?" "If I have said anything, John," replied Moreton, taking off his coat as he spoke, "which I ought not to have said, I beg your pardon; and if you, as a young man, think it hard to clear out your part of the ditch, I, as an old man, will do it for you with all my heart."

Saying this, he got down into the ditch with his spade, and began to work in good earnest. For a moment, Reynolds, who was taken by surprise, stood still, not knowing what to do; but when he saw the white locks of old Moreton blown about by the wind, and heard the cry of "Shame! Shame!" from the crowd, he pulled off his jacket, jumped down into the ditch, snatched the spade from the hand of the old man, worked as hard as ever he had laboured in all his life, and made an excellent job in clearing out the ditch. Every one said he had done his work like a man; and every one said, too, that old Moreton was a man of his word, for that he had really made John Reynolds ashamed of himself.

If any one has used you unkindly, do not pass it over too lightly. Do not rest satisfied till you have convinced him of his error, but mind that you go about this in the right way. Take a lesson from old Edward Moreton. Bear with him who has ill used you; speak kindly to him, and try all you can to do him a service. This will be the best way to show him his error; this will be the most likely way to make him ashamed of himself.—*From "Old Humphrey's Bundle of Stories."*

QUESTIONS ON GOSPEL HISTORY—XII.

LUKE VII. 18—34.

DID Christ offer worldly inducements to attract followers?

How must we follow him?

What must you first seek if you would follow him?—Matt. vi. 33.

Why may you not neglect seeking him until some other time?—2 Cor. vi. 2.

What must you do if anything hinders you from following Christ?—Matt. v. 29.

How does Luke say he invited followers?—Matt. xiv. 25—33.

What must we expect if we would follow Christ?

What evidence is there in this lesson that the devils here mentioned were living beings?

What kind of spirits are devils?

Can they do any harm to those who constantly trust in Christ?

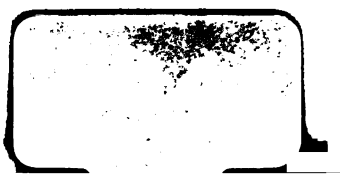
What evidence is there in this lesson that Christ is God?

What proof is there in this, and some of the last lessons, that all things are subject to him?

TIME IS FLYING.

Time is flying, flying, flying,
Oh, how swiftly by!
Like a waterfall that's rushing,
Or a fountain ever gushing
Hourly, daily, weekly, yearly,
Rapid as the lightning nearly,
Do the moments fly!

Catch the seconds as they're passing,
Wait not for the hours;
Prize them as the golden treasure—
Use them not in trifling pleasure,
Seconds, minutes prizing, holding,
As you would those buds unfolding
Into choicest flowers.

Soon another year, all freighted
With the deeds of man,
Will be borne to God the Giver,
And recall'd by mortal never:
Oh, be wakeful, watchful, ready,
Heart and mind to bless the needy,
Thus fill out thy span!

Mrs. A. C. Judson